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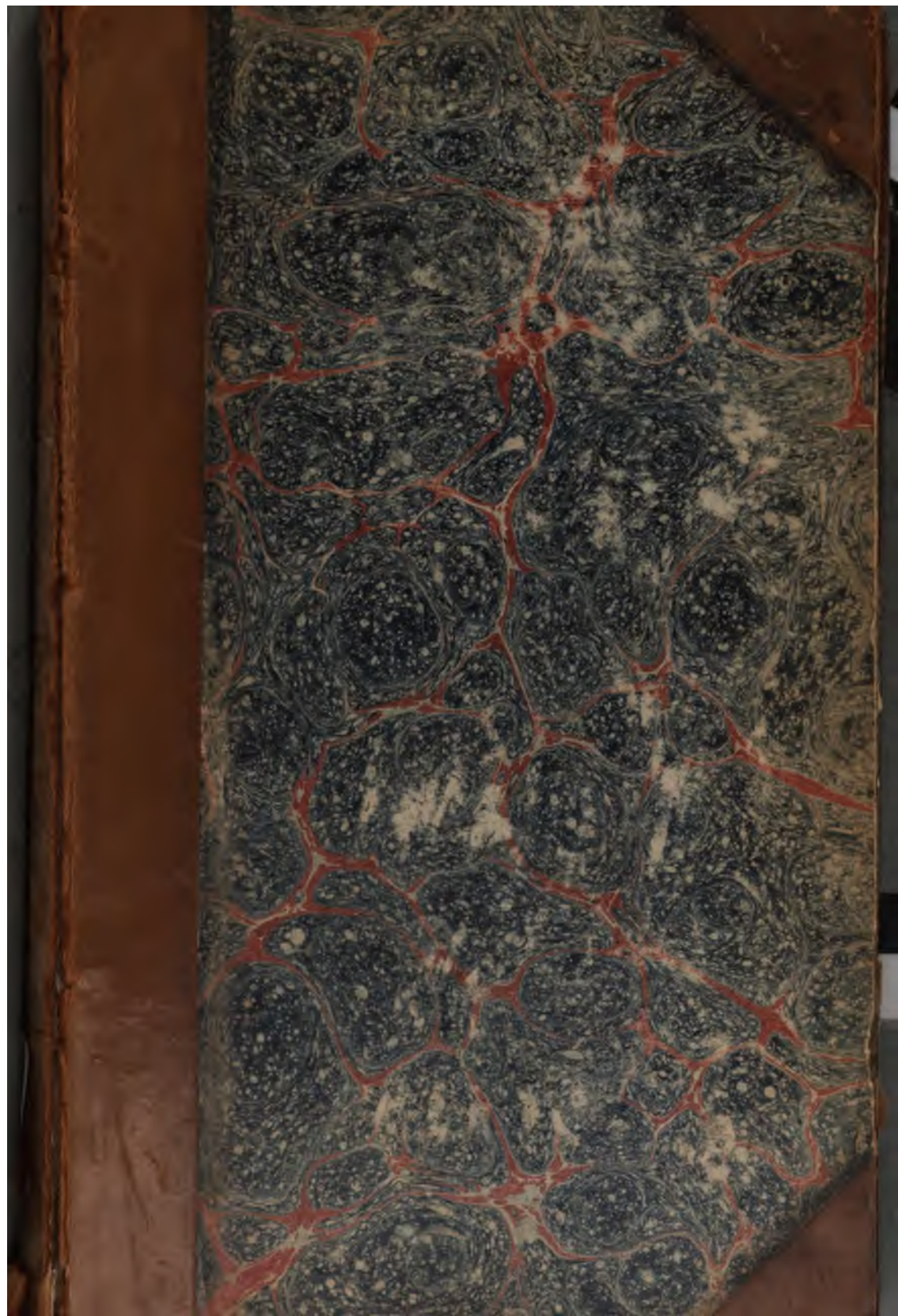
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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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VOL. LXXVI.

PUBLISHED IN

*JUNE & SEPTEMBER, 1845.*

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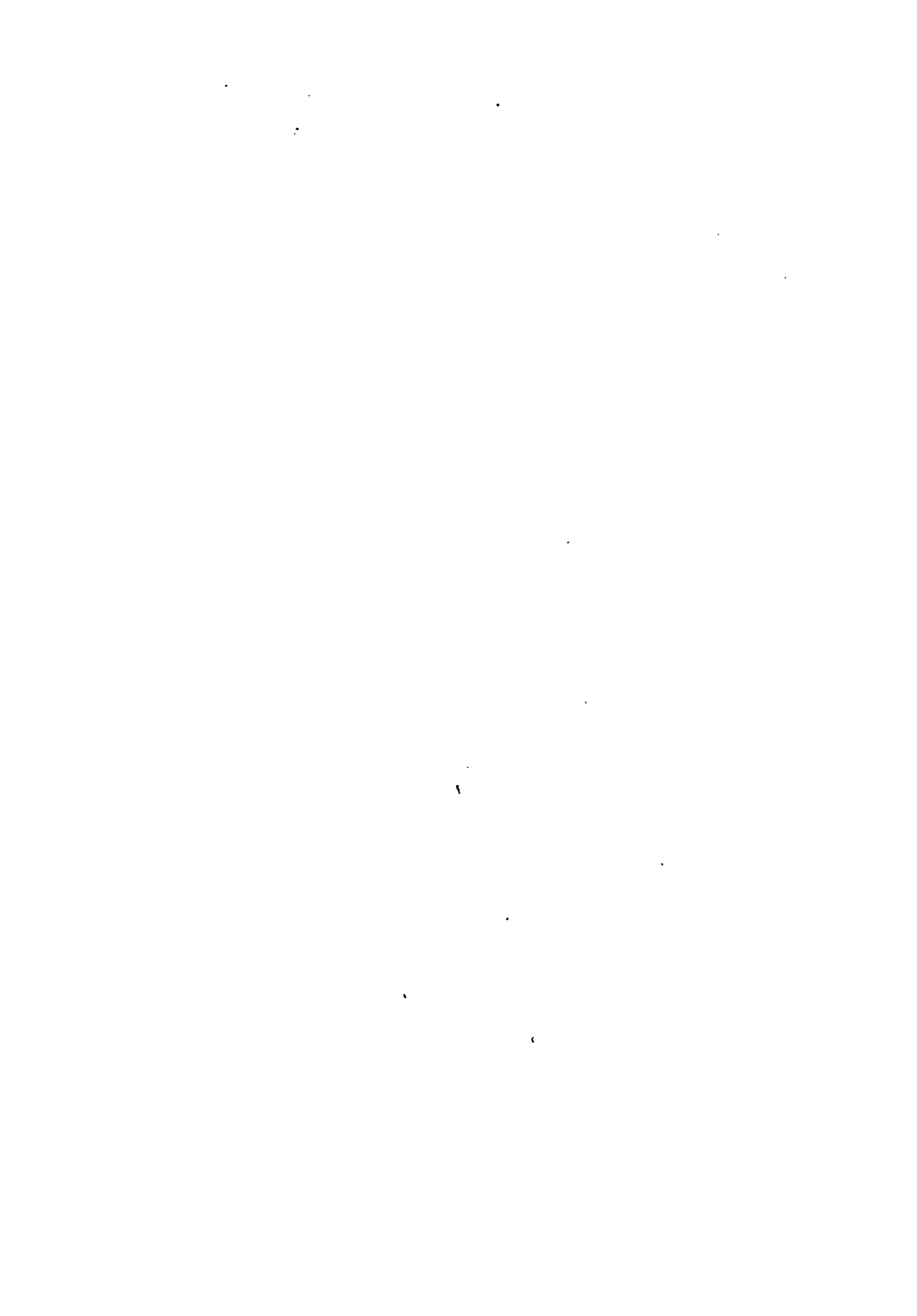
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JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1845.







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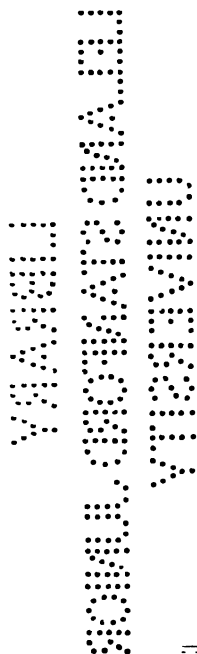
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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*The Child of the Islands. A Poem, by the Honourable Mrs. Norton. London. 8vo. 1845.*

THIS brilliant volume has not materially softened our suspicion that the present purveyors of our popular literature are on a false tack. We still doubt whether any great good will come of this eternal reproduction in imaginative works, of the 'Condition of England Question.' Professors and preachers are beneficial, and ought to be acceptable; but we are in favour of confining them to their chairs and pulpits, lest their instruction, being trivially administered, should lose its chances of interesting, and therefore influencing, imperfect beings. Besides, it is satisfactory to be dealt with openly and candidly. We object to buying a song which 'turns out a sermon.' The late Lady Corke understood this feeling. When her invitation was on pink paper, you might expect people of this world—men who would mix no argumentation with the dowager's champagne—women who, not to mention their principles, could keep their passions in their pockets. If it was a blue billet, you knew your destiny: you were to have the company of the immortals—nectar and ambrosia of course.

According to the Almanac des Gourmands, the prime Amphitryon in Paris boasts that a dozen friends may eat through his most voluptuous bill of fare without the least fear of having to send for the apothecary next morning. His patés are blown-up pills. A bolus lurks in every *entrée*. He sacrifices his capon to Æsculapius. We no longer blush to own that French cookery seemed to us, from our youth upward, detestable. 'We thought so once—and now we know it.' But even in a doctorial point of view the system is bad. One man's medicine may be another man's poison. We object to the wholesale as well as to the underhand style of the physicking; and question more than ever M. Véry's right to the magnificent monument at Montmartre, inscribed 'Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux arts utiles.'

Whatever poem or novel we take up, we are sure of the same drift—and a doleful drift it is. Of all countries professing Christianity, ours is the one in which the grand universal rule of Christian practice is most flagrantly violated. England is the

wealthiest of nations—our capital is understood to be increasing at the rate of fifty millions per annum or thereabouts—but in no other region of the civilized world is wealth so unequally distributed, and in none is there so little *humanity*—such a conspicuous lack of good feeling towards the poor on the part of the rich—the more opulent orders divided among themselves by such painful gaps of prejudice—in short, such a general dislocation of the body politic. Hence the necessity for this burst of admonitory rhyme and romance;—and how fortunate that the sinful island should have had within her shores, at the crisis of mischief, such a band of geniuses able and willing to combine in the chorus of remonstrance and rebuke—each of them entitled to lecture the nation, and put it to us as one having authority, whether we have or have not been deficient in our several spheres in meekness, humility, patience, long-suffering—in brotherly sympathy for all about or below us—in the active exercise of all self-denying virtues and graces! One may doubt whether their premises are correct; but there ought to be no doubt surely as to the earnestness of their convictions—the purity of their motives—the single-hearted fervour of their zeal. At the same time they should remember that they have occupied a high and delicate position, and that all observers are not quite disposed to do them justice. Some complain of the very unanimity as a suspicious thing—they whisper that it looks like drilling for stage effect. Others, with remarkable memories, object that earlier performances were in a different vein—whence the change?—what occasioned the conversion? Some again scrutinize what is immediately before them with an unfair sharpness—they say they are disturbed every now and then, amidst the clamour of harmony, by catching a false note. They cannot away with coming, in productions so excellently ethical, on some sudden flaw—some rent or crack, as it were, suggestive to these too critical persons, of bad habit, bad temper, bad passion—arrogance or lewdness, for example, peeping out in a picture of ascetic holiness—some thread of vulgar coxcombry, spleen, spite, envy, checkering a well-trumpeted tissue of refined and heroical philanthropy.

Mrs. Norton's new poem will not afford any pretext for such minor cavils. She has been for years devoting her abilities to the cause which she now maintains;—none can have forgotten, in particular, her verses on the factory children, nor her letters on mendicancy in the public journals, though her claim to these last may have been unsuspected until her present avowal. Nor will Zoilus be able to point out any sentiment in these cantos at variance with the simplicity and generosity of their apparent scope and purpose. Our general objections remain. We, in the first place,

place, although admitting and deploring the existence of much guilt and much distress, by no means believe that the Nation is either so wicked or so unhappy as it is the fashion to assume. We believe that the upper classes are not more negligent of their inferiors than in any former age—but, on the contrary, more generally attentive to their duties than they ever were; and that the existing hardships and distresses in this country seem greater and worse than heretofore, chiefly because the public press fixes attention on individual cases to an extent never before dreamt of, and very frequently exaggerates them besides. We have got a solar microscope which reveals ugly things that are by no means new, by magnifying them into monsters. Secondly, as respects the humane influence of imaginative literature, we believe that the most effective lessons of sympathy and charity have been and will be given in poems and novels that do not proclaim their specific moral intention—nay, that have no ambition but to reflect life and teach as well-observed life itself teaches. Let genius of this order lend to the less gifted the use of its seeing eye and hearing ear—and its part is done.

We suppose one thing will be conceded—namely, that in all the didactic poems and novels produced in ages before our own, the thesis and its corollaries owe what they have kept of vitality to accompaniments—by which, in most instances perhaps, the authors themselves set comparatively little store. Nearly such, we anticipate, will be the fate of Mrs. Norton's work. It will be enjoyed now and remembered in honour hereafter, not because of its formal doctrine, but for the sake of its vivid and varied transcripts of human life and passion—pictures which would, we suspect, have been still more likely to further the artist's views, had her graceful drawing and rich colouring dispensed with the texts and commentaries now blazoned round them on too conspicuous frames.

The 'Child of the Islands' is the infant Prince of Wales, and the inscription to his royal highness is also the motto of the title-page—

'As half in shade, and half in sun,  
This world along its course advances,  
May that side the Sun's upon  
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!'

But though no one will doubt the sincerity of Mrs. Norton's loyal wishes, it must be owned that Mr. Moore's pretty stanza is not, logically speaking, a well-chosen motto for her poem; some of the most striking passages in which proclaim that in the highest of this earth's places there can be no unmixed felicity—or as old Menander says:—

'To outward semblance godlike are the great :  
But inwardly they share man's common fate.\*

The Poem being divided into four sections, inscribed 'Spring'—  
—'Summer'—'Autumn'—'Winter'—and closing with this couplet :

'BROTHERS! be gentle to this one appeal ;—  
WANT is the only woe God gives you power to heal!'

it will be conjectured that the cantos are occupied mainly with arguments and elucidations drawn from the different circumstances under which the successive seasons of the year find the Brothers and Sisters to whom the appeal addresses itself and those on whose behalf it is made.

Having already ventured to confess our opinion that the main charm lies in the episodes, we shall not go into further investigation of the plan. There can be no question that the performance bears throughout the stamp of extraordinary ability—the sense of easy power very rarely deserts us. But we pause on the bursts of genius ; and they are many.

Not one has haunted us more than the Gipsy Girl of Windsor Forest in 'Summer.' It needs hardly fear a comparison with anything on this picturesque race that occurs in English poetry—even in him who had most studied them, Crabbe.

'Wild Nomades of our civilised calm land!  
Whose Eastern origin is still betrayed  
By the swart beauty of the slender hand,  
Eyes flashing forth from over-arching shade,  
And supple limbs, for active movement made ;  
How oft, beguiled by you, the maiden looks  
For love her fancy ne'er before portrayed,  
And, slighting village swains and shepherd-crooks,  
Dreams of proud youths, dark spells, and wondrous magic books!  
Lo! in the confines of a dungeon cell,  
(Sore weary of its silence and its gloom)  
One of this race : who yet deserveth well  
The close imprisonment which is her doom :  
Lawless she was, ere infancy's first bloom  
Left the round outline of her sunny cheek ;  
Vagrant, and prowling Thief ;—no chance, no room  
To bring that wild heart to obedience meek ;  
Therefore the avenging law its punishment must wreak.  
She lies, crouched up upon her pallet bed,  
Her slight limbs starting in unquiet sleep ;  
And oft she turns her feverish, restless head,  
Moans, frets, and murmurs, or begins to weep :

\* Εξωθεν ἴσιν αἱ δοκουντες ἰσυχιν  
Λαμπροι, τα δένδρον πασιν ἀνθρώποις ἴσοι.

Anon, a calmer hour of slumber deep  
Sinks on her lids; some happier thought hath come;  
Some jubilee unknown she thinks to keep,  
With liberated steps, that wander home  
Once more with gipsy tribes a gipsy life to roam.

But no, her pale lips quiver as they moan:  
What whisper they? A name, and nothing more:  
But with such passionate tenderness of tone,  
As shows how much those lips that name adore.  
She dreams of one who shall her loss deplore  
With the unbridled anguish of despair;  
Whose forest-wanderings by her side are o'er,  
But to whose heart one braid of her black hair  
Were worth the world's best throne and all its treasures rare.

The shadow of his eyes is on her soul—  
His passionate eyes, that held her in such love!  
Which love she answered, scorning all control  
Of reasoning thoughts which tranquil bosoms move.  
No lengthened courtship it was his to prove—  
Gleaning capricious smiles by fits and starts—  
Nor feared her simple faith lest he should rove:  
Rapid and subtle as the flame that darts  
To meet its fellow flame, shot passion through their hearts.

And, though no holy priest that union blessed,  
By gipsy laws and customs made his bride,  
The love her looks avowed in words confessed,  
She shared his tent, she wandered by his side,  
His glance her morning star, his will her guide.  
Animal beauty and intelligence  
Were her sole gifts,—his heart they satisfied;  
Himself could claim no higher, better sense,  
So loved her with a love, wild, passionate, intense.

And oft, where flowers lay spangled round about,  
And to the dying twilight incense shed,  
They sat to watch heaven's glittering stars come out,  
Her cheek down-leaning on his cherished head;  
That head upon her heart's soft pillow laid  
In fulness of content; and such deep spell  
Of loving silence, that the word first said  
With startling sweetness on their senses fell,  
Like silver coins dropped down a many-fathomed well.

Look! her brows darken with a sudden frown—  
She dreams of Rescue by his angry aid—  
She dreams he strikes the Law's vile minions down,  
And bears her swiftly to the wild-wood shade!  
There, where their bower of bliss at first was made,

Safe in his sheltering arms once more she sleeps.  
 Ah, happy dream! She wakes; amazed, afraid,  
 Like a young panther from her couch she leaps,  
 Gazes bewildered round, then madly shrieks and weeps.

For, far above her head, the prison-bars  
 Mock her with narrow sections of that sky  
 She knew so wide, and blue, and full of stars,  
 When gazing upward through the branches high  
 Of the free forest! Is she, then, to die?  
 Where is he—where—the strong-armed and the brave,  
 Who in that vision answered her wild cry?  
 Where is he—where—the lover who should save  
 And snatch her from her fate—an ignominious grave?

Oh, pity her, all sinful though she be,  
 While thus the transient dreams of freedom rise,  
 Contrasted with her waking destiny!  
 Scorn is for devils; soft compassion lies  
 In angel-hearts, and beams from angel-eyes.  
 Pity her! Never more, with wild embrace,  
 Those flexile arms shall clasp him ere she dies;  
 Never the fierce sad beauty of her face  
 Be lit with gentler hope, or love's triumphant grace!—pp. 50-55.

In the same canto there is a glowing—we fear too glowing—picture of the effects of Father Mathew's preaching: but this is no place for controversy about the Temperance movement—nor are we willing even to ask why the *Magdalen* was introduced in connection with that particular scene. The exquisite beauty of the verses is worthy of the noble womanly feelings expressed in them.

‘ That amphitheatre of awe-struck heads  
 Is still before me: there the Mother bows,  
 And o’er her slumbering infant meekly sheds  
 Unusual tears. There, knitting his dark brows,  
 The penitent blasphemer utters vows  
 Of holy import. There, the kindly man,  
 Whose one weak vice went near to bid him lose  
 All he most valued when his life began,  
 Abjures the evil course which erst he blindly ran.  
 There, with pale eyelids heavily weighed down  
 By a new sense of overcoming shame,  
 A youthful Magdalen, whose arm is thrown  
 Round a young sister who deserves no blame;  
 As though like innocence she now would claim,  
 Absolved by a pure God! And, near her, sighs  
 The Father who refused to speak her name:  
 Her penitence is written in her eyes—  
 Will *he* not too forgive, and bless her, ere she rise?

Renounce

Renounce her not, grieved Father! Heaven shall make  
Room for her entrance with the undefiled.  
Upbraid her not, sad Mother! for the sake  
Of days when she was yet thy spotless child.  
Be gentle with her, oh, thou Sister mild!  
And thou, good Brother! though by shame opprest;  
For many a day, amid temptations wild,  
Madly indulged and sinfully carest,  
She yearned to weep and die upon thy honest breast.

Lost Innocence!—that sunrise of clear youth,  
Whose lovely light no morning can restore;  
When, robed in radiance of unsullied truth,  
Her soul no garment of concealment wore,  
But roamed its paradise of fancies o'er  
In perfect purity of thought—is past!  
But He who bid the guilty “sin no more”  
A gleam of mercy round her feet shall cast,  
And guide the pilgrim back to heaven’s dear peace at last.”

—pp. 61, 62.

Another picture recalling the power, though anything but the manner, of Crabbe, is that in this rich canto of a dull brutalized peasant on trial for his life. We shall give a part only of this terribly true portraiture—and (for once) a specimen of the appended *moral*.

‘The criminal is in the felon’s dock:  
Fearful and stupified behold him stand!  
While to his trial cold spectators flock,  
And lawyers grave, and judges of the land.  
At first he grasps the rail with nervous hand,  
Hearing the case which learnedly they state,  
With what attention ignorance can command:  
Then, weary of such arguing of his fate,  
Torpid and dull he sinks, throughout the long debate.

Vapid, incomprehensible to him  
The skilful pleader’s cross-examining wit;  
His sullen ear receives, confused and dim,  
The shouts of laughter at some brilliant hit,  
When a shrewd witness leaves the Biter bit.  
He shrinks not while the facts that must prevail  
Against his life, unconscious friends admit;  
Though Death is trembling in the adverse scale,  
He recks no more than if he heard the autumn gale.

Oh, Eloquence, a moving thing art thou!  
Tradition tells us many a mournful story  
Of scaffold-sentenced men, with noble brow,  
Condemned to die in youth, or weak and hoary,

Whose

Whose words survived in long-remembered glory!  
 But eloquence of words the power hath not—  
 Nor even their fate, who perished gaunt and gory—  
 To move my spirit like his abject lot,  
 Who stands there, like a dog, new-sentenced to be shot!  
 Look, now! Attention wakes, with sudden start,  
 The brutish mind which late so dull hath been!  
 Quick grows the heavy beating at his heart!  
 The solemn pause which rests the busy scene,  
 He knows, though ignorant, what *that* must mean—  
 The Verdict! With the Jury rests his chance!  
 And his lack-lustre eye grows strangely keen,  
 Watching with wistful, pleading, dreadful glance,  
 Their consultation cease, their foreman slow advance.’—pp. 71, 72.

‘CHILD OF THE ISLANDS! thou, whose cradle-bed  
 Was hallowed still with night and morning prayer!  
 Thou, whose first thoughts were reverently led  
 To heaven, and taught betimes to anchor there!  
 Thou, who wert reared with fond peculiar care,  
 In happiest leisure, and in holiest light!  
 Wilt THOU not feed the lamp whose lustre rare  
 Can break the darkness of this fearful night,  
 Midst dim bewildering paths to guide faint steps aright?’—p. 74.

We believe we could not better illustrate the writer’s catholic breadth of sympathy with all weakness and all misfortune, and at the same time the searching anatomy of her delineation of hard-hearted vice, than by the following stanzas on an *artiste* of the Opera. They must have been written long before Mrs. Howitt interpreted Andersen’s ‘*Improvisatrice*’—otherwise the (to our fancy) most touching page in that story might have been supposed to have suggested them. As it is, there can be no suspicion of plagiarism—but we hope, if any of our readers have not made acquaintance with the gorgeous ‘*Annunciata*’ of the Corso, and the contrast of ‘that thin thing’ at Venice, they will turn from the English poetess to the Danish romance.

‘—SHE curtsies, gazing round.  
 Who would not spend a fortune on her smile?  
 How curved the stately form prepared to bound,  
 With footfall echoing to the music’s sound,  
 In the Cachucha’s proud triumphant pace!  
 What soft temptation in her look is found—  
 When the gay Tarantalla’s wilder grace  
 Wakes all the impassioned glow that lights her Southern face!  
 And now, a peasant girl, abashed she stands:  
 How pretty and how timid are her eyes:  
 How gracefully she clasps her small fair hands—  
 How acts her part of shy and sweet surprise:

How

How earnest is her love without disguise !  
 How piteously, when from that dream awaking  
 She finds him false on whom her faith relies,  
 All the arch mirth those features fair forsaking,  
 She hides her face and sobs as though her heart were breaking !

A Sylphide now, among her bower of roses,  
 Or, by lone reeds, a Lake's enamoured fairy,  
 Her lovely limbs to slumber she composes,  
 Or flies aloft, with gestures soft and airy :  
 Still on her guard when seeming most unwary,  
 Scarce seen, before the small feet twinkle past,  
 Haunting, and yet of love's caresses chary—  
 Her maddened lover follows vainly fast,—  
 While still the perfect step seems that she danced the last !

Poor Child of Pleasure ! thou art young and fair,  
 And youth and beauty are enchanting things :  
 But hie thee home, bewitching Bayadère,  
 Strip off thy glittering armlets, pearls, and rings,  
 Thy peasant boddice, and thy Sylphide wings :  
 Grow old and starve : require true Christian aid :  
 And learn, when real distress thy bosom wrings,  
 For whom was all that costly outlay made :  
 For SELF, and not for thee, the golden ore was paid !

For the quick beating of the jaded heart,  
 When sated Pleasure woke beneath thy gaze,  
 And heaved a languid sigh, alone, apart,  
 Half for thy beauty, half for "other days :"  
 For the trained skill thy pliant form displays,  
 Pleasing the eye and casting o'er the mind  
 A spell which, Circé-like, thy power could raise,  
 A drunkenness of Soul and Sense combined,  
 Where Fancy's filmy veil gross Passion's form refined :—

For these, while thou hadst beauty, youth, and health,  
 Thou supple-limbed and nimble-stepping slave  
 Of two cold masters, Luxury and Wealth,  
 The wages of thy task they duly gave—  
 Thy food was choice, and thy apparel brave :  
 Appeal not now to vanished days of joy  
 For arguments to succour and to save :  
 Proud Self-indulgence hath a newer toy,  
 And younger slaves have skill, and these thy Lords employ.

And thou, first flatterer of her early prime,  
 Ere praises grew familiar as the light,  
 And the young fleet flew round in measured time  
 Amid a storm of clapping every night ;  
 Thou, at whose glance the smile grew *really* bright  
 That decked her lips for tutored mirth before,—  
 Wilt thou deny her and forget her quite ?

Thy

Thy idol, for whose sake the lavish store  
 In prodigal caprice thy hand was wont to pour ?  
 Yea, wherefore not ? for SELF, and not for her,  
 Those sums were paid, her facile love to win :  
 Thy heart's cold ashes vainly would she stir,  
 The light is quenched she looked so lovely in !  
 Eke out the measure of thy fault, and sin  
 "First with her, then against her"—cast her off,  
 Though on thy words her faith she learned to pin :  
 The WORLD at her, and not at thee, shall scoff,—  
 Yea lowlier than before its servile cap shall doff.

And since these poor forsaken ones are apt  
 With ignorant directness to perceive  
 Only the fact that gentle links are snapt,  
 Love's perjured nonsense taught them to believe  
 Would last for ever : since to mourn and grieve  
 Over these broken vows is to grow wild :  
 It may be she will come, some winter eve,  
 And, weeping like a broken-hearted child,  
 Reproach thee for the days when she was thus beguiled.

Then,—in thy spacious library,—where dwell  
 Philosophers, Historians, and Sages,  
 Full of deep lore which thou hast studied well ;  
 And classic Poets, whose melodious pages  
 Are shut, like birds, in lacquered trellis cages,—  
 Let thy more educated mind explain  
 By all experience of recorded ages,  
 How commonplace is this her frantic pain,  
 And how such things have been, and must be yet again !

If the ONE BOOK should strike those foreign eyes,  
 And thy professed Religion she would scan,—  
 Learning its shallow influence to despise ;  
 Argue thy falsehood on a skilful plan,  
 Protestant, and protesting gentleman !  
 Prove all the folly, all the fault, her own ;  
 Let her crouch humbly 'neath misfortune's ban ;  
 She hath unlovely, undelightful grown :  
 That sin no words absolve : for that no tears atone !

But Prudery,—with averted angry glance,—  
 Bars pleading, and proclaims the sentence just ;  
 Life's gambler having lost her desperate chance,  
 Now let the Scorned One grovel in the dust !  
 Now let the Wanton share the Beggar's crust !—  
 Yet every wretch destroyed by Passion's lure,  
 Had a First Love,—Lost Hope,—and Broken Trust :  
 And Heaven shall judge whose thoughts and lives are pure :—  
 Not always theirs worst sin, who worldly scorn endure.'—pp. 155-161.

We

We wish we had room for a score more of these masterly sketches—but we hope we have given enough, not to excite attention, for that such gifts employed with such energy must at once command, even were the name on the title-page a new one—but enough to show that we have not observed with indifference this manifestation of developed skill—this fairest wreath as yet won in the service of the graver Muses for the name of SHERIDAN.

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ART. II.—1. *Report of Commissioners appointed to take the Census of Great Britain, and Ireland, in 1841.* 4 vols. fol. 1843-4.

2. *First Six Annual Reports of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages—1838 to 1843.* 6 vols. fol.

3. *Tables showing the Number of Criminal Offenders committed for Trial in the Year 1840; and the result of the Proceedings.* Folio. 1841.

4. *Statistical Reports presented to Parliament, of the Sickness, Mortality, and Invaliding among Her Majesty's Troops.* 4 vols. folio. 1838-1841.

5. *Situation Economique de la Belgique, exposée d'après les Documents Officiels.* Par M. le Comte d'Arrivabene. 8vo. 1843.

6. *Statistique Générale de la Belgique.* Par Messrs. Heuschling et Vandermaelin. 8vo. 1841.

7. *Aggregate of the Statistics of the United States on the 1st of June, 1840.*

FEW readers will require to be informed concerning the immense importance which has been experimentally found attaching to such statistical documents as are to be the subject of present discussion. Those who do require such information are referred to our article on the Census of 1831, Q. R. vol. liii.

All who are acquainted with such subjects will deeply regret the death of Mr. Rickman, who had been employed as the *primum mobile* in actuating the machinery for ascertaining the population of the British isles, from the first institution of the inquiry in 1801, to the preparatory arrangements for 1841. In the Act appointing the Census of 1831, the abstracts from the returns were required to be laid before Parliament within ten months after the completion of the Census; but, even under the superintendence of Mr. Rickman's master-mind, the task was not accomplished before the lapse of twenty months. With this lesson before them, the Ministers of the time passed three Acts of Parliament (from the

the 10th of August, 1840, to the 6th of April, 1841), the second to correct the blunders of the first, and the third of both; and, with this eight months' experience of the difficulty of regulating how the thing was to be done, allowed only fourteen months for the doing of it; this, too, though the number of details far exceeded that in any former inquiry. The Commissioners (Messrs. Phipps and Vardon) have performed the task in twenty-three months, and justly say, 'No apology is necessary for delay. On the arrival of the schedules in London, each individual, of whichever sex, was presented to us with five distinct propositions attached to each name; making upwards of *one hundred millions* of separate facts to be reduced into tabular statements by copying—and the results to be formed into geographical districts, by means of more than *three hundred and thirty thousand* separate calculations, all of which were to be tested by a system of checks.' (Preface, p. 38.) This Preface gives a comprehensive view of the whole subject, exhibiting industrious and accurate analysis, with clearness and acumen in the practical application of results. And the same character may be most justly applied to the Report and Analysis of the Irish Commissioners, Messrs. Hamilton, Brownrigg, and Larcom.

In ancient times, that is, as Bacon would say, in the youthful inexperience of the world, the prosperity and power of a State were estimated by the number of its people; but we, the elders of mankind, have learned from experience that a land is prosperous and powerful, not so much in proportion to the multitude of its inhabitants, as to their moral and physical condition. Hence the propriety of adding, to the mere enumeration, various other perquisitions; and we think a brief notice of these, according to the heads into which the Commissioners have divided their prefatory remarks, may interest our readers.

In the column containing the area of places it is observed, 'nothing short of an actual survey could give a more accurate result than has been here obtained by the labours of the late Mr. Rickman.' Nor does it seem of sufficient consequence to justify the enormous expense, which would be incurred by the survey of ground covered with buildings, and the use of which (if any) would soon be abrogated by demolitions, and erections, and by new divisions of property and occupation.

The next subject, that of houses, is one of the greatest importance; for on the proportion of the number of inhabited houses to the number of the occupants, must greatly depend both health and moral purity. It must, however, be confessed, that this proportion, though good as a general criterion, is by no means an accurate one: for half a dozen families may live in a house of a

dozen

dozen apartments, with more of moral respectability and physical comfort, than one family in a cottage of one apartment. And so with regard to individuals, a noble mansion (returned only as one house) may contain forty persons more comfortably accommodated than four in a hut. The two cases are remarkably exemplified in the flats of Scotland and the cabins of Ireland. And the Irish Commissioners have, for the first time, made a laborious and laudable attempt to classify the houses—stating the number of houses and occupants in each class. On this subject, however, the Commissioners do not notice, and perhaps did not know, a peculiarity in the phraseology of the Irish peasantry, which might much affect the result of their investigations; for if a peasant, occupying a cottage of two apartments, were asked how many *rooms* were in his house, he would answer ‘one:’ in his dialect the bed-chamber alone is called ‘the room.’ But though, from this and other obvious causes, the classification must be in a considerable degree arbitrary, it affords at least an approximation to the information sought; and though we can from neither the present nor former mode of calculation obtain a perfectly accurate statement for any one period, yet, the sources of error being nearly the same in all periods, we may obtain a good comparative idea of progress, or retrocession, in this element of social well-being.

In England and Wales the number of houses for the accommodation of 100 persons is increased 0·7 per cent. The number of persons in each house was in 1831, 5·6; in 1841, 5·4, or a fifth fewer: the conformable results in both cases confirming the accuracy of investigation in each. Even in many of the principal seats of manufacture there is some improvement. In Ireland, too, there is a like indication of some small increase of family comfort. In 1831 the average number of persons in a family was 5·61, in 1841 it was only 5·55; and this is confirmed by the number of houses in 1841 being 7 per cent. higher than in 1831, whilst the increase of population in that period has only been 5·25.

This general increase of wholesome accommodation renders more ominous its decrease in Scotland, especially in the mercantile and manufacturing districts. In Greenock the decrease of the number of families to a population of 100, is 3; in Dundee, 1·7; in Glasgow, 1·3; and in Scotland generally, 0·2. These statements are taken from the tabulated particulars at p. 7 of the Commissioners’ Preface. But how this is reconcileable with the following paragraph in the same page in respect to houses, is not satisfactorily explained;—‘By diligent investigation, and by collating the present returns with those of 1831, we have been enabled

enabled to arrive at the conclusion, that the proportion which the population of Scotland now bears to the inhabited houses is rather above that exhibited in 1831.\*

We English folks are accustomed to boast of having the word *comfort*, and the ideas associated with it, almost peculiarly our own. But we must yield to our Belgian neighbours in the sacrifice made to acquire it, inasmuch, at least, as that depends on a more or less crowded domicile. For with more than double the density of English population, and consequently with twice the temptation to crowd their houses, the number of persons to a house is only 6, and to a family only 5; \* whilst in England we have 5.52; to a house in London, 7.4; in Lancashire and Middlesex, 7.5.

The next division of the subject is that of persons, the especial matter of investigation in a Census, all others being merely collateral. The general result may be thus tabulated:—

	1831.		1841.	
	Population.	Increase per Cent. from 1831.	Population.	Increase per Cent. from 1831.
England . . . . .	13,091,005	16	14,995,138	14.5
Wales . . . . .	806,182	12	911,603	13.0
Scotland . . . . .	2,365,114	13	2,620,184	10.7
Channel Islands . . . . .	103,710	15.8	124,040	19.6
Army and Navy and Registered Seamen afloat, . . . . .	277,017	. .	188,453	
Ascertained to have been travelling in night, 6th June . . . . .	. . . . .	. .	5,016	
Ireland . . . . .	7,767,401	14.19	8,175,124	5.25
Totals . . . . .	24,410,429	14.6	27,019,558	10.68

We see here, in every territorial division, an increase of population; with a diminished rate of that increase, except in the smaller divisions of Wales and the Channel Islands. But in such, when intimately connected with neighbouring larger districts, the migrating population necessarily bears a larger proportion to the stationary inhabitants, and renders, therefore, uncertain any conclusion concerning the natural fecundity.

The general diminution in the rate of increase is, however (contrary to antiquated prejudices), by no means matter of regret, *under present circumstances*. Those circumstances, indeed, may

\* Heuschling and Vandermaelin, p. 42.

be justly deplored ; but, till they alter, till we have extended means of employing capital, and consequently of adequately remunerating the quantity of labour now in the market, any increased rate of population could only add to the present very general complaint of either an absolute want of employment, or of the necessity of labouring for a pittance insufficient to the common comforts of existence. It is not strange that the uneducated, and therefore ignorant and unreflecting labourer should impute this state of things, not to improvident marriage, or lavish expenditure of wages when they happen to be high, but to the unfeeling cupidity of the capitalist refusing to employ more labourers, or give the means of decent livelihood to those he does employ. But it does seem passing strange, that educated persons should join in this senseless cry ; and not perceive, that the capitalist could only sell more goods than the market now absorbs, by reducing the price of his commodity : and that, if he reduce the sale-price, he must also reduce the price of production—that is, the wages of the labourer ; or he must reduce that very capital, which enables him to employ labour at all.

‘The evils of society’ (says Professor Smyth, in his admirable Lectures on the French Revolution, vol. iii. p. 299) ‘are more readily seen than the inevitable necessity of them can be understood.’ Let us endeavour, however, to make intelligible a case, which has of late attracted the greatest attention, and thrown the greatest obloquy on the class of capitalists concerned,—the case of the work-people employed by tailors, milliners, dress-makers, and proprietors of warehouses for ready-made articles, &c.

A benevolent zeal for the distressed labourers has, like all enthusiasm, engendered a spirit of injustice ; and the employers have been accused of both receiving unreasonably high profits, and paying unreasonably low wages.

In the first place, it is highly improbable that the profit on the employment of capital in these ways is higher than the average profit of other master-manufacturers. Any such permanent inequality must ever be prevented by the same principle of competition, which has obliged the operatives in these occupations to accept low wages. For they, being principally females, capable of few other employments, become craving applicants for these. Here the benevolent enthusiast exclaims :—‘But why should the capitalist live in idleness, and luxury, whilst making such miserable remuneration to his work-people, that they may be said rather to starve, than live upon it?’ Now this is confounding two entirely distinct principles—charity and economy : for it must be confessed that economy, whether political or domestic, has nothing to do with charity. And the capitalist may reply,—‘If you have such compassion for these poor people, as to diminish your own income

income by relieving their distress, I shall laud your charity. Do you, then, not blame my economy: each is a discretionary virtue, or, as the moralist terms it, an imperfect obligation.' 'But (continues the capitalist) I will suppose your benevolence to be active kindness; and when you have a job to be done, you will pass me, as the middle-man, and sending for an operative, you will say, "Here is a job, which I should pay Mr. Gripe a shilling to get done for me, and he would pay you 6*d.*; but, if you will do it for me, you shall have the shilling." On the next occasion you would send again for A; but B, C, and D (having heard of A's good luck) come with him; and, when you offer A the shilling, "Oh," says B, "I'll do the job for 10*d.*;" "I," says C, "for 8*d.*;" and "I," says D, "for 6*d.*;" and, if charity be your object, it is far more charitable to employ me, whose necessities oblige me to take 6*d.*, than to employ B and C, who cannot be in such want, as they will not take less than 10*d.* or 8*d.*" So that you see (continues the capitalist) your charity, thus enlightened, produces the same result, as had been arrived at by what you are pleased to call my sordid economy.'

The very great reduction in the rate of Irish increase appears to be, by the Commissioners, justly ascribed to the prevalence of emigration: and the influence of that is to be estimated, not by the numbers alone withdrawn from the population, but, also, from the consideration that those numbers are, very generally, at the most prolific period of life: of 45,848 emigrants, more than two-thirds were between the ages of 16 and 36. (Ir. Rep., Pref., p. 26.) The migratory character of the Irish (whether inherent, or the consequence of poverty) is strongly marked by the circumstance of Irish natives in Great Britain being 6 times more numerous than British natives in Ireland; and the amount of her foreign emigration from 1831 to 1841 we have calculated to be 4·9 per cent., whilst in Scotland it is only 2·5, and in England and Wales only 2·1, of the present respective populations.

Besides emigration, however, there is an obvious cause for a less rapid increase in a population essentially agricultural, and where there is little new capital ready to be expended on improving the land. For the paucity of capital in Ireland (notwithstanding the cheapness of labour) there are two great causes: the insecurity of investments in a turbulent state of society, and the remittance, without return, of rents to other countries; that remittance, too, in the form of human food: for the form of deportation makes a mighty difference. From a country not obliged to buy food you may send away money without necessarily stinting the population (though it will tend to do so); but you cannot (for any length of time) send away food, receiving no return, without  
stinting

stinting population, and the common comforts of life: of which moral degradation is the invariable result. We have called Ireland an essentially agricultural country; and so it is, compared at least with the rest of the United Kingdom. In Great Britain and the Channel Islands the agricultural population is not quite a half of the trading and manufacturing (as 1 to 2·07); whilst in Ireland it is much more than treble (as 3·55 to 1).

Whether these proportions are increasing, or diminishing, since 1831, no certain conclusion can be formed; for the returns of occupation then were made of the number of families, and now, of the number of individuals employed. This uncertainty has given rise to much discussion, not only on the relative progress, but on the actual proportion of the manufacturing and trading to the agricultural population, and on their respective importance in the production of national wealth. In the course of this discussion the Report of the Commissioners has been much censured, as underrating the agricultural population, by not including in it artisans employed immediately in the service of agriculture—the smith, the carpenter, and the harness-maker, who supply the ploughs, the carts, and the gear of the horses. But where are we to stop? Must we class, also, as agriculturists, them who dig the iron-ore, and them who smelt it?—the wood-merchant who buys, and the sailor who imports the timber?—the butcher who strips off the hide and the tanner who converts it into leather? And, if so, the same workmen, employed yesterday for the farm, are to-day preparing beams for the power-loom—and wheels, and straps, and collars, for spinning-jennies—and giant steam-engines, doing the work of a thousand horses. In short, if the producers of an article are to be numbered with those who consume or employ it, all distinction is at an end, and all enumeration confounded: the tailor would be reckoned in every class, because no class goes naked. It does appear to us, that the Commissioners have adopted the most rational classification; but, however that be, all parties admit the numerical preponderance of the trading and manufacturing population; and we are quite ready to admit that same class to be the most productive of national wealth of one description; but, again, we ask, is such species of wealth of as stable a nature as that created by agriculture? On any assumption, the predominance of the trading and manufacturing population is fearfully great: not that we deprecate any increase of population in any class, under due regulations for preserving physical and moral healthiness; but what we do dread is our placing on the continued success of a system which all history, and every-day experience, proclaim to be unstable, such confidence, as to contract debts, of which the interest merely is, on the smallest

unfavourable oscillation in the balance of trade, or the least inertness in the absorbent system of the market, with difficulty discharged; and if that interest be undischarged, even but for a season, the whole fabric of our society must rush into ruin—*‘opera mortalitate damnata sunt: inter peritura vivimus.’*

Such is the political prospect we view: and the domestic, and actual aspect, is of a like gloomy character. For what other can be expected, where such a preponderance exists in the *least stable* and *most dangerous class*? The *least stable*, because dependent on the chances of peace or war between ourselves and other nations—and among other nations, all our customers; dependent, also, on the success of foreign competition; on the caprices of fashion; on mutation in habits; and inventions, both foreign and domestic. This class (as a preponderating one) is also the most *dangerous*, because ready congregated, and accustomed to combine; and because, often receiving high wages, spent in riotous living, its members are more impatient of poverty and privation, and more reckless of the means of revenging themselves on those to whom the majority, in ignorance, and the leaders, in craft, impute the sufferings of all. To prove the rapid increase of this class, we have, in default of better data, taken the population of twelve counties (usually considered the most agricultural)\* with a population of 2,519,726; having an average increment of population on that of 1831 of 8·64 per cent. We have also taken Lancashire and West York (certainly the most manufacturing districts), with a population not very different (2,391,888), but in which the increment per cent. is 23·3 (difference 14·66). These, as we have said, are fearful indications: and we doubt the expression is too well authorized by indisputable proofs that such increase is not *‘under due regulations for preserving physical and moral healthiness.’*

On the physical question, the Report of the Registrar-General gives the most authentic means of deciding. From this we learn, that in the twelve agricultural counties before referred to, the deaths in the year ending 30th June, 1840, were 27,674: the population in 1831 having been 2,576,682. The deaths, therefore, were 1·07 per cent. In West York and Lancashire the deaths were 39,576 in a population of 2,333,204,—or 1·69 per cent.; that is, in round numbers, for every two deaths, in any number of the agricultural population, there were more than three in the same number of the manufacturing population.

But if, instead of the wide districts of West York and Lancashire, we take localities exclusively manufacturing, the mortality

\* Beds, Bucks, Cambridge, Essex, Hereford, Hants Lincoln, Norfolk, Oxford, Rutland, Suffolk, Sussex.

in such is still more appalling. The population of Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, and Salford, in 1831, amounted to 483,430; the deaths in 1839 to 17,250,\* or 3·56 per cent.; that is, in round numbers, for every *two* deaths in the population of the twelve agricultural counties there were *seven* deaths in the same numbers in these manufacturing towns. It may be urged, however, that much of this excessive mortality may be ascribed rather to density of population, than to the nature of the employment. But to this we reply, that density of population is itself a consequence of the manufacturing system; and though means might be adopted for mitigating the evils of dense population, experience proves, that manufacturing populations have been the most active in accumulating those evils, and the least active in adopting remedial measures. Thus we have taken the metropolis, Hull, Liverpool, Bristol, and Bath, and find the density 22 persons per acre; whilst in Leeds, Birmingham, Manchester, and Salford it is 58. Let us, however, compare the mortality of these three manufacturing towns even with that of the metropolis, where there are 35 persons per acre. The population here in 1831 was 1,594,890; and the deaths in 1839-40, 45,132,† or 2·82 per cent.; whilst in the manufacturing towns it is 3·56 per cent.: that is, in round numbers, where eleven died in the metropolis, fourteen would die in the manufacturing towns.

Wherever we have the prevalence of manufacturing population, a like mortality stares us in the face. There are no general returns of births, deaths, and marriages for Scotland; but the civic authorities in Glasgow have published such a register for that locality; by which it appears that, of a population of 282,134 there died (exclusive of the still-born) in the year 1840, 9541, or 3·38 per cent.: that is, in round numbers, of a population of 300 in the 12 agricultural counties, 3 would die; and of the Glasgow population 10 would die.

We now proceed to compare the moral statistics of the manufacturing and agricultural populations. And for this might suffice the citation of a single sentence from the introduction to 'Tables showing the number of Criminal Offenders in the year 1842,' The actual increase of commitments in the counties included in the manufacturing and mixed district, was 2417; and in the agricultural 465: that is, as 83·83 to 16·12 per cent., or more than 5 to 1;‡ though some allowance, no doubt, must be made for the

\* Appendix to Registrar's Report, p. 33-6.

† Report, p. 21.

‡ The counties specified are, respectively; *Manufacturing and Mixed*, Middlesex, Lancaster, Surrey, Durham, Northumberland, Stafford, Warwick, Chester, York, Gloucester, Derby, Monmouth, Nottingham. *Agricultural*, Bedford, Huntingdon, Hereford, Lincoln, Cambridge, Bucks, Essex, Suffolk, Wilts, Oxford, Northampton, Hertford, Berks.

more frequent employment and greater efficiency of a police-force in a concentrated than in a diffused population.

In Scotland, also, generally, the increase of crime, from 1836 to 1841, was 17·96 per cent. But in the counties of Lanark and Renfrew (the great manufacturing districts) that increase was 36 per cent.: and we have already seen the melancholy excess of mortality in this morally depraved class.

Yet it is this very class of persons on whom the empire has become financially, and thereby politically dependent; and to whom, as almost exclusively a civic population, the Reform Act of 1832 has transferred such ominous influence, that we may justly apprehend their ultimately prescribing measures to the Legislature.

The bearing a bastard not being indictable, is not noticed in the 'Tables of Criminal Offenders;' nor is it distinctly to be found in the Register of Births. But the proportion of illegitimate children, as an important element in the estimate of public morality, formed, most properly, a subject of inquiry in the census of 1831; and at page 490 of the Parish-Register Abstract is a tabular statement of 'Illegitimate Children born in the several counties of England and Wales in the year 1830, with the proportion to the average number of other Children born in such year.\* From this table, which shows the illegitimate births in England to be 1 in 19, or 5·26 per cent., we have ascertained the number of illegitimates born in the 13 agricultural counties, and the 13 manufacturing just referred to: and we are bound to state, what we confess we were surprised to find, that the manufacturing illegitimates were only 1 in 23·23, while the agricultural were 1 in 22·53. But the surprise ceases when we consider the case of Middlesex and Surrey (the metropolitan counties), which assuredly will not, among their many virtues, boast of any pre-eminence in chastity; whilst however the illegitimate births in the two counties, taken together, are only 1 in 34. The fact probably is that, under the imperfect system of registration in 1831, illegitimate births were easily concealed in large and dense populations; and non-registration was resorted to as an additional means of concealment, or illegitimates were registered as legitimate. Other and more powerful causes of the anomaly are, sterile prostitution, and its opposite, early marriages, from high wages, earned by the young of both sexes.† That such causes are in operation is rendered

\* That there was some error in Mr. Rickman's calculation on the proportion of illegitimate births, appears by the considerations suggested at p. xx. of the 6th Report of the Registrar-General; but as that error equally affects all districts, it will not change the inference deduced from the proportions in the different districts.

† It is quite certain that this must have considerable influence; though early marriages (probably from the less opportunity for one species of vice) are still more frequent in the agricultural districts.

highly

highly probable, by the contrast exhibited where registration is rigidly enforced, and where there is no especial demand for juvenile labour. Thus, in France, the illegitimates of the whole country are to the legitimates as 1 to 13; but in the metropolitan Department of the Seine they are in the enormous proportion of 1 to 2·20—the calculation including the period 1824-1832. Mr. Rickman attributed such excess to the census having included foundlings under the title of illegitimates: but that is not the case in the above statement; for there is a separate return of foundlings—who are to the births of the whole country as 1 to 30—and in the Department of the Seine as 1 to 7·27. And the distinction has been very properly made; for it is notorious that married pairs were in the mean, as unnatural, habit of abandoning the maintenance of their progeny to the charity of the public—witness the offspring of the enthusiastic sentimentalist, Jean Jacques, and his tenderly refined Thérèse. Doubtless this ready exoneration from the cares and charge naturally consequent on vicious celibacy, or domestic improvidence, would increase the recklessness of both; precisely as the old poor-law, under its mal-administration (for the administration was more in fault than the principle of the law), fostered a like recklessness; but the higher standard of public morals in England, proved by the general proportion of only 1 illegitimate now in 19 births, instead of 1 in 12·5, turned that recklessness rather to improvident marriage than to the vices of celibacy. And as we have now only nominal foundling-hospitals, we have a right to add to the public immorality of France, compared with that of England, the 1 in 30 of her foundlings; for of these, such as are not the children of the incontinent, are the spawn of parents alienate from humanity.

Wherever foundling-hospitals exist, there bastards swarm. In the small kingdom of Belgium, seventeen towns have foundling-hospitals; of which several have been established since 1820. For the whole of the kingdom the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate births is 1 in 20, whilst in Luxembourg, where there is no foundling-hospital, it is only 1 in 30 (*ib.* p. 231); and generally, M. d'Arrivabene observes (p. 19), 'Que les quatre provinces, où le nombre des enfans trouvés et abandonnés est le moins élevé, sont précisément celles où il n'existe pas de Tours.' But whilst governments are called upon to suppress actual nurseries of vice, let them eschew the opposite extreme of attempting to restrain improvident marriages by positive enactment. For this, as for all other moral evils, the remedy must be sought in means for cultivating, by religious instruction, the *virtue* of prudence; not in political regulations for enforcing the *practice* of it. In Francfort-on-the-Maine marriages are prohibited,

hibited, when the parties possess not a certain amount of tangible property: and the consequence is, that in every 6½ births one is illegitimate. (See an interesting article by Colonel Sykes in the 'Report of the London Statistical Society,' for December 1844.)

There is, however, one improvement in our manufacturing system, which as matter of consolation should not here be omitted. The cupidity of the employer had seconded the reckless avidity of the parent in saying of his child—

'Hunc mihi æquius est, quàm me illi, quæ volo concedere.'

but, roused by the outcry of humanity, the legislature replied, 'Tute, ecaster, tibi, homo, malam rem quæris;' and their enactments have not been in vain. In Yorkshire, between 1838 and 1843, the numbers employed in manufactures had increased on the whole only 11,500, though in the 'adults' (*i. e.* according to the Factory Act, above eighteen years of age), the increase was 12,000, and in 'young persons' (between thirteen and eighteen), 1500; so that the 'children' (below thirteen) must have been fewer by 2000.—(Occupation Abstract, p. 17.)

After dwelling so much on the consequences of a prevalence in the manufacturing class, it may be interesting to contemplate a state of society in extreme opposition, and to observe how blessings and evils are compensated in each. We allude to the United States of North America, where, from their Census taken the 1st of June, 1840, we have calculated that (with a total population of 17,068,666) the agricultural population, compared with the trading and manufacturing, is in centesimal proportion as 82·45 to 17·55. But these, unhappily, are a mixed population of free white, free coloured, and slaves. The first forming in physical constitution and social position the nearest parallel with the English nation, we were desirous of comparing the vital statistics of America with those of England, where the agricultural class is at so low an ebb. When population, as in the United States, is increasing at the rate of 32·6 per cent. (that of England only at the rate of 14·5), we must expect a large proportion of children under five years of age; and we find that class, accordingly, constituting in the United States 5·7 of the population, and in England only 7·5. But the remarkable circumstance is, that we find the mortality from five to ten years of age, 18 per cent. in America, and but 9 in England. This can only be accounted for by supposing in the American climate a peculiar uncongeniality with infant life. Suspecting that this would principally exist in the Southern States, we calculated separately the mortality during the first five years of life, in the States north of the Potomac, and found it 13·8 per cent., and in the States south of that river 24 per cent.

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This is one of the evils which have been alluded to as counterbalancing the exemption from the preponderance of a manufacturing class. It behoves every nation to ascertain its own besetting ill; and, having tracked the causes, to retard their progress, or accelerate their decline. The ills of climate are the least remediable; yet these may be much abated by disforested and clearing the suffocated lands, by embanking the half-drowned lands, and draining the stagnant waters. But the ills of America are in the construction of society; in diseases voluntarily engendered, and perversely fostered. The plague-spot of all is domestic slavery, and one of *its* legion of baleful consequences a numerous race, called the coloured population. Of the total number of inhabitants (17,068,666), there are 2,487,213 slaves, and 386,245 free coloured. This coloured class, though civilly free, are socially proscribed; and therefore, as alike alienated from the slaves and the whites, may be considered, equally with the slaves, to be elements of discrepancy in the composition of a state. The coloured race pervades the whole Union, and being more equally spread, the virus may be considered as diluted by diffusion; but virus there must be: for what but ill-blood can be generated where persons whose sense of indignity is sharpened by education and by equality of political rights, find themselves in a state of social proscription? Classing, then, these with the slaves, the whites are in proportion to the coloured and slave population jointly, not quite 6 to 1; and this is the way in which the case is ordinarily stated.

But such is by no means an adequate indication of the dangers to social and political stability. These depend not on the proportion of the slave and coloured to the whole of the white population, but on their proportion to the whites with whom the mass of them are located. Now in eleven states\* we have ascertained that there are only 145,729 coloured inhabitants, and 69 slaves. The existence of that number, however, proves that these states have not adopted the magnanimous principle of British law:—

‘Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs  
Receive our air, that moment they are free.’

Four States, viz., Michigan, Maine, Massachusetts, and Vermont are honourably distinguished as the sole immaculate: long may they retain their purity, though not, we hope, their distinction! *In the remaining states, territories, and districts, the whites are to the slave and coloured population jointly, not quite as 2 to 1.* The relation, political and social, in which the members of such

\* Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan.

a population stand towards each other, may be described in the graphic words of old Howell : ' What the one is, the other is not ; and in such a visible discrepancy, that if one were fetched from the remotest part of the earth the sun displayeth his beames upon—yea, from the very antipodes—he would agree with either better than they do one with another' (On Forraine Travell, p. 75. 1642). Such a state of society resembles not a wooden pavement, where the constituent parts, nicely fitted, alternately support and rest upon each other, and where all goes smoothly and quietly ; but is like a stone-paved street, where the materials are only temporarily rammed together, and all is hubbub and public disturbance.

Any expectation of peace and permanence, in a society so constituted, must be derived from a decisive and united legislative power, with a vigorous executive. And what do we find in the United States of America ? A legislature composed of the representatives of domestically independent states ; each jealous of the general legislature trenching on that independence, and each, in its turn, swayed by the oscillations of an equally jealous mob-constituency. This is just the state described by Montesquieu—' Le principe de la démocratie se corrompt, non seulement lorsqu'on perd l'esprit d'égalité ; mais, encore, quand on prend l'esprit d'égalité extrême : et que chacun veut être égal à ceux qu'il choisit pour lui commander ; pour lors le peuple, ne pouvant souffrir le pouvoir même qu'il confie, veut tout faire par lui-même, délibérer pour le sénat, exécuter pour les magistrats, et dépouiller tous les juges. Il ne peut plus y avoir de vertu dans la République.' Hence, in the United States we see the sordid passions of the multitude prevail, and refusing to submit to the most moderate increase of taxation, they disable their legislatures from complying with the dictates of common honesty. Though this be the case with only some of the States, it has smirched the honour of all ; and the only process for restoring its lustre appears to be for Congress to pay at once the debts of the bankrupt States, and enforce from them, at certain instalments, the repayment of the whole. They boast of ample sources of ultimate solvency ; and there lies now before us a huge sheet with the names of the thirty States, &c., down the left-hand margin ; and on the right of each name two hundred and fifteen entries stretch away, in separate columns, for above four yards, exhibiting the aggregate values of stock on hand, and capital invested, in every occupation of life throughout the Union. But what can such display produce, save an aggravated charge of meanness in the people, and of impotence in the Government, that cannot extort from their sordid grasp the smallest fraction of this enormous property  
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for payment of even the interest of their debts, but must leave them thus (in the powerful language of Southey) 'to heap up guilt upon their souls in perpetual accumulation?'

Let us, however, state one consolatory circumstance on comparing the American census of 1830 and 1840. The increase of the whole population is 32·6 per cent.; of the whites, 34·7: of the slaves and coloured, each only 20·8 per cent. There are two causes of greater increase in the whites. That class is the sole recipient of immigrants; and they live in greater cleanliness and comfort, and exemption from severe labour, than the slaves. The latter considerations apply also to the coloured class: but their not increasing faster than the slaves may be explained by many merging in the class of whites. For though in the opulent grades proscribing jealousy may act as a herald's office for keeping registers of descent, the lower grades will never be entered in such registers; and as soon as the stamp of African feature and complexion wears out, they are mingled and counted among the whites. Especially this will be the case in a population of transmigrating habits; and much of the American is like a shifting sand.

Contemplating the general position of the United States, we must, in addition to statistical details, include in our consideration the danger of disunion from the totally opposite interests, habits, and feelings of the south-western and north-eastern States; and taking altogether the elements in the composition of political union, and of domestic association, the explosive tendency is probably greater than in any nation of Europe. For if a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand, how in any storm of state shall such a republic, or loose confederation of such republics—where

'Each atom,

Asserting its indisputable right

To dance, would form an universe of dust?'

Of all nations the United States might most safely have provided for peace at home, and power abroad, by endowing the executive with prerogatives for vigorous and prompt efficiency; not only because the President is periodically elected by the people, but because the legislative bodies, on which the executive is dependent for its means, are themselves under the immediate influence of the people. Instead of this, the American executive is as jealously denied the power to do good, as if there were no controlling power to prevent his doing harm. This is precisely the proceeding of our self-styled 'Old Whigs,' priding themselves on piously pursuing the same systematic opposition to Government, as did their ancestors before the Revolution of 1688; or, as did their fathers and themselves before the Revolution

lution of the Reform Bill—two periods when the legislative checks intended by the Constitution had, while retaining the same names, been completely changed in relative power; and when, therefore, a persistence in the same system of conduct became, —not consistency, but contrariety—not patriotism, but faction: the members of that faction remaining Progressives still, because the Government is Conservative, and conservative, too, of the very system which these same Progressives had declared to be their ultimatum. Such is every where the republican spirit.

Before quitting the United States, we would call the attention of the physiologist to some curious anomalies in their vital statistics. In European populations the co-existent females exceed the males about 5 per cent., whilst in the United States the white males exceed the females about 4 per cent. The only approach to a solution seems to be in the greater proportion of male immigrants (in 1820, out of 7001 the males were 5042); but the statements concerning the amount of foreign immigrants are so vague, and, on the highest assumption, so inadequate to influence materially the general proportions in so large a population, that much remains to be explained on this subject. More, however, with regard to the other classes of American population. In the free coloured population of the United States, the excess of females over males is 6·7 per cent. more than in Europe; whilst the male slaves exceed the female 5 per cent. These are curious discrepancies, and call, we repeat, for physiological and statistical investigation.

Re-crossing the Atlantic, we arrive in Ireland, and find there that decided prevalence of the agricultural class, the comparison of which with its low state in England first led us to America. Here these classes are a trifle more than as 8 to 3 (as 73 to 27 per cent.); and here, too, we find how little, in the complicated constitution of society, as in that of the human frame, the exemption from one ill, fatal though that may be, is any security from other ills equally to be deprecated. But we enter not here on the diseases of Ireland, chronic or acute. They are at once too tender, and too painfully trite, for incidental handling.

The sole hope for Ireland is in the diffusion of education. For, till the people can read the Scriptures, they must depend for religious and moral instruction on their clerical guides; and all history cries out, from the depths of the dark ages to the present time, on the wretched condition of a people walking only by the light of a magic lantern in the hands of a Romish priesthood, and following only the distorted images exhibited in the surrounding gloom, instead of the beautifully-expanded scenes revealed by light from Heaven. And how prevalent Popish influence must  
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be is obvious from this: of the total population of Ireland (8,175,238) the Romanists constitute 6,427,712; members of the Established Church, 852,064; Presbyterians, 642,256; other Protestant dissenters, 21,308.—(Return to House of Commons, 29th May, 1843.) On the present state of Irish education, and its previous progress, the Commissioners have taken much pains to collect and communicate information, in curiously-constructed diagrammatical tables; of which the result is, that the diminution of Ignorants (*i. e.*, of persons unable either to read or write) is, during the last fifty years, from 48 to 35 per cent. of males, and from 60 to 45 per cent. of females.

It is creditable to Government that such military schools have been established, and to the officers of regiments who have so attended to them, that, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five (comprising the great majority), 66 per cent. of the army can both read and write; and it may, of course, be inferred, that some proportion of the remainder can read, though unable to write.

It is singular that among the conscripts of France (who can have no regimental education) the numbers able to read and write (in 1836), besides those who may be supposed able only to read, were 49 per cent. (Reports to Minister of War);—though M. Boulay states that 'more than half the population of France can neither read nor write.' But this seems to admit of a comfortable solution; namely, that the *adults* of France, from whom the conscripts are drawn, are better educated than their seniors, who form probably half the population.

Comparing Irish with American education, we see, in strong contrast, the effects of an almost total, and a very partial Papal eclipse. Taking, as before, the whites as the analogous population (for the poor slaves are in an eclipse still more dismal, and we have no separate account of the coloured race), we find that persons above twenty years of age, who can neither read nor write, are not quite 4 per cent. (3·87). To make this, however, a fair subject of comparison we must consider, that the numbers under twenty are nearly half the whites (1·83), so that we must reckon the Ignorants to be 8 per cent. of the whole. But how different is even this from the 40 per cent. of the Irish!

It would be interesting to compare these results with the state of education in Great Britain; but we have no satisfactory data to proceed on. The only approach to such is the Report of the Registrar-General concerning the number of persons signing the marriage register with a mark. But, in the very first place, be it observed that this refers only to the accomplishment of writing, not to the all-important power of reading the Scriptures; secondly,

condly, the ages of the parties are so various, that their relation to the *present* quantum of education is wholly indeterminate; thirdly, the numbers of the contracting parties are so small, in proportion to the whole population, and consequently so liable to be much altered by contingent circumstances, that no assured general conclusions can be drawn. The 'Minutes,' indeed, 'of the Committee of Council on Education,' with their Appendices (1842-3), afford many most interesting details of the moral statistics of various educational establishments, but furnish no data for ascertaining the proportion of the educated, or uneducated, to the total population.

On the subject of popular instruction the most important consideration is its relation to the prevalence of crime. M. Guerrey, in his very ingenious 'Essai sur la Statistique Morale de la France' (p. 45), says, 'L'ignorance est, dit-on, la principale cause des crimes. Cette opinion est devenue, aujourd'hui, une vérité vulgaire, un lieu commun, qui ne demande plus de preuves.' And he asks—'En est-il ainsi?' Then, taking the single year 1831 (his book was published in 1833), he appears to establish, satisfactorily to himself, quite the reverse; and his inference is a singular proof how dangerous it is to draw general conclusions from isolated particulars: for had he taken that one year in conjunction with the preceding and subsequent one, he would have found a confirmation, instead of refutation, of the 'vérité vulgaire.' That needs, however, modification; for, like every faculty of mind and body, education is an instrument applicable to effect good, or to perpetrate ill: the question therefore is, where, in general, has been its use? And the answer is, where religious and moral instruction have been concomitant with intellectual. For individual improvement, or for public happiness, of what avail is the ability to read, or the more diffusive ability to write, if these be not diverted from ill, or directed to good, by some supernal influences? Still, be it ever borne in mind that the media for facilitating the transmission of such influences are, *primarily*, the faculty of reading; and, *secondarily, sed longissimo intervallo*, the art of writing: though this latter be usually estimated according to the *copy-head* sense of the poet's maxim, that 'Nature's chief master-piece is writing well.'

The Criminal Reporter for 1841 is but an ill-omened messenger. In England and Wales, between 1836 and 1841, the increase of crime has been 24·4 per cent.; and in Scotland 17·96. Of Ireland (happily perhaps) we have no account. No additional shade is required to deepen the gloom, and there are some considerations that may help to lighten it. The vigilance of Government, through the late establishment of police, has detected many crimes,

crimes, which formerly were never brought to account. And the severity of punishment has been so much relaxed, that magistrates are more ready to commit, prosecutors to persevere, and juries to convict: so that, even with the same amount of crime, the actual commitments and convictions would be considerably greater. 'The magnitude of the recent changes in the criminal laws will be strongly exemplified when it is stated, that, had the offences in 1841 been tried under the laws of 1831, the 80 capital sentences, which were passed last year (1841), would have been increased to 2172.'—(Criminal Report for 1841, p. 7.) The really efficient operation of a lenient law, compared with a severe one, is impressively evinced by the fact that, in 1835-6-7, when the executions for rape had not ceased, the convictions were only 1 to 9 acquittals; whilst, in 1839, 40, and 41, the convictions were 1 to 2·4 acquittals. And it is also consolatory to observe, as a result of our calculations, that the increase in the most atrocious class (offences against the person) is only 9·4 per cent.; but in the second class (offences against property with violence) the increase is 42·2; in the third class (offences against property without violence) 36·1; in the fourth (malicious offences against property) it is only 4·23; in the fifth (forgery, and offences against the currency) there is a decrease of 4·17; and in the sixth class (or miscellaneous offences) an increase of 14·43.

But, on this awfully important subject, we have too limited an experience for forming any decided opinion. It may be, that the smaller increase in the most atrocious class of crimes, is, because for these the punishment of death has been retained: and that the greater increase of smaller offences is because capital punishment has been removed from that class. If this be so, the apparent insufficiency of secondary punishments should make us cautious in relaxations of the penal code; and perhaps it may be found that the relaxations introduced in 1831 have been justified by experience: but that those of 1837 have been very dubious in their operation. It will behove all authorities (especially those at the Home-Office) to bestow on this their most watchful attention.

Next in importance to the 'moral Georgics' of a people is that of their *physically sanitary* condition. On this, as a domestic question, we must refer to our article No. 142 (vol. lxxi. p. 417), where Mr. Chadwick's admirable analysis of the three folio volumes presented to Parliament, with the Report of his own laborious investigations and personal inquiries, are fully discussed. But, by its conquests and colonizations, the nation has incurred an awful responsibility not bounded by the British shores; embracing not only '*Omnibus in terris quæ sunt à Gadibus usque Auroram*

*roram et Gangem*, but (beyond the *ancient* poet's ken) all that extends 'from China to Peru.'

How such responsibility has been responded to is a fearful question; and fearful indeed is the answer which history returns, in registering the results of ambition (ministerial, as well as sovereign) in the governments, and cupidity in the subject: for these are kindred passions, acting on different spheres, but with some ennobling distinction. Ambition is (except in the *monsters* of mankind) distinctively the love of the power of conferring pleasure, with more or less alloy of the love of enjoying it; cupidity is emphatically the love of enjoyment, with some occasional adjunct of the love of conferring it. The two, together, have resulted in a recklessness concerning the amount of general welfare, provided the particular object of each party could be accomplished. Hence conquests have been achieved, and companies established, with the most criminal indifference to the sacrifice of human life and happiness, in encountering and inflicting the calamities of war, and in incurring the yet more dreadful fatalities of climate. Against such charges no exculpatory plea can at the present day be set up. Reporters on official facts become accusing spirits, from whose record there lies no appeal. Such are the 'Reports on the Sickness, Mortality, and Invaliding among the Troops,' noticed in the heading of this article; of the results of which we shall now endeavour to give some very general idea,—necessarily, in this place, *very* general: but we are the more disposed to afford what our limits will allow, because we believe the public at large have little knowledge even of the existence of such sources of information. Thoughtful men suggest, liberal governments institute, and able and enlightened agents laboriously pursue, the most extensively complicated investigations; of which the results are presented in Reports teeming with important facts and sagacious observations. And though the product of the labours of many months is often condensed into a few tabular statements, yet the mass of evidence, necessary to authenticate these, is collected from such variously wide-spread fields of research, that nothing perhaps but a bulky tome can do justice to the subject, or to the labour and talent expended on it. But, in the time necessarily required for such arduous work, the ardour, which had suggested and instituted the inquiry, has cooled, or been stifled by the press of other interests; and thus the new-born folio is too often looked at with alarm, even by the man who is conscious it may be justly filiated on himself; and by whom it is placed, with many thanks, and little farther notice, in some official hospital for the superannuated. We by no means say that such is always the case, but too frequently it is; and if so with those who originated the  
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the measure, what marvel that the valuable volumes remain a dead-letter to the public? The remedy would appear to be, that popular abstracts should be made of voluminous documents, and published in a commodious form, with references to the originals, and notice where they may be consulted.

The documents to which we now wish to draw attention may be found of course at the War-Office, where they were prepared (much to the credit of Lord Howick, who devised and directed the work, and of Lieut.-Colonel Tulloch and Dr. Marshall, who performed it); and at the offices of both Houses of Parliament, to which they were presented. On a former occasion these admirable Reports formed the subject of our especial notice (*Q. R.*, vol. lxi. p. 115). But our observations, then, were principally directed to the medical and physiological inferences to be drawn from documents, which we there described, and continue to consider, as 'the most valuable gift, as to the effect of climate, which ever has been made to medicine:' and we now willingly recal public attention to these for another purpose.

At home, the most suffering class of troops appears to be the foot-guards; the annual mortality being 21·6, and the numbers annually discharged as unfit for service 36·4 per thousand of mean strength; whilst among the dragoons, and dragoon-guards, that mortality is only 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and the numbers discharged 26·3. After much patient investigation no solution of this painful peculiarity has been stated. The proximate cause, indeed, is ascertained to be pulmonary disease: but this affords our commentators no ultimate explanation; for the proportion of deaths from that cause among civilians in the same locality is not so great by one-half. We believe that recruits for the foot-guards are selected exclusively among the very young—whose constitutions are yet unconfirmed—and it is known that these brilliant soldiers have an unparalleled quantity of night duty. From the frequent changes among the infantry of the line, no calculation can be made for the long period which those returns embrace: but, from observations in Ireland, extending from 1797 to 1828, the number per thousand constantly sick in the infantry is one-fourth more than in the cavalry; probably, though it is not so said, from their having more of night duty, and more of personal exertion on drill and on marches. After elaborate perquisitions, which we cannot here follow in detail, it is pleasing to arrive at the result, that the military are not, on the whole, in the temperate climate of this country, subject to greater sickness and mortality than the labouring classes of like age in civil life.

Let us now follow the soldier when transported to other climes.

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We have not 'ample room and verge enough' to trace all his gradations of sufferings,—but accompany him at once to the West Indies, in a detachment a thousand strong. At the end of a year, in the Windward and Leeward Command, 93 are dead: at home not 14 would have died. Every man has been in hospital once in 26 weeks (at home once in 13 months); but admissions are fewer in proportion, because so few in proportion live to be admitted often—1 in every 18 patients dying: at home 1 in 76.\* Even among the black troops 820 per thousand have been in hospital, and 40 have died: so that the rate of mortality is at least thrice as high among this description of troops, as in the native army of the East Indies. Still more dismal are the records in the Jamaica Command. The admissions to hospital, indeed, are fewer (only double those in Britain), because the deaths are so numerous: 143 per thousand die annually; so that the whole thousand are gone in seven years: *one-seventh dying annually in Jamaica, and one seventy-fourth at home.*

We ask, what objects of power or profit can warrant such enormous sacrifice of health and life? and that, not, as in the case of the first conquerors and first colonists, incurred in ignorance. For the uniform experience of centuries precludes not merely hope, but incertitude. Take again Jamaica as a specimen. From 1803 to 1836, the deaths per thousand have been annually 127. Yet 'even from a very early period this island had been noted for its extreme insalubrity. So far back as 1685, the deaths among the troops during the sickly season averaged 140 per week; and some years later, out of 800 who arrived, two-thirds died within a fortnight' (West India Report, p. 45). In the histories of pestilence we always find prevailing a complete abandonment and recklessness of life among such as happen to be exempt from the calamity; and the same is apparent in those who, safe at home, send their thousands to the West Indies, and when invalided there, transport them direct to Canada, where snow lies three and four feet deep for five months in the winter, during which the mercury ranges from the freezing point to 62° below it; where the difference of temperature has been occasionally 70° in twelve hours; and where the intensity of cold cannot always be measured because the mercury freezes in the barometer (Report on British America, p. 20 *b*). The usual fate of invalids arriving here from the West Indies appears in pp. 30 *b* and 17 *b* of the same Report.

But dismal as is the picture which the West Indies present, it is bright compared with that of Western Africa. In Sierra

\* These are the results of the twenty years, 1817–1836; '138 per thousand of the white troops died annually in this command.'

Leone, for eighteen years the annual mortality was 483 per thousand; on the Gold Coast for four years it was 668 per thousand. The harbour-master's flag, here, should have borne the inscription adopted by Dante for the portal of Hell: '*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'intrate.*'\* This frightful mortality, however, did at length rouse the torpid feelings of the Government; in October, 1828, the white troops were finally withdrawn from the Gold Coast, and removed to the island of Fernando Po, chosen on account of its imagined salubrity, but found on experience to be equally pestilential; and that station too was abandoned in 1834.

How strange it is, that on the very first returns in these eighteen years (even if there had been no previous experience), the striking contrast of the mortality among the white and black troops, did not at once suggest the necessity of either holding possession of the country by black troops, or quitting it altogether; or at least, where there was a choice, confining ourselves to the least destructive station.

For the East Indies we have no general return: probably for the same reasons as we have none for the infantry at home, viz., the corps are so frequently changed that no average can be found for a sufficient number of years in the same locality. But we have specimens more than enough to make us deplore the system by which our Indian empire has been acquired and maintained, at the cost of the health and lives, not of myriads, but of millions of our countrymen.

In Ceylon, on an average of twenty years, each soldier came under 'medical treatment once in seven months, or nearly twice as often as in the United Kingdom;' and the mortality was 'nearly five times as high as in the United Kingdom' (Report on Ceylon, p. 8).

In the Burmese empire, on the disastrous conquest of Rangoon, the total strength of four regiments was 2716. They were landed on the 25th of April, 1824; and on the 25th of March, 1825, 1215 were dead *from disease*, besides those killed in action, or dying of their wounds. But the conquest of Rangoon secured the annexation of the Tenasserim provinces to the enormous empire of 'The Honourable Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies.' Where is this to end?

\* We say *adopted*, because, though often cited as a specimen of Dante's sublime originality, it had, fourteen hundred years before, been graven on the door of a brothel by the style of *Plautus*.

Pandite, atque aperite propere januam hanc Orci, obsecro:  
Nam equidem haud aliter esse duco: quippe quò nemo advenit,  
Nisi quem spes reliquere omnes.—(Bacchid., A. 3, sc. 1, ap. init.)

Even in the dismal group of the West Indian Islands there was some choice of evil. In Antigua and Montserrat the mortality was only 40 per thousand; but we could not rest there, and must conquer Guiana, where, for twenty years, the annual deaths have been 84 per thousand. Again, in the East, the mortality of the white population in Mauritius and Bourbon, is 'one in 45, which is nearly as low as in the United Kingdom' (Report on Mauritius, 4 *c*). But we conquer Ceylon; and annually, for twenty years, lose 75 per thousand, or 1 in 13. Even in Ceylon, however, there is one spot, the peninsula of Galle, above a mile in circumference, 'commanding the entrance to an extensive bay,' where, for seventeen years, 'the mortality has averaged only 23 per thousand; and this includes the deaths of the sick sent from other stations; so that on the whole, the mortality cannot materially have exceeded that which is usual among soldiers even in the healthiest of climates, though the station lies nearer the equator than any of the possessions of the British crown.' But we choose to occupy Trincomalee, where the annual deaths are 91 per thousand; and Badulla, where they are 97.

The singular salubrity of Galle is only one of the marvellous anomalies exhibited in these most instructive Reports; the experimental results of which set at nought the theories of medical professors, and the hypotheses of physiological philosophy. A notice of some of these may be interesting to the general reader.

The prevalence of pulmonary disease in the United Kingdom is generally attributed to what is called the fickleness of our climate, the frequent and sudden changes of temperature; and residence on the European shores or islands of the Mediterranean, has been for centuries the favourite prescription, remedial or preventive. Now in the admirable Reports we have been considering, the deaths are not only numbered, but the fatal diseases classified, and separately numbered. In the United Kingdom the mortality among the troops from pulmonary disease is stated at 8 per thousand annually (Report, p. 12); in Gibraltar, for thirteen years, at 12 per thousand (p. 11 *a*); in Malta, for seven years, the annual admissions into hospital among the troops for consumption were 6·7 per thousand—(whilst during the same period, among the dragoons and dragoon-guards at home, the admissions for consumption were but 6·4—); and 'one-fifth more are invalided for pulmonic affections than in British America' (Report on British America, 38 *b*). Even in the civil population of Malta, though exempt from the night exposure of the military, the deaths of this class were scarcely one per thousand less (within a fraction the same as in Sweden); and this in a climate 'where the thermometer

thermometer never sinks to the freezing-point; where the temperature at night is generally within a few degrees the same as during the day; and where sudden transitions from heat to cold are exceedingly rare' (Report, 24 a). On the contrary, in the Ionian Islands, 'notwithstanding the variable character of the climate, the rapid alterations of temperature, and the tempestuous weather which frequently prevails in this command, diseases of the lungs are both less prevalent and less fatal than at Malta or Gibraltar' (Report, 35 d).

The same character of our climate is adduced as a reason for the prevalence of rheumatism in the United Kingdom; and cold, united with damp, is supposed to be the great generator of the disease. Now mark the facts ascertained by official medical returns: the climate of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick is distinguished by great and sudden alternations of temperature (the thermometer has been known to differ 52° in twenty-four hours); the atmosphere is exceedingly moist, and the thermometer is 6° or 8° below zero in winter (Report, 11 b). In this colony the admissions to hospital for rheumatic affections have been 30 per thousand of strength, annually; in Malta and the Ionian Islands, 34; Gibraltar, 38; Mauritius, 46; West Indies, 49; United Kingdom, 50; Cape of Good Hope, 57 (Report, p. 45 b).

Such are the discrepancies between fact and hypothesis with regard to climatic influence; and they are not less with respect to special localities in the same climate. There can be no question concerning the greater prevalence of fever in tropical regions; also, that the most fatal are of the intermittent and remittent types. And concerning the circumstances conducing to the most aggravated character of these, there has hitherto been but one opinion; that which ascribes it to the influence of a hot and moist atmosphere, surcharged with exhalations from animal and vegetable matters in a state of continual decomposition. Now hear the description of the cantonment of Moelmyne in the Tenasserim provinces (Report, p. 45, &c.). It is within 17° of the equator, the thermometer occasionally standing at from 96° to 98° in the shade, and sometimes it has even exceeded 100°. It lies in a plain of about a mile broad, between a ridge of hills (two or three hundred feet in height) and the river Saluen. Beyond the ridge of hills an immense alluvial plain extends in every direction, watered by three rivers uniting opposite the cantonment. 'To the south and north the whole of this plain presents an interminable wilderness of forest and jungle. In short, the whole vicinity may be designated a country of water, marsh, jungle, and rank vegetation.' So great is the degree of moisture suspended in the atmosphere during the wet season, that 'metals are con-

stantly in a state of corrosion, wearing apparel is completely saturated, and articles of wool or leather are covered with mould in the course of a night.' Here then, according to all medical theory, we might expect to find the very focus of most malignant fever; yet hither invalids from other stations are sent for recovery; and in consequence of the favourable result of some previous experiments, the Commander-in-Chief, in November, 1836, gave instructions to the Medical Board at Madras, for the establishment of a sanatorium either at Moelmyne or at Amherst, about nine miles distant, at the entrance of the same river. And well might confidence be placed in the salubrity of a station where during the last four years of the Report (1833-1837), 'the deaths from fever have been fewer than would have occurred among an equal number of troops in England' (Report, p. 8).

Many more examples of similar import might be adduced. The supereminence of the Baconian or Inductive philosophy was never so practically exhibited as in our Parliamentary Reports and other official documents (such as those at the head of this article), furnishing on the respective subjects accumulations of facts by which all practical reasoners are bound to dress their arguments, and all philosophers to readjust their theories. And thus it has been, that from the ascertainment of the ages of the existing population, of the number of births and deaths in a given population, and of the ages at which the deaths occurred, as furnished by our censuses and registers, all Europe has been enabled to rectify their calculations on the value of life in each sex (now found to be materially different), and at every step of age.\* The result has been a general reduction in the cost of life-insurance, and a consequent augmented reward and additional motive to individual prudence, and to affectionate self-denial. And no doubt the cloud of witnesses (though it be not easy to tell why they are called a cloud whose purpose it is to elucidate), produced in the volumes of the present Census, will be carefully examined, and astutely cross-questioned, by the learned counsel of the parties interested.

In another scientific department, that of medical science, the Reports of the Registrar-General have furnished the most important data, of which Mr. Farr (in his letters to the Registrar

\* That the general reader may have some idea of the difference made in these calculations, we may state, that of 1,000,000 persons twenty-five years of age, there would live till sixty-five—34,286 according to Dr. Price's Northampton Tables; and, according to Mr. Finlaison's (in 1827), 53,950. An annuity to one now twenty-five, to commence at sixty-five, would be, according to Price, 11*s.*; according to Finlaison, 19*s.*; and Price, besides, calculated the value of male and female life without discrimination.

constituting the several appendices) has given an elaborate analysis, accompanied by much curious and valuable observation; and a like service has been rendered for Ireland in the memoir by Surgeon Wilde; all which, combined with the information supplied by the 'Occupation Abstract,' would form a body of medical statistics unparalleled in the history of the science. And for the use of such materials the greatest facilities are afforded by the joint instructions of the respective Presidents of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and Society of Apothecaries (4th Report, p. 91): by observance of which, precision and uniformity in the language of nosology will be obtained, and consequent accuracy of information from medical reports.

But these are subjects too extensive and peculiar for discussion here; and we must content ourselves with noticing some particulars of more general character. One of the most important is the inquiry concerning the increase or decrease of imprudent marriages, as essentially influencing physical comfort and moral respectability. The best measure for estimating these is the proportion of persons contracting marriage under twenty-one years of age; and the result for the whole of England exhibits but little improvement. The persons married under age in the three years ending June 30, 1841, were 9·23 per cent. of the whole number married; the men under age were only about 1-19th of the men of full age; the women under age were a sixth of the women of full age (Registrar-General, 4th Report, p. 7). But it is satisfactory to observe that the prudential check operates with most control where from previous general opinion it would have been least expected; and where assuredly the want of it would produce the most baneful effects. We have taken the distinctively agricultural counties (specified in a foregoing note), and find the average proportion of persons married under twenty-one years of age in the three years ending 30th of June, 1841, to be 14 per cent. of all the persons married; whilst in the distinctively manufacturing districts (with nearly the same population) it is only 12 per cent.

This is another example of the fallibility of popular opinion; that is, of opinion widely diffused, whether among 'the great vulgar or the small.' And the like is observable in the mining districts. We take the three counties of Cornwall, Durham, and Stafford, with a population (2,270,590) sufficiently large to sanction general inference; and we find the average proportion of precocious marriages only 9·97, little more than the average of the whole kingdom (9·23); though in this occupation the temptation to early marriage is great, because the male children, at least,

least, so early 'find their hands and labour too,' and so early become independent labourers:—

Hinc est ergo cibus magni quoque *juvenis*. et se  
Pascentis, propria cum jam facit arbore nidos.

The numerical importance of the mining population is perhaps little understood. In Cornwall and Staffordshire they nearly equal the agricultural; the respective numbers being for Cornwall, 25,275 and 26,120; for Staffordshire, 19,735 and 26,120: but in Durham the agriculturists are only 13,382, and the miners 17,994.

We expect to have but few female readers of our present article, and of such as get to the end of it, *vel duo, vel nemo*: but as we have been making much mention of the value of such disquisitions in correcting vulgar prejudices, we shall conclude by noticing how contradicted by fact is that of imputing to females especially an undue anxiety to conceal their age. For in the 'Report of the Ages of Persons in Great Britain' (p. 475), it is stated, that of persons whose ages had not been specified, the females were 13,794, and the males were 132,481.

For the progress of the various and important information furnished by such documents as we have been considering, the best wish we can form is that the talent and assiduity of the same Commissioners may be devoted to the statistical history of our current decade.

ART. III.—1. *Ueber das Grabmal des Alyattes* (*On the tomb of Alyattes*). Essay read in the Royal Academy of Munich by Professor Fred. Thiersch, 3rd August, 1833.

2. *Etruria Celtica*. By Sir William Betham, Ulster King of Arms, &c. Dublin, 2 vols. 1842.

3. *The History of Etruria*. By Mrs. Hamilton Gray. Parts I. and II. 8vo. London, 1843-1844.

OF all the races, Pelasgians, Oscans, Umbrians, Siculi, &c., partly of kindred stock, in part, no doubt, radically distinct, among whom Italy was from a remote period divided, the Etruscans have in all ages been the especial object of curiosity; as well on account of the mysterious singularity of their character, language, and manners, as in consideration of the ascendancy they once enjoyed over the whole peninsula; still more perhaps from their acknowledged influence in developing the power of their Roman disciples and conquerors.\*

\* Several points which will here fall under consideration were examined in this Journal at some length nearly ten years ago (Q. R., vol. liv. p. 429 seq.); and we shall assume that the reader has that article at hand for reference.

A preliminary point, in all such inquiries of some, but here of more than usual moment, is a right understanding as to the name or names by which the race whom they concern are designated by our classical authorities. That by which they called themselves, we are informed on respectable, though not conclusive, testimony, was *Rasēna*. Their proper name among the Greeks was *Tyrrhenian*, or *Tyrseian*. This title, however, also extended in its wider application to the whole inhabitants of central Italy (hence called *Tyrrhenia*); especially to that portion of them more commonly known as *Pelasgians*—hence frequently styled *Tyrrhenian Pelasgians*. The circumstance, however, of the former term being confined, in its more specific sense, to the *Etruscans*, and of their ascendancy in the Peninsula at the period when the Greeks first became acquainted with its interior, affords at least plausible ground for the inference that they were the original *Tyrrhenians*, and that the other races, for the most part their subjects or tributaries, had it but in a secondary sense; just as the inhabitants of Britain now all bear with foreigners the collective name of *English*. Such, accordingly, was the unanimous view of the subject among the ancients. It has, however, as we shall see in the sequel, been called in question by influential modern inquirers. No similar ambiguity attaches to the term *Etruscan*, or its equivalent, *Tuscan*, their proper distinctive title among the Romans, and which—as adopted in familiar use by ourselves—will deserve a preference throughout these observations.

Herodotus derives the name *Tyrrhenian* from *Tyrrhenus*, son of *Atys*, King of *Lydia*, chief of a colony who, driven by famine at home to seek a new habitation, landed at a remote period on the Italian shore, and spread their conquests into the interior. This tradition seems to have been unanimously acquiesced in up to the age of *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*, who rejects it on the negative authority of *Xanthus*, a *Lydian* historian, or rather a *Greek* historian, settled in *Lydia*, contemporary with or shortly prior to *Herodotus*. This author, he asserts, neither mentions a *Tyrrhenus* in his list of the royal line of *Lydia*, nor a *Lydian* colony planted in Italy, although particularizing various other colonies of less importance. According to him, *Atys* had but two sons, *Lydus* and *Torrhebus*, both of whom, remaining at home, gave their names to the two principal and still subsisting subdivisions of the *Lydian* or *Mæonian* nation. In favour of this view *Dionysius* further urges the dissimilarity between the language and manners of the *Lydians* and *Etruscans*, and pronounces the latter to be *aborigines*, or children of the Italian soil. His scepticism, however, seems to have had no weight whatever with the classical public, either *Greek* or native. Not only does the  
Lydian

Lydian tradition continue to be asserted or admitted in the most authoritative quarters, even by the Lydians and Etruscans themselves, at every subsequent period of antiquity, but no further allusion occurs to any difference of opinion on the subject.

In the schools of modern Europe the antiquities of Etruria, up to a comparatively recent period, formed but a subordinate chapter of Greek or Roman archæology. The few works devoted to their separate treatment were not at least of a character to attract interest to the subject. This is certainly somewhat surprising, considering the high place which antiquarian study at large then held in the scale of literary pursuit, the zeal of the Italian literati for those branches of it which more nearly concerned their native country, and the real curiosity of this one in particular—especially since the discovery on the soil of Etruria of numerous inscriptions in an unknown dialect, and in a character closely resembling the old Græco-Phœnician, of which at that time few or no genuine specimens were extant; and thus offering a twofold inducement to those abstruse philological speculations then so much in vogue.

The first who attempted to rouse the public, native or foreign, from their apathy, was Thomas Dempster, a once famous jurist and polyhistor,\* whose powers of imagination were largely shown in his histories, though his really wonderful memory procured for him in an erudite age the flattering title of the '*Bibliotheca Loquens*;' and it is certainly a remarkable coincidence, that while a learned Scottish gentleman (for such he claimed to be, by birth as well as education) should have been the first to awaken a taste for Etruscan antiquity among professional scholars, a learned Scottish lady should have taken a similar precedence in dressing it up in such a form as to render it palatable to ordinary readers.† A century elapsed, however, before Dempster's labours began to influence the world. Having, as a Roman Catholic, sought a more favourable field for the exercise of his talents abroad, he filled during some of the latter years of his life the chair of civil law at Pisa; and it was as a tribute of gratitude and respect to his patron, Duke Cosmo II., that he composed his great work the '*Etruria Regalis*,' a series of elaborate disquisitions on the his-

\* This extraordinary man was far less celebrated in his own age for his varied and extensive talents and learning, than for the wild eccentricity of his character and general conduct, of which some curious notices may be seen in Bayle's Dictionary. For his statement of his parentage see the article on the Dempsters of Muresk, in '*Collections on the Shires of Aberdeen*,' &c., printed for the Spalding Club, p. 463. Among other marvels he states that he was the twenty-fourth child of his parents, and that their union was blessed with five children after him.

† See Mrs. Gray's earlier work, '*The Sepulchres of Etruria*,' noticed in *Quart. Rev.* vol. lxvii. p. 375.

tory, manners, arts, and antiquities of Tuscany. This undertaking was completed, and the manuscript presented to Cosmo, as we learn from the dedication, in 1619. Its publication, however, was prevented by the author's death, which took place in 1625; after which it lay utterly neglected until, by another remarkable coincidence equally honourable to our own country and discreditable to Italy, it attracted the notice of Sir Thomas Coke, who succeeded in impressing on its royal proprietors a sense of its value, and it was published accordingly by him, under their auspices, in 1723-1724.

The archaeological portion of the '*Etruria Regalis*' is little more than a compilation of ancient authorities, illustrated by a copious mass of monuments and inscriptions. Its author did not aspire to promulgate any new or ingenious theories. He was satisfied with exhibiting the extent and importance of the subject, leaving it to others to convert it into a science, or reduce it to methodical principles. The effect of the publication was electric on the dormant energies of the Italian scholars, who started up in rapid succession, inspired with patriotic zeal, and armed with all the weapons of philological and antiquarian controversy, to assert the claims of their extinct race of fellow-countrymen to an equality with, or a priority to, either Greek or Roman in moral or intellectual influence on the destinies of mankind; and an academy was instituted at Cortona, an ancient central seat of Etruscan power, for the express purpose of investigating Etruscan history and art, in the transactions of which learned foreigners were also proud to take a share. This new-born enthusiasm was not likely to submit with a good grace to the trammels of classical authority. The tradition which brought the mysterious race from Asia Minor was little congenial to the national taste or vanity. Dionysius' theory of their indigenous origin was more attractive. Here, however, the Mosaic system of ethnography somewhat interfered. A middle view therefore was preferred, which assumed them, in the spirit of the then prevailing Orientalism, to be a tribe of patriarchal Egyptians or Canaanites, who had brought over a certain stock of elementary culture, matured in their new settlements into a genuine Tuscan school of arts and letters, to which even that of Greece was indebted for its first rudiments. For specific evidence in favour of this notion recourse was had chiefly or solely to the written monuments; and the more unintelligible their contents were daily proved to be, the stronger seemed the argument of their Syrian or Coptic origin.

Another opinion, more plausible than the foregoing, which found favour with the Ultramontane learned, and numbered some respectable

respectable supporters even among those of Italy,\* assumed the Etruscans to be originally a Transalpine people, who, descending as conquerors into the plains of the Po, had pushed their settlements southwards. The authority of the ancients was here appealed to, in so far as regards the fact recorded by them, that there really were at a later period in the Rhetian Alps tribes speaking the Etruscan dialect. These, indeed, were described, in the same quarters, not as an indigenous Alpine people, but as fugitives from the Cisalpine possessions of the Etruscans when conquered by the Gauls; against which account the advocates of the theory in question urged the reasonable, though not, as the more candid of them admit, conclusive argument, of the little probability that a luxurious people of the plain, who had been unable to preserve their own independence against a hostile invader, should have succeeded in occupying as conquerors a rugged defensible district, previously possessed by a hardy race of mountaineers. The term *Rasena* was accordingly brought into etymological connexion with "Rhetian;" and the Celtic or Teutonic dialects were appealed to as safer guides than the Egyptian or Hebrew.

This theory, however, though renewed with more success in our own day, found at the period of its first proposal comparatively few adherents. Nor was the popularity of the Phœnico-Egyptian system of long duration, and the common sense of the public, backed by the candid admission of several influential but impartial professors of the Oriental school of etymology, that they were fairly baffled in their attempts to turn the Etruscan inscriptions to account, ultimately led to a general acknowledgment of its futility. A preference was now given to what may be called the classical theory of interpretation. That a primitive people of Italy should be more nearly connected in origin and language with the Latins and Greeks than with the Arabs or Egyptians was certainly in itself a reasonable proposition. This view, accordingly, when reduced to system by the elegant but fallacious scholarship of Lanzi, in his '*Saggio di Lingua Etrusca*,' proved for long, by its very plausibility, the most serious obstacle to the progress of sound inquiry. The chief apparent strength, but real weakness of the argument, here lay in the neglect of a just critical distinction between the Etruscan inscriptions proper, and those of the various conterminous tribes, Umbrians, Oscans, &c., whose dialects, although, like the Etruscan itself, distinct and to us hitherto uninterpreted idioms, contain, there can be no reasonable doubt, a considerable element of both Greek and

\* Freret (*Académie des Insér.*, t. xviii.), Pelloutier, Bardetti, &c.

Latin;

Latin; of neither of which a palpable trace has to this day been discovered in the genuine Etruscan. Lanzi's theory was, that all these obscure Italic tongues, if not at the first mere dialects of an old Græco-Pelasgic original, had, owing to the ascendancy of Hellenic civilization, assumed, at the period when these inscriptions were executed, so extensive an Hellenic element, that by a careful application of the niceties of Greek etymology, with occasional recourse to the Latin where the Greek failed, a large portion at least of their import might be elicited. As the remains of the Non-Etruscan class were by far the most copious, a proportionally wider field was opened for the spread of the prevailing error; and by a free use of these heterogeneous materials, and of the customary etymological expedients, not only was Lanzi enabled to draw up to his own satisfaction and that of his followers a literal interpretation of all or most of the existing texts, but a regular system of Osco-Umbro-Etruscan grammar, syntax, and vocabulary, applicable to all future documents that might be brought to light.

We need not enlarge on the fallacy of this system, which the spirit of a more enlightened philology has long since repudiated. By a similar licence of invention—transposition—substitution—intercalation, &c. of grammatical forms—words—syllables and letters, as good sepulchral Greek might be extracted from a large portion of the epitaphs in any English or German churchyard, as Lanzi has forced out of the dedicatory inscriptions of Cortona. With Lanzi, for example, Hupitaiseke becomes ὑποτεθεικε, monumentum posuit; Turke is δωρευκε (δεδωρευκε) dedit, or τορευκε (τετορευκε) cælavit; Kantke is κατθηκε; Tular is the Græco-Latin monstrum horrendum το ἄλλαριον; Puia, filia; puia amke, filiam hanc, &c. Would not 'here lieth' give equally good Greek for ἱερος λιθος? 'this stone' for δυστονος, or θειος στονος? 'here lieth beneath this stone'—ἱερου λιθου βενθεσι στονοεσσι?—Such however was the effect of the general plausibility of the theory, and of the gravity and good faith with which it was propounded, that the Saggio was generally received, from its publication in 1789, down to a very recent period, as an all but infallible text-book; and each local antiquary, as we well remember to have observed on a first visit to the classic sites of Volterra, Chiusi, &c., some twenty years ago, had his Lanzi constantly at hand as a sort of pocket talisman; just as the ordinary classical traveller applies his Siglarium Romanum to the cyphers or abbreviations of Latin inscriptions.

Among the more influential native antiquaries, the first who ventured to raise a voice of scepticism was the venerable Micali, who while disputing any palpable affinity of language or blood  
between

between the Hellenes and Etruscans, rejects also the various theories as to the foreign origin of the latter, acquiescing generally in the opinion of Dionysius that they were an indigenous Italian people. Another blow was soon after given by the rise of the new German school of Archæology, more especially by its two leading productions, the '*Roman History*' of Niebuhr and the '*Etruscans*' of K. O. Müller. The former author perceived and pronounced the Etruscan to be a totally distinct tongue, not only from the Greek or Latin, but from the Umbrian, Oscan, &c.; asserting, and with reason, that excepting a few proper names, even by the aid of numerous bilingual inscriptions, the signification of not one single word had yet been clearly ascertained. As regards the origin of the race, he adopted the Rhætian system of Freret, supporting it by the same or similar arguments. As a more complete disruption of every connecting bond between the genuine Etruscans and the eastern races of the Mediterranean, while he admits that the proper name by which the former were known to the Greeks in classical ages was Tyrrheni, he denies that this name rightfully belonged to them. He assumes it rather to have been the primitive title of the old Pelasgic tribes of Italy, the Tyrrheni Pelasgi as they are called, who formed the majority of its aboriginal population; and that it was appropriated by the Etruscans in a more specific sense, solely from their ascendancy of power in the Tyrrhenian land at the epoch when the Greeks first became familiarly acquainted with it. To a similar confusion on the part of the ancient ethnographers he traces the origin of the Lydian tradition. The name Tyrrhenian he argues was not peculiar to the Italian Pelasgi, but common to certain other wandering tribes of the same family, fugitives, according to the popular accounts, from Italy; who, after sojourning in different parts of Greece proper, finally settled on the coast of Thrace, and the adjacent isles of the Upper Ægean, Lemnos, Imbros, &c. These settlements, together with the Tyrrhenian name, he extends still farther south to the old Homeric Pelasgi, dwellers in Lesbos and the opposite coast of Æolia prior to its occupation by Greek colonies; from thence, under the same Tyrrhenian title, along the coasts of Lydia; and supposes that in the complication of ancient mythology, the legend which brought the wandering race from Italy across the continent of Hellas to Asia Minor was counterpoised by another, which carried them back by sea from Lydia to the shore of the Adriatic, and which Herodotus has misunderstood as allusive to a genuine Lydo-Mæonian colony.

Müller acquiesces generally in Niebuhr's views, but with some modifications. In giving a similar preference to the Rhætian system

system as to the origin of the race, he yet inclines to admit a certain affinity between them and the Helleno-Pelasgic family, classing them as perhaps a last link in the chain of connexion between its various members, as spread under numerous secondary titles over the coasts of Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy. Accordingly, while rejecting Lanzi's theory of a close dialectical relation between the language of the preserved inscriptions and the classical Greek, and stigmatizing the extravagance of that lively etymologist, he does not disdain to avail himself to a more limited extent, and with greater caution, but in truth with no better success, of the same empirical expedients, in order to extract such amount of Hellenism or Latinism as may tell in favour of his own more modified view of the connexion between the three idioms. While he also agrees with Niebuhr in referring the Tyrrheno-Asiatic colony of Herodotus to a Pelasgian rather than a pure Lydian settlement, he differs with him in so far as to admit its historical reality; and hence, instead of assuming the Tyrrheno-Pelasgians to have been the prior possessors of the Italian soil, the Rhaeto-Etruscans the intruders, he reverses their relation to each other, and transplants the former, under the popular Tuscan hero Tarchun, from Asia Minor to the Latin coast, as conquerors, or at least as civilizers of its previous occupants.

In turning to a more recent theorist nearer home, we must confess that the Ulster King-at Arms does not conciliate us at the outset by the supercilious expressions with which he ushers in his speculations—the almost insulting terms in which he denounces ‘the solemn learned trifling, and dreaming anilities of Passeri, Gori, and Lanzi;’ ‘the common-place twaddle, insane garrulities, &c. of those who have the happiness to preside over Roman Colleges;’ and ‘the Dreams of a K. O. Müller.’—vol. i. pp. 21-23.

It was remarked by a witty traveller in Ireland during the last century, that the antiquaries of that country ‘would step from the Red Sea to the Baltic with as much ease as an ordinary man steps over a gutter.’ Sir W. Betham, being only a naturalized Irishman, is perhaps slightly degenerated; for, like Neptune in the *Iliad*, he deigns now and then to take a promontory or island by the way. Still, it must be allowed, his feats of archæological agility—οἷος οὖν βεγοῖ εἶσι—are considerable. According to him the Etruscans, the Phœnicians, and the old Milesians of Erin are the same people, speaking identically the same venerable Erse. Etruria was first colonized from the east, then Ireland from Etruria. The proof of this system hinges upon an analysis of the Eugubian tables, and the great Etruscan inscription of Perugia.

The

The first of these documents he interprets by the usual etymological expedients, and some others peculiar to himself, to contain in good old Erse an account of the colonization of Ireland, with a log-book of the voyage of discovery which led to that event. From the second he elicits a code of directions for navigating the Bay of Biscay. Two English versions are appended for the benefit of the Saxon; the first a literal rendering of the Erse, which makes, as Sir W. we believe himself admits, utter nonsense; the second a free translation, which we confess we have found equally devoid of meaning.

As preliminary however to this demonstration several matters are assumed as axioms or postulates, which in our apprehension require proof quite as much as the theory built on them. First, that the old Phœnician was a dialect of the Celtic, not, as generally supposed, of the Aramaïc. Secondly, that the language of the Eugubian tables and the Etruscan are the same, instead of essentially different, according to the unanimous view of the present race of Italian philologers. Thirdly, that the antique Erse with which he presents us is a real language. The first of these propositions Sir William broadly asserts, contented, in the way of argument, with his usual plan of denouncing as 'dreamers,' &c. those who may happen to have expressed a different opinion, more especially General Vallancy;\* whose 'dreams,' by the way, for such they were no doubt, were far more ingeniously conceived and plausibly supported than his own. As however the public for whom Sir William writes has for centuries been under as firm a conviction of the affinity between the Punic language and the Hebrew or Arabic, as of that between the Anglo-Saxon and High Dutch, we scarcely think it will be contented, without something more in the shape of evidence, implicitly to acquiesce in his *ipse dixit* to the contrary, as the basis of the Phœnician element of his system. In regard to the second of the above postulates the proof may in some sense be said to be involved in his discovery, that both languages admit of the same Erse interpretation, upon the geometrical principle that things which are equal to the same are equal to one another. This argument however depends for its validity on the accuracy of his remaining assumption, that the writing he presents us with as Erse is a real specimen of that tongue. That the negative side of the question is here the most probable, though far from pretending to any consummate skill as Erse etymologists—our own analysis of the text as constituted by Sir William would have led us to suspect. We are, however, relieved from any obligation to substantiate our scepticism by the information supplied by

\* Vol. ii. p. 31.

himself,

himself, that the opinion of the leading native scholars coincides with our own. This we learn by an extract which he gives us, with a candour that does him credit, from a letter addressed to him by the secretary of a learned Dublin society, commenting on a specimen of his lucubrations :—

‘With respect to the paper on the Eugubian tables, the committee are of opinion, that the alterations which you have made on the text of those tables (especially in the division of the words) are altogether arbitrary and unauthorised ; and that the translation given, though composed of Irish roots, is not the Irish language of the present day or of any other period.’—vol. i. p. 52.

Against this verdict Sir William indeed protests, on the usual ground of the utter incompetency of the quarter whence it emanates, expressing as profound a contempt for the whole existing race of his fellow Irish antiquaries, as for the Goris, Lanzis, and Müllers on the other side of the Channel. This opinion may be quite correct, but the courtesy of our own craft does not admit of our receiving it as such on the simple assurance of Sir W. B., nor do we consider ourselves as here under any obligation to appear as arbiters in the dispute ; our object being not to illustrate the Erse language, but the antiquities of Tuscany. In so far as that language can in any way contribute to this object, it is necessary *à priori* that the native scholars should be agreed as to what it really is ; nor should we be justified in allowing critical authority to a type of it set up by a single one, however infallibly learned and acute in his own estimation, in the face of his reclaiming brethren. But the worst part of Sir W. B.’s case is, that even the scanty remnant of Irish scholarship which he allows to be embodied in any other quarter but his own person seems also to be against him. This appears from the strange discrepancy between his own translation of parts of an old ballad which he assumes to be composed in a variety of his Hiberno-Etruscan dialect, and that given by other preceding Erse scholars of the name of O’Clery, whom he admits to be ‘learned and intelligent.’ We subjoin parallel specimens of the two :—

*Sir William’s version.*

‘Ocean’s sea is tempestuous ;  
Ocean’s waves are also everlasting ;  
Ocean’s tides swell and roar ;  
Ocean’s rocks pierce the surface ;  
Ocean is wonderful as the sun,’ &c. &c.

*O’Clery version.*

‘I am the wind at sea, in depth ;  
I am the wind and sea in strength, or, I am equal to a wind at sea,  
in power, activity, and ingenuity ;

I am

I am a stormy wave of the sea in weight;  
 I am seven battalions in strength and force;  
 I am an ox in strength, *that is a bull;* &c. &c.—pp. 79—84.

Sir William pronounces the O'Clery version to be 'sad nonsense,' from which opinion we hesitate to dissent; but until we have it on some better authority that his own is a more faithful representative of the *sense*, whatever it may be, of the original, we suspend our judgment.

But even admitting Sir William's Archaic Erse to be a real tongue, we should still be under the necessity of rejecting his application of it to the Etruscan or Umbrian texts, as being but a renewal of the old *quidlibet pro quolibet* system which he justly condemns in Lanzi, and upon an extension of the same arbitrary principle at which even that unscrupulous etymologist would have stood aghast. In the first place the words of both languages, of Sir William's supposed Erse, and of the real Umbro-Etruscan, are assumed to consist of single letters, or at the most of monosyllabic roots, and the text of the inscriptions in the latter (licentiously tampered with in terms of the Dublin Society's stricture) is subdivided accordingly. The materials of his own pretended Erse, culled at random from old glossaries, fragments of unintelligible songs, &c., are then thrown together, so as somewhat to correspond in sound with his digest of the Italic text, but without grammatical or syntactical arrangement, and in such an order as he admits (vol. i. p. 62), 'if read to the best Irish scholars of the day would appear to be an unknown tongue;' but which when rendered into the two successive modifications of unintelligible English above described, he gravely presents to his readers as a Phœnico-Etruscan nautical gazette. As a specimen, we shall take the commencement of the second Eugubian table; No. I. is the text according to its own subdivision of words, and the power of the characters assigned by Sir William, with which we shall not quarrel, although it differs from that elsewhere received; No. II. is Sir William's Hiberno-Punic edition, altered, extended, &c., for the convenience of his purpose; \* Nos. III. and IV. are his two English versions.

I. BUKUKUM: IUBIU: PUNE: UBEF: FURFATH: TREF:  
 BITLUF: TURUF: MARTE: THURIE: FETU:  
 PUPLUPER: TUTAS: IUBINAS &c.

II. Bu co com iud be i u Pune u be fa for fath tre fa  
 bi at lu fa tur u fa mar ta tur i e sad  
 u pob lu bar to ta is i iud be i na is &c.

\* It may be here remarked that the free rendering of the Umbro-Etruscan V or U unto our O or U is an admissible licence; the ancient letter being acknowledged to represent both vowels. A similar indulgence may perhaps, to a certain extent, be conceded in regard to the commutable consonants, *t, d; f, v.*

- III. Was which security day and night in from Phœnician from night means defence by skill throughout the means being also water means voyage from the means as indeed the voyage in it far away people water of the sea is gentle indeed it is by wisdom day and night in it is &c.
- IV. There was security, day and night, during the whole voyage to and from the river, Phœnician, from the night precautions and skill, and there being deep water in the river. By this skill in distant voyages of the people of the water to the north, is the sea indeed practicable; secure by day and night, gentle, indeed in the sea, it is &c.'

By recurrence to archaic glossaries and obsolete dialects; by arbitrary subdivision of words and syllables; by the addition, subtraction, or substitution *ad libitum* of a vowel or consonant, we will engage to extract out of these inscriptions, through the medium of any real language of Europe, living or dead, better sense than Sir William has done through his imaginary Hiberno-Phœnician—nay, real sense, for here there is none. In submitting a sample of what might be done for the Teutonic family, we beg only to assume that the Eugubian tables are written in a primitive, but when transferred from the old rude orthography to the present style, still intelligible Anglo-Saxon dialect; and that this second one contains, not a log-book of voyages to Erin, but a commercial treaty between the Etruscans and the Phœnicians; and one written in current grammatical sense, without Ulsterian transpositions, and with vastly less than Ulsterian corruption of the original Umbrian text:—

'Bi ok u kum iu bi o Pune o bef for fat drov bi tal of Tur of Mart Ethruria fed o pupl u pa her tute as iu bi in as &c.

'By oak you come, you buy, O Phœnician, o' beef, four fat drove, by tale of Tyre, of the Mart of Etruria; feed, O people! you pay her duty, as you buy, in asses &c.'

In 'oak,' for oaken ship, the correspondence with the Latin terms, abies, trabs, and the modern Italian legno, is remarkable; both probably traceable to the same Etruscan usage. The 'tale' (perhaps toll?) of Tyre, specifies doubtless the number of oxen in each drove contracted for, according to some conventional Phœnician standard. The apostrophe 'feed O people,' is a fine sample of the combination of the poetical with the practical, common in such documents among a primitive race. The as, we need scarcely add, was the current Etruscan coin. The commencement of the first table reads equally well. It specifies the different prices or duties of corn:—

'Punic corn is paid, o'rye, at a higher, yea a bye code; no reclaim (drawback?) &c. &c.

Of Mrs. Hamilton Gray's publication, or rather of its first volume, which here chiefly concerns us, it may be said, generally, that the principal merit consists in presenting in a style well calculated to attract popular attention, those illustrations of the manners and customs of the old Italic races, which appear in the work of Müller as the result of a careful and profound series of investigations. The value of this portion of her labours is somewhat impaired, however, by the perpetual effort to strain identities or analogies between the Etruscan, and the Egyptian, or Phœnician languages, arts, and institutions; the visionary nature of all or most of which had been so clearly evinced by the researches of her learned predecessor. We regret indeed to find that Mrs. Gray, as an unqualified adherent of the old Egyptian school, is somewhat behind the spirit of her age. Her own theory of Etruscan origin has, in fact, no claim to novelty, being but a reproduction, slightly modified, of that propounded upwards of a century ago, during the ascendancy of the Egypto-Oriental mania, in our own 'Universal History,'\* and which, repudiated even at the time by more sagacious critics, has since lain neglected and forgotten. The Etruscans are here assumed to have emigrated from a certain Mesopotamian city called in Scripture Resen, and the Egyptian name of which Mrs. Gray supposes to have been Ludim. Hence their titles—Rasena and Lydian. From Resen she brings them to Egypt in the character of Hyksos, or shepherd-kings. When driven from the banks of the Nile by the native powers, taking the route of Lybia, they cross into Italy. Had she but made them, on traversing the Mediterranean, land first in Gaul, and cross the Rhætian Alps into Lombardy, she would have had the merit of blending the Phœnician, Egyptian, Lydian, Lybian, and Celtic systems into one. As Mrs. Gray has availed herself of the privilege of her sex to advance her theory as a fact, or series of facts, without adducing any historical authority, or entering upon any tangible line of argument in its favour, we shall consider it the less incumbent on us to state in detail our reasons for disagreeing with her. Antient authority, indeed, for any such migration fails altogether. The only evidence of another kind to which she appeals are the analogies above adverted to between the Etruscan, and the Phœnician and Egyptian language and manners. We need scarcely repeat our opinion of the little value of such casual coincidences of sound, as those to which Mrs. Gray attaches weight, in proof of national affinity, in the face of a large amount of other argument, both positive and negative, to the contrary. Nor is it likely that the critical public who, on similar grounds,

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\* Vol. xviii. (edit. 1781), p. 202, seq.

rejected this very theory a century ago, and have since rejected the far more plausible one of Lanzi, will now be ready to admit the fact that the radical letters of *Rasena* occur in the name of a town on the banks of the Tigris, or that those of *Lydia* are supposed by modern interpreters to be contained in a certain Egyptian hieroglyphic, as evidence that the Etruscans drew their blood and their language either from Assyria or Egypt, in the absence of all antient authority, or of a shadow of resemblance between the existing Etruscan inscriptions and any known dialect either of the Aramaic or Coptic tongues.

Still greater stress, however, is laid by Mrs. Gray, and doubtless with better show of reason, on the Egyptian character of many of the Etruscan monuments:—a point on which we shall take this opportunity of offering a few general remarks. The style of these monuments subdivides itself under two principal heads—first, the primitive Etruscan style; second, the later imitative style; which last may again be classed as either Hellenic imitation, or Egypto-Oriental imitation. The primitive Etruscan style is a variety of that rude but expressive type of art common to the early efforts of all nations, and which among many of those of the Mediterranean shore may possibly have emanated from, or been influenced by, the previous models of Egypt, as a country which from a remote period we know to have taken a lead in this department of civilized life. The same may also hold good of certain primæval notions of religion or cosmogony. But it would be rather a bold leap to infer, wherever traces of this style or of these notions can be detected, the settlement of an Egyptian colony, or the direct influence of Egypt. This prejudice, however, as to the universality of Egyptian influence and art, so fostered by the high state of preservation in which, from a combination of favourable circumstances, the monuments of the Nile have reached our own age, while those of other great emporia of primitive art have disappeared, has proved for centuries a formidable bar to sound criticism on this class of subjects; and will, perhaps, long continue to haunt the popular traveller or geographer on his route along the shores, not only of Greece or Italy, but of Mexico and Peru, of China and Hindostan. To ourselves the proper Etruscan variety of this primitive type of art, as exemplified chiefly or solely in their sepulchral remains, appears not only to differ from the Egyptian, but to connect itself, both in its style and the character of its subjects, with another foreign region; the only one, as we shall see, to which either historical data or sound criticism entitle us to look, beyond the soil of Etruria, for its origin.

As regards the later periods of Etruscan design there cannot be a doubt that the Egyptian style extensively prevails; but it pre-

vails in common with that of Greece and other nations, and under such circumstances as, together with the comparatively recent period at which it can be clearly identified, show it to be the result of that spirit of imitation and taste for exotic novelty which, amid all their gloomy nationality of genius, so strikingly characterises the history both of art and religion among this singular people, and which their extensive foreign commerce during their flourishing ages enabled them amply to gratify, even probably from sources still more distant than Egypt.\* Mrs. Gray attaches much importance to the splendid Etruscan collection of General Galassi, exhibited in Rome some years ago, as confirming her Egyptian theory. We happen ourselves on one occasion to have visited that collection with a friend of very high authority in matters of Hindoo antiquity, and well remember the astonishment expressed by him at the extraordinary resemblance, both in subject and design, between several of the more costly metallic ornaments or implements there exhibited and similar works of Indian art; with his remark, that had he found them in a museum of Madras or Calcutta, he would not have hesitated to specify the particular district or school of native design—mentioning a name which has escaped our recollection—from whence they emanated. Upon Mrs. Gray's principle we might here be entitled also to assume a Hindoo colony in Tuscany. It is farther worthy of notice, that all or most of the works distinctly marked by either an Egyptian or Oriental character are of a portable description; ornamental armour—collars—salvers—metallic vases—scarabees, &c.; while no similar work of such a nature as must have been necessarily executed on the spot, architectural decoration, painted interiors, &c., in genuine Egyptian style, has yet been discovered; which would seem to prove that those of the former class were either exclusively of foreign introduction, or that the imitative skill of the native artists was limited to a close adherence to the imported foreign models. That the scarabees, originally introduced from Egypt as objects of curiosity, or in the way of coin or barter-money, became afterwards an extensive article of home manufacture, there can be no doubt. The accuracy of this view is in some degree confirmed by the opposite case of the works of Etrusco-Hellenic imitation, executed in a great measure it is certain by native artists, for the most part people of Hellenic race, and the more remarkable of which accordingly are of such a nature as must have been completed in the country: architectural frontage, sculptured reliefs on stone or marble, painted interiors, &c. &c.

We at last come to the view opened up by Professor Thiersch:

\* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. liv. p. 447.

but

but let not the reader be alarmed lest we should be about to bewilder his ideas by some new subtlety of verbal interpretation. The Etruscan language we shall allow to rest in the same state of mysterious incomprehensibility in which it was found by Maffei, and has been left by Sir W. Betham. As little do we propose still further to mystify the historical element of the inquiry by any similar attempt at speculative novelty. Our object is rather to recal attention to the 'old paths' of classical tradition, which have been too long systematically abandoned for the more seductive courses of alternate mysticism and scepticism; but which, as illustrated both in the records of antiquity and through the discoveries of our own day, by solid monumental evidence, still seem to hold out the best, the only satisfactory solution, of the grand enigma of Etruscan origin.

It is a trite remark that in no case where any important statement of fact is made by Herodotus on his own authority, or on testimony to which he subscribes, however improbable or unpalatable to modern opinions or prejudices,—in no such case, where opportunity has been opened up for closer investigation, has that statement, if understood in the spirit of the age or the author, been found destitute of solid historical basis. This canon appears likely to meet with a new and striking illustration in regard to our present subject of inquiry. We have seen that the authority of this writer, who makes the Etruscans a Lydian colony, while backed by the unanimous acquiescence of all subsequent antiquity, with the single exception of Dionysius, has been almost as unanimously set at nought in our own age, chiefly on the grounds stated by the latter author—to wit, that Xanthus, the Lydian historian, was silent as to any such colony, and that the language and manners of Etruria differed from those of Lydia. The fallacy of the preference here given to the authority of Xanthus over that of Herodotus has been well pointed out by Thiersch. Xanthus was after all but a Greek writer of Sardis, and could have access to no data relative to the primitive annals of Lydia which were not equally open to Herodotus, who visited that country about the same period. If the report of the two authors differ, it follows merely that there were two versions of the Lydian tradition respecting the sons of Atys; that while Xanthus adopts the one which kept Torrhebus at home, Herodotus takes that which sent him to Italy; and that Herodotus, the writer of highest authority, as Dionysius himself admits,\* is entitled to a preference. His knowledge of a variety of the legend unknown to his predecessor, and which he expressly cites on native Lydian

\* See the very slighting manner, as compared with Herodotus, in which he speaks of Xanthus in *Judicio de Thueyd.* c. 5.

authority, may therefore reasonably be held as the result of access to sources which were not explored by Xanthus. Niebuhr's arbitrary hypothesis that Herodotus, and with him all subsequent antiquity, have confounded his supposed Pelasgo-Tyrrhenians of the coast of Asia with the genuine Lydians among whom he assumes them to have dwelt, is in some measure confuted even by the testimony of Xanthus, with whom Torrhebus—whose name, as Thiersch remarks, and even Müller admits, is but a variety of Tyrrhenus—although not the leader of a colony, is yet, as with Herodotus, a genuine Lydian hero. The misunderstanding is more probably on the part of Plutarch, the only author who seems to favour Niebuhr's view, and who himself appears to have confounded the primitive Lydo-Tyrrhenians of Herodotus with the later Pelasgian wanderers of Lemnos and Athos.\*

The implicit credence given by Niebuhr and others to the insulated statement of Dionysius that Rasena was the true, and, as they further assume, the only proper native title of the Etruscans, shows how small an amount of evidence will often satisfy the most sceptical inquirer, when in favour of his own theories. How cautious one ought to be in regard to such incidental notices, when unsupported by valid collateral evidence, may be illustrated, in closely parallel cases, by the example of better authorities than Dionysius,† where access to such evidence has been obtained. That Rasena was an Etruscan word we do not doubt, but we require some better evidence to satisfy us that it signified 'an Etruscan.' That it occurs several times in the Perugian inscription is perhaps rather an argument on the other side, as it is not very likely that the common title of the whole race should be so

\* Niebuhr's further assertion (vol. i. 2nd edit. p. 44, Berlin, 1827), that the Tyrrhenian pirates of the Homeric hymn to Bacchus were from the Lydian rather than the Tuscan coast, is disproved by the whole internal evidence of that lively narrative; the character of the Etruscans for piracy, on which Niebuhr himself elsewhere lays great stress, being in every age proverbial, while no such stigma attaches to the tribes of the Lydian coast. His appeal to the phrase '*Patria Mæonia est*,' which Ovid (*Met.* iii. 583) in his account of the adventure puts into the mouth of the pilot, is scarcely worthy of his scholarship; the same, or similar expressions, being familiar among Latin poets for the Etrurian coast. Thus with Virgil (*Æn.* viii. 499) the troops of Mezentius are '*Mæoniæ delecta juvenus*;' and Statius (*Sylv.* iv. 4, 6) calls the banks of the Tyber '*Lydia ripa*,' &c. Ovid's expression '*Tusca urbs*' (*v.* 624) can indeed leave no reasonable doubt as to his meaning. Nor is the popular attribute of the Dolphin (into which animal the contumacious navigators were metamorphosed) of 'Tyrrhenian fish' (*Senec. Agam.* 449; *Stat. Achill.* i. 56) ever by our authorities brought into connexion with any other than the Italian Tyrrhenia.

† For example: Herodotus (ii. 143), in describing a series of statues of Egyptian priests, tells us, on the authority of his Ciceroni, that each of them was a Piromi—son of a Piromi; and that Piromi, in Egyptian, signified 'noble and excellent.' The genuine extant remains of the Egyptian tongue prove that Piromi was indeed an Egyptian word—but that it meant simply 'a man;' and in that sense it is evident from the context it was used by the historian's informants, their object being to show that the originals of the statues were of mortal, not of divine race.

frequently

frequently introduced in a mere local document. It may have denoted some privileged class or order of citizens. That Tyrrhen, on the other hand, or Tarchun—which, as Müller observes, was probably the genuine Etruscan form of the name—was also a genuine Etruscan hero, and, as such, the popular eponyme of the race, is evinced by the circumstance of his appearing everywhere in the native tradition as the fabulous founder or extender of their power and institutions.\*

Still less weight can attach to Dionysius' statement that in language and manners the Etruscans differed from the Lydians. The Lydian language of his day, even assuming a distinct dialect to have then been extant under that name, would be no criterion for that of the particular one of the several tribes formerly comprehended in the Lydian empire which Tyrrhenus led to Italy. As regards the ancient Lydian manners, it is on record that Cyrus took even extraordinary means to eradicate them, and the subsequent entire Hellenization of the province would in any case have tended to that effect; yet Dionysius himself, as we shall see, mentions several remarkable coincidences between the habits of the old Lydians and the Etruscans; and had he collated the ancient monuments of the two countries with any care, others would not have failed to present themselves.

Niebuhr denies, in his usual dogmatical way, that the Etruscans themselves either knew or acquiesced in the Lydian tradition of their origin.† The opposite conclusion is warranted not only by the silence of all their historians, native or foreign, as to any doubt or denial of it on their part; but, as the more accurate Thiersch observes, by their direct testimony to the contrary (pp. 428, 429):—

‘That the tradition of a colonial connexion between the Lydians and Hetrurians, through the settlement of a Lydian colony in Italy, was not only universally received (with the single exception of Dionysius' ill-grounded opposition), but that it was supported by the mutual acknowledgment of the two races, is evinced by the passage of Tacitus (Ann. iv. 56), wherein the deputies from Sardis, in the time of Tiberius, are mentioned as reciting before the Roman senate a decree of the Hetrurians, characterising the two nations as kinsmen. . . . It seems evident that this decree must date from the period of Hetrurian independence, as alluding to political relations between the two states, which it was the object of such documents to cement, but which were obviously incom-

\* Müller, *Introd.* c. ii. § 1 seq. Mrs. Gray, p. 52 seq. Tarinate and Tarsinate in the Eugubian tables (4th, 6th, 7th) may be the Umbrian forms of Tyrrhenian and Tyrsenian; Tuske or Turske, in the same texts, would seem to represent Tuscus, or Etruscus.

† He further asserts, p. 42, on the authority of Dion. Hal., that their own traditions represented them as an indigenous Italian people. We can find no such statement in that author.

patible with any period subsequent to the Roman conquest, when *Hetruria* disappears from the stage of independent political action.

With better reason might the entire silence of all authorities, as to any knowledge or suspicion of *Rhætian* descent, either among the *Etruscans* themselves or elsewhere, be urged as conclusive against this otherwise most plausible part of *Niebuhr's* theory. Nothing certainly could seem more improbable than that among a nation of mountaineers, descending and settling as conquerors in the neighbouring plains, all memory of their primitive seats, all filial regard for the parent tribe, should have become extinct, under circumstances every way so favourable for its maintenance. This would be indeed the more unaccountable in the case of so proverbially superstitious a people, and one whose superstitions are so graphically described by *Niebuhr* himself as vitally interwoven with a complicated system of chronology, based on an uninterrupted chain of fatality, both in national and physical vicissitude. The argument derived from the *Etruscan* communities in the *Rhætian Alps* in *Livy's* time, the only real basis of this whole train of hypothesis, can have little weight with those who reflect how natural it would be for a powerful *Etruscan* dynasty in *Lombardy* to extend its settlements into the contiguous fertile valleys. Further, *Niebuhr* admits, they never spread; and how easy to maintain them, by aid of the surrounding fastnesses, even when driven by barbarian conquerors from the plain!

While the primitive population of *Asia Minor*, like that of *Italy*, comprised races of various, and probably, in some instances, radically distinct origin and language, the effect of a common soil and climate, of neighbourhood and commercial intercourse, and the exposure to the same class of external influences, seems to have spread, in each case respectively, certain pervading features of resemblance in character, religion, and miscellaneous customs. This community of character, as regards the tribes of the *Asiatic peninsula*, is reflected in the *Greek* tradition that *Lydus*, *Carus*, and *Mysus* were brothers—doubtless a mere figurative legend, since the native accounts seem hardly to have acknowledged any such common parentage. The same rule extends to the *Phrygians* and *Lycians*, also frequently blended or confounded by our authorities as one race with their neighbours. The *Lydo-Etruscan* tradition of *Herodotus*, therefore, taken in the spirit rather than by the letter, may be understood simply as implying that the *Etruscans* were a colony from the eastern coast of the *Ægean*. The ascendancy of the *Lydian* dynasty in *Asia Minor*, with its empire (real or fabulous) of the sea during its flourishing ages, would naturally impart to any such tradition a *Lydian* form. In any attempt, therefore, to illustrate *Etruscan* origin or manners

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from Asiatic sources, our appeals may safely be extended to the neighbouring, whether kindred or merely connected races.

These common features of Lydo-Asiatic character may be defined as a medium between the Hellenic and the purely Asiatic, or Oriental in the wider sense; and such accordingly are the peculiarities which distinguish the Etruscans from their Italian neighbours, whom in many other respects, from causes above noticed, they closely resemble. The spirit of their gloomy superstition is decidedly Oriental, especially of their mystical astrology, their cycles of the sun and moon regulating the vicissitudes of personal or national destiny—chimæras peculiar to the East, and foreign to the northern mythology. The practice of entombing the dead in full armour, and surrounded by military accoutrements, was common to the Etruscans with the Carians, whose bodies, in the lustration of Delos (Thucyd. i. 8), were recognised by that peculiarity from those of the Greeks. The custom of tracing genealogies by the mothers' side was observed by Herodotus\* as a singularity of the Lycians in his time; and that it prevailed among them in the age of Homer appears from his pedigree of Glaucus and Sarpedon. In the Etruscan sepulchral inscriptions it is very palpable, the conjectural evidence of such as are written in the native dialect being confirmed by others of later date in Latin. 'The Asiatic luxury of the Etruscans, displayed in their gorgeous carpets, massive plate, and crowds of beautiful and richly-dressed attendants,' has been pointedly noticed by the most zealous opponent of their Asiatic origin.† Theopompus describes their domestic habits as closely similar in this and other respects to those of the Lydians.‡ The correspondence was equally observable in their regal state, so different from what might be expected in a primitive Alpine or Italic people:—'The ensigns of office by which their kings were distinguished,' says the same Dionysius who would disprove their Lydian origin by a total disparity of manners, 'were a crown of gold and throne of ivory, a sceptre surmounted by an eagle, a vest of purple inlaid with gold, and a robe of variegated purple, similar to that which the kings of Lydia and Persia wore.'§ By other authorities the ordinary Etrusco-Roman toga is traced to Lydia.|| To this may be added the want of an *o* vowel in their alphabet, *u* supplying the place of both; and their pertinacious adherence to the practice of omitting the short vowels in writing, of using single consonants where double were required, and of writing from right to left—'usages common (another remark of

\* I. 173; comp. Strab.

† Niebuhr, p. 146.

‡ Ap. Athen. xii. p. 527.

§ Lib. iii. c. 61.

|| Müller, i. 3, 7.

Niebuhr) to all the Aramaic systems of writing.\* A collation of the Etruscan inscriptions with those lately discovered by our travellers in Asia Minor, has also led intelligent living philologists to the conviction that the Etruscan alphabet must have been imported from that region into Italy at a very remote period, without the intervention of any Greek medium;† and in the same quarter most of the Etruscan characters not contained in the Greek alphabet have been identified, apparently on satisfactory evidence, in those of Asia Minor.

In respect to the religion of the two races, our ignorance of the primitive Lydo-Asiatic Pantheon deprives us of any more extended field of illustration. Several marked features of correspondence have however been pointed out both by Thiersch and Müller, the latter of whom, under the influence of his own system, refers them to Pelasgo-Tyrrhenian rather than native Lydian sources. The curious attribute of patroness of the flute, the trumpet, and other wind instruments, with which the Etruscan Minerva was invested, is traced by him to a Phrygian fountain-head. The Lycean, or Lycian Apollo, also appears in the Etruscan varieties of this deity's character—in the same form and with the same distinctive emblems as in the land of his fabulous nativity—a beautiful youth armed with bow and arrows, and attended by wolves. The 'Erythræan' sibyl, by whose orders the worship of Cybele, the popular Lydian deity, was first imported into Italy from the Lydian coast, represents doubtless, as Thiersch observes, a Lydian rather than an Ionian agency. Another point of correspondence appears to betray itself in the Lectisternium or Etrusco-Roman banquet of the gods, where couches were laid out to figure their presence and propitiate their favour. Herodotus describes Cræsus as sacrificing gilt and plated couches to appease the deity.‡ The custom of reclining at meals is itself purely Asiatic; and by reference to this ancient rite, and to other monumental evidence, must have prevailed in Etruria from remote antiquity, probably before its introduction into Greece. But the most striking point perhaps of religious correspondence is the existence and prominence of the Chimæra in the figurative or mystical pantheon of Etruria—and of Etruria alone among the western nations—in common with the region of Asia Minor where that singular caprice of mythological fancy had its origin.§

By far the most important evidence, however, is that derived from a comparison of the sepulchral monuments of the two races, partly as described by the ancients, partly as exemplified in the existing remains. It is to this point that Thiersch's Essay is more

\* Niebuhr, p. 141.

† Sharpe, Append. to Fellows's *Lycia*, p. 442 seq.

‡ I. 50.

§ Micali, pl. xx., xxvi., xlii.; and Museo Chiusino, pl. lii., &c. immediately

immediately directed; and his ingenious speculations on the more limited data at his disposal have been strikingly confirmed by subsequent discoveries. Such monuments possess a two-fold value as illustrative of the origin of nations, from being both, as a general rule, the most massive and durable of all, and from reflecting, in their primitive unalloyed form, the characteristic peculiarities of native art. Inferences drawn from the broader features of such works would be indeed often fallacious, inasmuch as the same or similar expedients will here, as in other cases, naturally suggest themselves, under similar circumstances, for attaining the same object. Hence the same elementary type—the tumulus, for example, or the pyramid—is frequently found common to races between whose schools of art no immediate connexion can reasonably be imagined. The more conclusive is the argument from such peculiarities of detail as could hardly by any possibility be expected to occur simultaneously in different quarters; and such are the features of correspondence between the Lydian and Etruscan tombs.

The most remarkable monument of Lydia, Herodotus informs us, was the tomb of Alyattes, father of Cræsus. It was a mound or tumulus of earth, raised upon a solid mass of masonry, and surmounted by *five pyramidal columns or cones*. The text of the historian, as Thiersch remarks, leaves it somewhat doubtful whether the crepis, or solid masonry, was a mere substruction, or was carried up through the mound of earth as a basement for the columns.

The most remarkable monument of Etruria was the tomb of Porsena at Clusium. Its remains, as still extant in Varro's time, are described by him as exhibiting a massive stone basement, on the summit of which were *five pyramidal columns or cones*. The Etruscan tradition assigned various other marvellous superadditions; but the above, as Thiersch remarks, was all that Varro saw, and, consequently, all that we have any valid authority to suppose ever existed.

A third monument, offering the same peculiarity of a basement supporting *five pyramidal columns*, is that still extant on the Via Appia, between Albano and La Riccia, vulgarly known as the sepulchre of the Horatii and Curiatii. Nibby, from the evidence of the five cones, conjectures it to have been that of Aruns, son of Porsena, who was slain in his father's assault on the town of Aricia. Thiersch, and all other leading authorities, agree with him in so far as to class it either as an ancient Etrurian structure, or (which is more probable) a later imitation of that peculiar model of sepulchral architecture.

Another

Another building of similar form but larger size is described by Quatremère de Quincy as extant in Sardinia—a solid substruction, with *five cones* on the summit.\* That Sardinia was a colony or dependency of Etruria during its flourishing ages we learn upon other authority, the accuracy of which, if open to doubt, this monument would go far to confirm.

But the closest parallel to the old Lydian model is that offered by the sepulchral tumuli called Cucumelle, spread in large numbers, and under considerable variety of form and structure, over the deserted plains of the Roman Maremma, once the cemeteries of the Etruscan cities of Volci and Tarquinii. The true nature of these monuments has only been ascertained by the excavations of the last twelve or fifteen years. Their chief feature of distinction from the ordinary barrow is the crepis, or solid stone masonry, which presents, in different instances, examples of the two modes of structure to which Thiersch supposes Herodotus may refer in his description of the tomb of Alyattes. The plan of the 'great Cucumella' of Volci, according to the reports of the French and German architects by whom it was examined, corresponds, as those gentlemen remark, so closely with that of the Lydian tomb, as at once to suggest the notion that it must have been erected upon the same original model;† and such, we may add, was the impression produced on our own mind by a personal inspection some years ago. It consists of a solid stone basement seventy or eighty yards in diameter, supporting a tumulus surmounted by *pyramidal cones*, fragments of which are still strewed over the sides of the mound. The original number of these cones, even in the present dilapidated state of the monument, has been recognised by the intelligent observers above quoted to be *five*, standing on the summit of an equal number of massive towers carried up from the foundation through the centre of the tumulus, and in the lower recesses of which were the sepulchral chambers. Within and around this, and other neighbouring tumuli, were found various pieces of sculpture, representing human figures, lions, griffins, harpies, &c., in a grotesque archaic style, which, we agree with the judicious authority already cited, will be recognised by all who are not under the sway of the popular Egyptian prejudice as exhibiting an independent national type of art. Several of these imaginary animals may be recognised among the figures on the Lycian monuments lately discovered and described by our distinguished countryman Sir Charles Fellows.

That the tombs of the two most powerful monarchs of Lydia

\* Ap. Thiersch, p. 443 seq.

† See Transactions of the Roman Archæological Institute, vol. iv. 1832, p. 272.

and Etruria respectively should both be marked by the same curious peculiarity, of *five conical pillars on a massive substruction*, could hardly be the result of chance. Or even, were we to suppose that Porsena borrowed his idea immediately from Alyattes, it would at least go far to prove an admission by himself and his people of their Lydian cousinship. As this peculiarity is limited, in so far as existing remains admit of our judging, either to known royal sepulchres, or to such unidentified monuments as, from their superior grandeur, may be conjectured at least to have been so, it naturally suggests itself that the five cones may have been a type of royal dignity; possibly derived from some ornament of the crown or diadem, common, as may be implied from the text of Dionysius already cited, to the Lydian with the Etruscan monarch. A head-dress similarly decorated is, in fact, occasionally observable on the Etruscan monuments.

By reference, therefore, to their own admission, the all but unanimous testimony of antiquity, and the evidence of their national monuments—the only safe criteria for our guidance in any such case—the Etruscans would appear to have been emigrants from the western shore of the Asiatic peninsula, at a period when the arts of civilized life had already reached a certain stage of elementary advancement; and their subsequent progress and improvement in those arts to have been carried on, chiefly under the auspices of their Italo-Grecian neighbours and subjects, partly of the foreign models which their extended commerce placed at their disposal.

The attention of the British public has already been directed on high authority to the correspondence between certain of the works of art recently brought to light under English auspices in Asia Minor, and those of Etruria.\* Several of the Lydian plains and valleys are described by travellers as covered, like those of the Roman Maremma, with tumuli similar to the Cucumelle of Volci and Corneto. It is to be hoped that the same British enterprise, which has lately drawn aside the veil from so many of the hidden mysteries of Lycian archæology, will crown the work which Dempster began, by rendering a like service to the monumental remains of Lydia.

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\* Mr. W. R. Hamilton, Report to R. S. L., 1843. See Lit. Gaz., Aug. 12, 1843.

ART. IV.—*Lives of Men of Letters and Science who flourished in the time of George III.* By Henry, Lord Brougham, F.R.S., Member of the National Institute of France and of the Royal Academy of Naples. 8vo. London, 1845.

**L**ORD Brougham has now given us three goodly volumes upon statesmen and lawyers during the time of George III.; and this is the first volume of what we hope will prove at least as large a series devoted to the literary and scientific ornaments of the same period.

It is well known that no man has gone beyond Lord Brougham in the patient finish of particular passages of his speeches; he has himself recorded that the ultimate peroration on Queen Caroline's case was written ten times over before he thought it worthy of the occasion; and we have heard from his lips within these last few years several outpourings on the Whigs, which no doubt had been concocted with equal and more delightful elaboration. But with rare exceptions we cannot believe that he spends much time on the detail of any of his productions; nor do we suppose that his oral eloquence would be more effective than it is, if he took more pains in immediate preparation:—the preparation of lifelong study is a far better and here a quite sufficient thing. But it is somewhat different in the case of compositions avowedly and exclusively for the press. In these, we think, the public might reasonably expect more of care and deliberation than can usually be recognised in the authorship of Lord Brougham. Nothing like imbecility need be feared—but when there is such obvious strength, it is a pity that there should often be as obvious rashness. Does he, after all, write in general, or content himself with dictating?

The present volume contains *Lives of Voltaire, Rousseau, Hume, Robertson, Black, Priestley, Cavendish, Watt, Simson, Davy*; and it is impossible not to admire the sagacity and range of information displayed in describing so many extraordinary men, whose characters and fortunes, gifts, attainments, pursuits, and performances offer such variety. The biographer seems to feel equally at home with poetry, history, mathematics, chemistry; and as respects the personal features of the heroes, there are several articles throughout which one hardly ever loses the agreeable feeling that what his Lordship supplies is the fruit of ripe thought and reflection, not merely a very clever man's hasty deductions from materials collected for the nonce. We are sorry to say, however, that such is not the case with all of them; and that the most signal exception occurs, according to our judgment, in the life of  
 • by much the most brilliant and influential personage included in  
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the book—Voltaire. As to Voltaire's works, considered merely in a literary point of view—in reference to their intellectual and artistical merits—we have little complaint to make. We may differ from Lord Brougham's opinion as to this or that particular piece, or even as to some whole classes of his prose or verse; but no one can doubt that here we have genuine criticism, the result of long familiarity—criticism conveyed and above all condensed in a style which no *cramming*, no *reading up*, will ever enable a Voltaire himself to rival. But it appears to us that Lord Brougham's study of the man has been comparatively superficial; that in drawing the character he has overlooked even well-known facts, and neglected frequently to apply serious thought to the facts which he mentions.

This is the more strange, because he sets out with a severe censure of the superficiality of all preceding lives of Voltaire. He says most truly that not one of the French biographers appears even to have thought of examining thoroughly the twenty volumes of his own correspondence. We expected copious evidence of Lord Brougham's having done what his predecessors thus neglected; and it was equally natural to suppose that he must have sifted the numerous memoirs and epistolary collections connected with the names of Voltaire's associates or opponents, which have issued from the press since Voltaire's own letters were first included in a general edition of his works. In the essay before us we find slender proof of this sort of preparation. We believe it gives only *one* circumstance of the slightest moment as to Voltaire's personal history, which was not given in Condorcet's meagre life of the 'Patriarch.' Very many incidents and transactions, brought to light and clearly established and explained by works published since that date, and which are of the first importance to a right understanding of Voltaire's career and character, seem wholly to have escaped the new biographer's cognizance. There is not a single line from which it need be inferred that Lord Brougham ever read even Grimm. If ever he read Madame de Grafigny, he had utterly forgotten her book before he thought of writing his own. The reference to it in his *Appendix* seems indeed to imply this very distinctly. However his Lordship may be justified in despising the character of Longchamps, even that evidence ought not to have been passed over as if it had no existence. No dispassionate person can believe it to be a mere tissue of malicious inventions. In many important particulars it is very far indeed from standing alone.

It will be anticipated, of course, that as Lord Brougham has chiefly relied on Condorcet, his Life also is an apology for Voltaire.

Voltaire. It is so; but we are very far from insinuating that Lord Brougham indicates any sympathy with the anti-Christian opinions projected in every page by his shallow and coxcombical predecessor. Lord Brougham, in this as in all his writings, avows himself a Christian: he deplores what Condorcet makes the chief theme of his eulogy—but, condemning infidelity, he suggests some strange enough apologies for the arch-infidel.

He first of all says that an unfair prejudice has been raised by the charge of *blasphemy* constantly brought against Voltaire. 'Blasphemy,' says his Lordship, 'implies belief.' Voltaire believed in the Deity of natural religion, and of that Deity he never wrote irreverently. Not believing in any revealed religion, he is unjustly reproached with blasphemy for having devoted his talents to overthrow the whole system of Christianity, which was in his eyes no more than the most recent and triumphant of a long series of fraudulent fictions—all alike devised by priestly impostors for tyrannical purposes—to profess belief in any one of which ever has been and ever will be clear proof of either imbecility or hypocrisy. Such is the substance of his Lordship's exordium.

We doubt very much if there ever was an Atheist—in the broadest sense of that term—a rational being, who seriously and fixedly believed the universe to be the result of chance; but we may content ourselves with quoting a couple of sentences from Condorcet's summary, and asking whether Voltaire was not, by his prime eulogist's showing, as near as possible what mankind generally understand by an *Atheist*:—

'Il a paru constamment persuadé de l'existence d'un Etre suprême, sans se dissimuler la force des objections qu'on oppose à cette *opinion*. Il croyait voir dans la Nature un ordre régulier; mais sans s'aveugler sur des irrégularités frappantes qu'il ne pouvait expliquer. Il était persuadé, quoiqu'il fût encore éloigné de cette certitude devant laquelle se taisaient toutes les difficultés. Il resta dans une incertitude presque absolue sur la spiritualité—et même sur la permanence de l'âme après le corps; mais comme il croyait cette dernière opinion utile, de même que celle de l'existence de Dieu, il s'est permis rarement de montrer ses doutes.'—*Vie de Voltaire*, p. 179.

It would, we apprehend, be very easy to bring together very many passages in which—even taking Lord Brougham's notion of blasphemy as the rule—Voltaire blasphemes; but we should be sorry to fill even a page in such a manner for any purpose whatever. His Lordship proceeds to say that, dismissing the blackest charge, Voltaire's hostility to Christianity itself must fully expose him to our condemnation, unless we believe that he had taken  
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due and fair pains to examine into the evidences before he formed his creed.

'No man,' says Lord Brougham (*and this is no new doctrine with him*), 'is accountable for the opinion he may form, the conclusion at which he may arrive, provided that he has taken due pains to inform his mind and fix his judgment; but for the conduct of his understanding he certainly is responsible. He does more than err if he negligently proceeds in the inquiry; he does more than err if he allows any motive to sway his mind save the constant and single desire of finding the truth; he does more than err if he suffers the least influence of temper or of weak feeling to warp his judgment; he does more than err if he listens rather to ridicule than reason—unless it be that ridicule which springs from the contemplation of gross and manifest absurdity, and which is in truth argument and not ribaldry.

'Now by these plain rules we must try Voltaire; and it is impossible to deny that he possessed such sufficient information, and applied his mind with such sufficient anxiety to the discovery of truth, as gave him a right to say that he had formed his opinions, how erroneous soever they might be, after inquiring, and not lightly. The story which is related of the master in the Jesuits' seminary of Louis le Grand, where he was educated, having foretold that he would be the Corypheus of deists, if true, only proves that he had very early begun to think for himself.'—p. 5.

Now Voltaire was a mere boy when he left this Jesuits' college. It will hardly be maintained that he had at that period taken the 'due pains,' and possessed himself of the 'sufficient information,' that Lord Brougham insists upon; but whether the story of the superior's prophecy be or be not true, it is certain that in the earliest of Voltaire's productions we find his infidelity exactly the same, in kind and in degree, that it appears in the latest of his works. The Epistle to *Uranie* (Madame Rupelmonde), which is among the very first, is pointed out by Condorcet for our special admiration, as containing, in its few stanzas, the sum and substance of the doctrine of Ferney! We have no wish to dwell on a word, but surely Lord Brougham employs his words with less than 'sufficient anxiety.' He does not believe any more than ourselves that any man, especially a man of unsurpassed acuteness, can inquire diligently 'with the single desire of finding the truth,' and yet, in the upshot, 'fix his judgment' that the evidences of Christianity are a heap of fables and delusions, which he may spend his life in deriding, without exposing himself to any minor modification even of the charge of blasphemy.

With the inconsistency of an advocate who feels that he has a bad case in hand, Lord Brougham turns to a better argument. He pleads that Christianity was placed before the young mind

of his client as inextricably interwoven with the lying legends, the corrupt doctrine, the scandalous history of papal Rome; assent to the fundamental truths and to the super-imposed fictions being claimed as upon the same authority; and we are admonished to endeavour to place ourselves in Voltaire's situation before we denounce him as without excuse. Did it not occur to Lord Brougham that these were as nearly as possible the circumstances under which Christianity was presented to those who were enabled to 'sift the wheat from the chaff' (as he himself expresses it) in the sixteenth century—to those minds, all educated under the full influence of the Romish system, when that system was far more powerful than in the days of Voltaire, in whose case the result was emancipation from Rome, but no confounding of the Christian revelation with her super-additions? We are very far from denying weight to Lord Brougham's extenuating suggestion—without doubt it was most unfortunate that a mind and a temper such as Voltaire's should have been exposed at the outset to the influences here pointed out—without doubt, of all popish educations, bad at best, the worst for him must have been that of a Jesuit college; but the biographer, in our opinion, exaggerates his point. It appears to us that in Voltaire's revolt against the system of his college the grand motive was precisely what every reconsideration of his story has more and more impressed on us as the grand motive of all his subsequent doings and writings—namely, the gratification of a vanity such as never before or since was connected with an intellect of the like grasp. In our opinion that wonderfully precocious creature rebelled against the religion of his tutors, not in the main because it involved the errors of popery, but because it was taught by those placed in authority over him. It would probably have been much the same, whether he had been subjected to the discipline of Salamanca, or Cairo, or Benares—of Geneva, of Wittemberg, or of Oxford.

In this particular direction, however, of his beardless presumption, as well as in others, he had supporters, whose interference (though scarcely alluded to by Lord Brougham) deserves some thought. When a mere child he first got by heart the gems of the *Moïsade*, and then indited irreverent rhymes of his own, for the express purpose of annoying his elder brother, who was a youth of pious disposition, and afterwards declared himself an adherent of the Jansenists. The father, a decent old notary, sided with the elder son; but the younger found countenance—probably in his mother—certainly in his godfather, one of those many priests who figured in the gay society of Paris as avowed freethinkers and freelivers—the clever and profligate Abbé de Châteauneuf, the worthy confessor of Ninon de l'Enclos. This reverend

reverend joker of jokes may very probably have done for his godson's boyish blasphemies what the godson did in the sequel for those of the King of Prussia—at all events, he carried the boy (*Ann. Ætat.* 13) and the ballads to Ninon, who was enchanted with both; and thenceforth the young prodigy's holidays were spent not so often at home as in the brilliant boudoirs where a dynasty of Ninons predominated over a hierarchy of Châteauneufs. Voltaire thus, at the very opening, had the opportunity of forming a set of acquaintance totally unlike what his birth entitled him to; he became the chosen companion, by and by, of some of the most prominent among the young nobility. The society he thus started in was opposed bitterly to the court-system of Louis XIV.'s old age—and every month endeared more and more among them the sparkling genius, who hardly needed their encouragement to develop an audacity matchless as his wit, in libels and pasquinades all tending to cover with ridicule the religion of the great enemy of all the Châteauneufs, the Père la Chaise, and the quondam friend of Ninon, Madame de Maintenon.\*

We think the original direction of his wit is pretty clearly accounted for; and also the scorn with which, on quitting the Jesuits, he treated his father's desire that he should turn himself to the study of jurisprudence, with a view to a place in the magistracy. His vanity had already soared far above such views as M. Arouet's. There ensued a series of domestic quarrels, of which we have few distinct details, except that when at length the notary turned him out of doors, he was sheltered by his mother's oracle Châteauneuf, and that gentleman's liberal friends, one of whom (to complete the picture) was a bishop.

\* Lord Brougham has a note on Ninon in which he refers to Voltaire's letter in the 'Mélanges Littéraires,' vol. iii. p. 246, as 'doing justice to some of her great qualities.' We have reperused the letter. It is a gay, jocular summary of Ninon's career as a wit and a strumpet. He recites the most celebrated of her amours and the most indecent of her jests:—but 'many great qualities!' One—and but one—honest action is stated—a lover having given her a casket of money to keep for him, she restored it with integrity. Common honesty is certainly more creditable than uncommon profligacy, or uncommon impudence—but still it hardly amounts to a 'great quality' even in a courtesan—at least not in a rich courtesan. What can Lord Brougham have meant?

But Lord Brougham has made no reference to another article on Mademoiselle de l'Enclos which occurs in Voltaire's 'Mélanges Historiques,' vol. i. p. 217, &c. This is entitled, 'D'Abraham et de Ninon l'Enclos';—and here, after some pages of the usual mockery of the Old Testament, we have a full account of the Abbé de Châteauneuf's own love-passages with *Ninon sexagenaire*—thus concluded:—'Voilà la vérité de cette historiette que l'Abbé de Châteauneuf, mon bon parrain, à qui je dois mon baptême, m'a raconté souvent dans mon enfance, pour me former l'esprit et le cœur.' As it appears from the paper which Lord Brougham does cite that Ninon had been of old well acquainted with Madame Arouet, the mother of Voltaire, we think the whole affair of no small importance to his early history.

Before his rejection of the paternal counsels had exposed him to any very severe inconveniences, the notary and the elder brother both died; and he found himself in every sense his own master, with the command of what all accounts agree in describing as 'an easy fortune,' though none of them afford any exact notion of its amount. Condorcet says, that on reckoning his inherited means he perceived he had no need of any profession. He adds, that (as we may easily suppose) the company he kept had given him high notions on the article of expenditure; and, in fine, that resolving henceforth to be a man of fashion, with literature for the occupation of his mornings, he determined also to increase, if possible, his fortune by some preliminary methods, to such an extent as should enable him to dispense with the usual gains of literary employment—in other words, to exert his talents according to his own taste and bent, without caring whether the results might or might not pass muster with royal or ecclesiastical censors, and receive or want accordingly the protection of the law as property. What methods he took remains in some obscurity: that dabbling in the funds was one of them, all his biographers seem to take for granted. We have little doubt that this was the chief resource, and, moreover, that he was assisted by persons in high station, who sheltered their own disgraceful traffic in the *raw material* of official knowledge by conducting it in the name of this *roturier* stripling. Lord Brougham seems to think that Voltaire owed his largest accession of wealth to some merely commercial speculations, in which he engaged under the guidance and patronage of one Falconer, an English merchant, during the few years that he spent, when still a very young man, in or near London. Where Lord Brougham found this story we are not aware. To the old suspicion that he profited very much by the Mississippi bubble, he objects that Voltaire was not apparently resident in Paris during that insanity; but he admits that he might have speculated through agents: and that he had Parisian friends well skilled in such affairs, seems the best ascertained fact in this department of his history. It is probable that he continued through life as determined a stock-jobber as his disciple Talleyrand; and there were not a few occasions on which Voltaire must have possessed means of access to government secrets both in France and elsewhere, as precious for the purposes of this trade as Talleyrand himself, or any surviving Liberal but one, ever enjoyed. There is no doubt that long before his fortieth year he was master of an estate not only abundant, but splendid. After that time he seems to have acted as a sort of banker to many of the French nobles—and even to several of the smaller German potentates. When he died he left, besides some landed possessions,

possessions, a monied capital producing a revenue of full 7000*l.* a-year—equal in France then to double the sum in England now *at the very least*. And we see no reason to suppose that any part worth mentioning of this great fortune was derived from *the sale* of those productions which had been piled on or under every counter in Europe during half a century of uniform and unrivalled popularity.

From eighteen to seventy-eight this indefatigable stock-jobber and money-lender was continually before the world as a productive author; no modern diligence ever equalled his—not Southey's, or Goethe's, or Scott's. In all these years not one can be pointed out in which he did not add something considerable to the Antichristian literature of Europe. In all his voluminous correspondence there is not one letter, not one line, indicating the slightest pause of doubt or hesitation in his hostility to the whole scheme of revealed religion. We should be curious to know at what period Lord Brougham inclines to fix his 'turning his mind with sufficient anxiety' to the evidences of Christianity. Did any man ever study those evidences with any anxiety, and yet discover not even reason for a momentary halt—a slight shade of suspicion that the system might be true?

He had other occupation for his time; and Condorcet glories in avowing it. 'I am weary,' said Voltaire, ere his career was half done, 'of hearing it eternally said that twelve men were sufficient to establish Christianity; ere I die I shall have proved that one man was sufficient to destroy it.' This was his purpose—this was his ambition—in this cause it was that his monstrous vanity had been embarked at the outset—and in this cause he never faltered. Whatever he read was read not with a view to the ascertainment of truth, but in quest of fresh ammunition for the post which he had pledged his vanity—his all—to maintain.

It is indeed true that at three different times—once when still a young man—once when in the meridian brightness of his course—and once again when within sight of the gates of death—Voltaire made solemn profession of his adherence to the Church of Rome: but Lord Brougham omits all reference to these incidents, and Condorcet only mentions them to deplore that such a mind should have condescended, for obvious reasons of personal interest or convenience, to a momentary dereliction of the path of truth. In even the last of the three cases he almost instantly retracted. Even then he found time to renounce, by an insolent sarcasm, the Saviour in whose sacrament he had not feared to participate. We rather wonder that Lord Brougham did omit these things.

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They might perhaps have afforded him some support in his views as to the effect of the Jesuit education. He might have observed that Voltaire had at least taken in so much of its doctrine as to be at ease, whenever it suited him, in the practice of subscribing creeds in the 'non-natural sense.'

Voltaire is distinguished among infidels—we mean of course among infidels at all entitled to be considered of his order in mind and accomplishment—by two circumstances, both of which seem pregnant with extraordinary difficulty for those who assert that he had really turned his mind with honest anxiety to the study of Christianity. He stands alone, among really eminent 'men of letters,' in his uniformly maintained opinion of the Bible. Many before, and many more after him, have denied not only the inspiration of the sacred volume, but the reality of the most momentous facts recorded in it; but Voltaire was the first who constantly denied its title to be considered at all events as the most curious monument of remote antiquity, and the repository of some of the sublimest effusions of human genius. He treated it, boy and man, as a bundle of coarse imbecilities. In this, we believe, we may safely say he had no predecessor. Far different was the tone even of his master Bayle—the master from whom he drew nineteen-twentieths of what is called his ecclesiastical learning, and also how and where to get at the other twentieth; far different was the tone even of his greatest successor, Gibbon. Entirely different is that of every French infidel, possessing any considerable reach of capacity, in the present age.

The other point is that evidence of honest study supplied by his stubborn refusal to admit that Christianity, whether a revealed or a human system, has had any beneficial influence on the human race—that it has been a humanizing religion. You will find no denial of this in any preceding student of classical antiquity—but in that department at least Voltaire merited Johnson's description '*vir paucarum literarum*.' Neither, however, will you find any denial of it in any real student even of the history and literature of the ages subsequent to the Christian era—except only, if as a *student* he must here be excepted, Voltaire. Slender, nevertheless, as Voltaire's stock of classical, perhaps we might add of mediæval, learning may have been—he had enough of both to render it very hard to reconcile his obstinacy on this head with the theory that considers him as an honest man; more than enough to overwhelm all who attribute to him either the smallest respect for purity of morals, or the slightest comprehension of the efficacy of social regulations in raising or lowering the general standard of well-being among mankind and *womankind*. Here, however,  
Voltaire

Voltaire has had a plentiful succession. He is the parent of that new German school (recruited largely from the philosophizing Jews) by which religious unbelief is proclaimed in the same breath with systematic depravity of morals. To him, of whom we may well say, as Milton does of Belial, that

‘A spirit more lewd  
Fell not from heaven,’

we may trace those myriad abominations of the modern continental press, in which the religion of the Gospel is boldly denounced as a tyrannical scheme for the abridgment of the natural liberty of man in the indulgence of every passion embraced in his nature, as we have that nature before us. But indeed even many infidels who have not ventured to avow the Voltaire doctrine on this score, appear to betray no scanty sympathy with it. From the old Italian scoffers downwards it is curious to trace the almost perpetual combination of scepticism and lubricity. In Bayle's Dictionary, that grand arsenal of all learning, all wit, and all wickedness, it is difficult to say which element is the more copiously exhibited; and it is much the same with Gibbon's History.

We do not well understand Lord Brougham's meaning where he analyzes and quotes this or that Poem or Essay of Voltaire's, and then remarks that nothing but Romish ‘bigotry’ could have ‘detected’ infidelity ‘lurking’ in the piece. Whether glaring or lurking, it is always there—you can never detect what does not exist. Voltaire's ambition was to destroy Christianity—but by what means? By means of an intellectual supremacy to be established for himself over the mind of the civilized world. How could this influence be created if he were to set at defiance openly upon every occasion the prevailing opinion and sentiment of the world—how maintained, strengthened, consolidated, unless by a most sedulous conciliation of that opinion and sentiment, through a thousand arts—especially the affectation, in performances meant to be put into the hands of women and young people, of some sympathy and respect for what it was well known parents and guardians, generally speaking, still esteemed and cherished? It is, we repeat, impossible to point out the year, aye, or the month in which he was not labouring at some directly and avowedly infidel work; and to say that ‘bigotry’ only saw the same infidelity in contemporaneous productions of a less flagrant blazon, is in fact to say that ‘bigotry’ alone considered these last with ‘sufficient anxiety for the discovery of the truth.’ When Voltaire in a tragedy introduces a scornful description of priests, what does it signify that, as Lord Brougham observes, the priests are those of some pagan superstition? Did the intention escape any one familiar  
with

with Voltaire's works? Did it ever elude the Parisian *parterre*? How could it, when he had a thousand times explained that all priests are part and parcel of the same conspiracy; not less of the same brotherhood, because this calls himself a Druid, that a Bonze, a third an Imaum, the fourth a Bishop, than soldiers are efficient members of the same army for wearing, one of them a blue uniform, a second red, another bottle-green? But we are still more at a loss to understand Lord Brougham's calling attention to passages of tragic verse in which Voltaire expresses the faith and feelings of Christians, as if such things ought to have at all disturbed the judgment of the 'bigots.' The 'bigots' must have been blockheads truly if they had considered the Christianity of one play as more reflective of the author's opinion than the Islamism of the next in the scroll. Men of religious conviction were quite justified in not only not attaching any value to such 'patches of piety,' but rejecting them with even greater indignation than the most unblushing of his libels (since we must not say *blasphemies*) against their Saviour.

We think most readers will agree with us in regretting these specimens of loose phraseology; but we shall probably be classed with the worst of the bigots when we say that Lord Brougham seems to us to give Voltaire a great deal too much credit for his conduct in the famous cases of *Calas* and *de la Barre*—a conduct which indeed has been extolled in very unmeasured terms by many who regard his general character much as we ourselves have always done. We are not so absurd as to question that Voltaire would have heard the details of such atrocious injustice as that in the Calas case with sincere indignation, in whatever part of the world it might have been perpetrated; but it is impossible not to consider his pertinacious zeal and diligence in the matter as having been principally stimulated by the fact that the barbarity was instigated by his own elected enemies, the French Clergy. He saw the opportunity of carrying the sentiments of all mankind with him against *them*—and he seized it and used it with matchless energy, adroitness, and success. In the affair of *La Barre* his personal interest—not merely that of his vanity as pledged to the ruin of the clerical influence, but that of his own immediate safety—was directly compromised. The shocking cruelty of which *La Barre* was the victim had been invoked in the name of outraged religion: and one of the assigned proofs of the unfortunate youth's infidelity was that he had Voltaire's works in his chamber. The patriarch was bitterly twitted with these particulars by his own friends the Encyclopédistes, when, at a later period, he refused to give them any assistance in the affair of M. de Morangiés.

Lord

Lord Brougham admits that Voltaire was guilty of many meanesses—he especially notices the levity with which he communicated his most obnoxious writings to all that approached him, and the astounding solemnity with which he constantly denied his concern in these writings when they got into circulation, and threatened to bring him into trouble. There was hardly a year in his life that he did not subject himself to this sort of humiliation. The eternal succession of dirty petty personal quarrels that kept him all his days in hot water is mentioned—and his reckless vindictiveness is alluded to, condemned, and lamented. But Lord Brougham does not go into any one of these affairs so as to give his uninformed reader the very slightest notion of the, in truth, unparalleled baseness of which Voltaire was capable. Not a word of the infamous calumny which at seventy years of age he invented and propagated against an innocent girl of seventeen—whose only offence had been that the attractions of her acting in some old play deferred the production on the Parisian stage of his own ‘*Lois de Minos*.’ Not a word of the enforced completeness of the jealous old tyrant’s retractation—not a word of the shout of scorn that reached his ears from even his own most steadfast partisans in the capital.

His Lordship rivals Condorcet in the lenity with which he dismisses Voltaire’s conduct in relation to the King of Prussia. We hear enough of Frederick’s offences, which were worthy of all contempt as well as wonder: but the Patriarch gets off as if he had been merely the innocent victim of the despot’s caprice.—‘The King,’ says Lord Brougham, ‘claims the whole blame.’ It seems to us that the more you load the King with the blame of the separation, the more abominably shabby is the figure that Voltaire makes, when one turns over the large portion of his writings occupied in one shape or another with the King. Voltaire, says his Lordship, had given Frederick no cause of offence—he had only served and praised and extolled him—his dismissal was wanton in the highest degree: Voltaire would have continued at Berlin all his days but for this odious outbreak of the tyrannical temper. Very well—and what did Voltaire do after he left Prussia? Did he not immediately commence a series of satirical writings, in every possible shape of prose and verse, by which the King was held up to universal odium, scorn, nay, *horror*—the materials all supplied by what Voltaire had observed of Frederick’s conduct and manners from day to day, from night to night, during the residence in Berlin and Potsdam—the period when Voltaire had been not only worshipping him to his face with unwearied adulation, but representing him in every book and every letter he wrote as the  
model

model of every virtue, as well as of universal genius? Did ever vituperation recoil so dreadfully upon its author? Nor was any possible creeping paltriness omitted. Can any man contemplate without blushing the *various readings* in Voltaire's earlier *Épîtres*, &c., &c., to and about his '*Achille—Homère*:'—every high-wrought panegyric, every delicate compliment, erased and supplanted by a fierce burst of hatred, or a savage sneer of disgust—all the original eulogy, as he shortsightedly fancied, for ever cancelled and annulled—but all raked up and renewed by the blind zeal of his own chosen disciples in their enthusiastic determination that the world should

'——— lose no drop of the immortal man!'

There is one small subject on which it equally amazed and amused us to find Lord Brougham taking up the cudgels for Voltaire. After a lively but imperfect account of his long retirement at the château of Cirey—lively, for it is Lord Brougham's; most imperfect, because he has neglected the best authorities;—we have the following paragraph on 'the nature of the attachment' between Voltaire and Madame du Chatelet:—

'Many conjectures have, of course, been raised, as at the time much scandal was circulated. There seems upon the whole no sufficient reason to question its having been Platonic. The conduct of the husband, a respectable and honourable man, *the character of the lady herself*, but above all the open manner in which their intimacy was avowed, and the constant recognition of it by persons so respectable as the Argentals and Argensons, *so punctilious as the Deffands and the Henaults*, seem to justify this conclusion. It is well known that, both in former times and in our own, the laws of French society are exceedingly rigorous, not indeed to the exclusion of the realities, but to the saving of the appearances—" *Les convenances avant tout*" is the rule. It is never permitted, where a grave suspicion exists of a criminal intercourse, that the slightest appearance of intimacy should be seen in public between the parties. Voltaire's letters to all his correspondents, in which he speaks of Emily to some, of Madame la Marquise to others, of Chatelet-Newton to others, giving her remembrances to them, and himself inviting them to the château—all seems wholly inconsistent with the rules of social intercourse observed by our neighbours, on the supposition of her having been his mistress.'

Can Lord Brougham be serious? The Marquis du Chatelet was an elderly nobody—the tame stupid appendage of an imperious voluptuous young blue-stock and fury, who never

\* Lord Brougham has a mysterious little note about the usual Ferney nickname for Frederick—*Luc*. We infer that his Lordship has not penetrated the shocking meaning of the Patriarch.

condescended

condescended to the slightest affectation of regard for him, or for any of the vulgar duties and virtues of her sex. The 'respectability' of the husband and the 'character of the lady' were such, that Voltaire, on discovering that he had been supplanted in her fancy by St. Lambert, observed to M. du Chatelet that St. Lambert had only served him as he (Voltaire) had served M. de Richelieu,—'one nail,' said the bereft lover to the respectable and honourable husband—'one nail will drive out another.' Condorcet eulogises her as 'supérieure à tous les préjugés, et n'ayant pas la faiblesse de cacher combien elle les dédaignait.' As to the 'punctiliousness of the Henaults and Deffands,'—the *liaison* of Louis XV. with his Pompadour was not more openly blazoned to the world than was during a long succession of years that of the President Henault with Madame du Deffand—whose whole previous and subsequent history (down to old age and blindness) was as respects these matters a duplicate of Madame du Chatelet's. Lord Brougham has had good opportunities of observing French society; but when he says that the strongest argument for the Platonic purity of the attachment is the rigour with which French society forbids all such demonstrations of intimacy between guilty lovers, as were implied in Voltaire's domestication at Cirey, we must ask whether Lord Brougham considers of no importance what was the universal opinion of French society as to the particular case here in question? Who ever heard of any doubt on the subject among the French society of the time?—where did Lord Brougham find any trace of 'conjectures?' He mentions various appellations for the lady that occur in Voltaire's letters—but he omits one—'*Venus-Newton*.' It is plain, in short, that granting the rule of society to have been what Lord Brougham states, Voltaire and Madame du Chatelet claimed an exception—and that their claim was allowed. In English society also we have had and still have some very strict rules: yet Lord Brougham knows that the influence of *party* can now and then over-ride the severest of them in what calls itself the highest life of London.

Lord Brougham has this note at p. 80:

'An expression which occurs in Voltaire's letter to Madame du Deffand, announcing the Marchioness's death, seems strange. Though it clearly proves nothing, yet it was an extraordinary thing to say at such a moment. He asks to be allowed to weep with her for one "*qui avec ses faiblesses avait un âme respectable*."—(Cor. Gén., iii. 365.) In all probability this referred to her violent temper, of which Madame du D. might have heard him complain, as he certainly suffered much under it.'

We think it more probable that Voltaire referred to Madame  
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du Chatelet's, for him mortifying, and to herself fatal, affair with St. Lambert. To allude to mere conjugal infidelity as a *faiblesse* in the lamented *esprit fort*, would have been extremely unpolite in Voltaire writing to Madame du Deffand.

A note at p. 98 seems also notable:—

‘It was the fate of many writings left by Voltaire at Cirey to be burnt by the base fanaticism or low jealousy of the Marquis's brother, after Madame du Chatelet's death.’

What in the Condorcet dialect was called *fanaticism*, may have led to the destruction of some valuable MSS. of ‘*Mélanges Historiques*.’ We think it probable, also, that the Marquis du Chatelet's brother considered it his duty to obliterate, as far as he could, the records and monuments of a connexion disgraceful to the head of his house—to the name of his noble family. But we should like to know whether this low, base, jealous burning of papers is thought by Lord Brougham to countenance the notion that Voltaire's intimacy with the lady of Cirey was regarded as one of pure friendship by the contemporary society of France.\*

At Cirey, Voltaire divided his mornings between studying Newton under the tutorship of his charming hostess, and the composition of the *Pucelle*, in which also she is supposed to have given him great assistance. She was in her 24th year when the affair began, he in his 36th. The amiable Marquis (who was in embarrassed circumstances) had allowed Voltaire to add a wing to his ancient and naked château. On the ground floor of this wing the Platonic man of letters had his apartment—three or four rooms *en suite* splendidly furnished. He had also decorated an upper apartment for the lady—all one blaze of luxury. Into these bowers of bliss the Marquis, when he happened to be at home, was admitted twice a day—half an hour at noon for breakfast, and at supper—till he had eaten his fill—when he immediately retired, and the reading and polishing of the new stanzas of the *Pucelle* commenced with due accompaniment of champagne. Madame de Grafigny, who was allowed during her visit to remain after the *bon homme*, alias the *cocher*—alias the husband—had withdrawn—says these readings sent her to her chamber ‘as mad as a young man.’ Lord Brougham's criticism on the chef-d'œuvre of this innocent seclusion, is in these words:—

‘It is painful and humiliating to human genius to confess, what yet is without any doubt true, that this is, of all his poetical works, the most perfect, showing most wit, most spirit, most of the resources of a

\* Let any reader turn to our articles on Madame de Grafigny (Quart. Rev., vol. xxiii.), on Grimm's Memoirs (Quart. Rev., vols. ix. and xi.), and on Miss Berry's Life and Correspondence of Madame du Deffand (Quart. Rev. vol. v.).

great poet, though of course the nature of the subject forbids all attempts at either the pathetic or the sublime; but in brilliant imagery—in picturesque description—in point and epigram—in boundless fertility of fancy—in variety of striking and vigorous satire—all clothed in verse as natural as Swift's, and far more varied as well as harmonious—no prejudice, however naturally raised by the moral faults of the work, can prevent us from regarding it as the great masterpiece of his poetical genius. Here of course the panegyric must close, and it must give way to indignation at such a perversion of such divine talents. The indecency, often amounting to absolute obscenity, which pervades nearly the whole composition, cannot be excused on the plea that it is only a witty licentiousness, instead of one which excites the passions; still less can it be palliated by citing bad precedents, least of all by referring to such writers as Ariosto, who more rarely violates the laws of decorum; whereas Voltaire is ready to commit this offence at every moment, and seems ever to take the view of each subject that most easily lends itself to licentious allusions. But this is not all. The "Pucelle" is one continued sneer at all that men do hold, and all that they ought to hold, sacred, from the highest to the least important subjects, in a moral view—from the greatest to the most indifferent, even in a critical view. Religion and its ministers and its professors—virtue, especially the virtues of a prudential cast—the feelings of humanity—the sense of beauty—the rules of poetical composition—the very walks of literature in which Voltaire had most striven to excel—are all made the constant subjects of sneering contempt, or of ribald laughter; sometimes by wit, sometimes by humour, not rarely by the broad grins of mere gross buffoonery. It is a sad thing to reflect that the three masterpieces of three such men as Voltaire, Rousseau, Byron, should all be the most immoral of their compositions.'

We must also, in justification of some of our previous remarks, extract the paragraph which immediately follows this eloquent description of the 'Pucelle d'Orléans.'

'But here it would be unjust to forget that the same genius which underwent this unworthy prostitution, was also enlisted by its versatile possessor in the service of virtue and of moral truth. There may be some doubt if his moral essays, the "Discours sur l'Homme," may not be placed at the head of his serious poetry—none whatever that it is a performance of the highest merit. As the subject is didactic, his talents, *turned towards grave reasoning and moral painting*, adapted rather to satisfy the understanding than to touch the heart, and addressing themselves more to the learned and polite than to the bulk of mankind, occupied here *their appointed province, and had their full scope*. Pope's moral essays gave the first hint of these beautiful compositions; but there is nothing borrowed in them from that great moral poet, and there is no inferiority in the execution of the plan. A strict regard to modesty, with the exception of a line or two, reigns throughout, and the object is to inculcate the purest principles of humanity, of tolerance, and of virtue. None but a Romanist bigot could ever have discovered the

the lurking attack upon religion in the noble verses against substituting vain ceremonies for good works, and attempting to honour the Deity by ascetic abstinence from the enjoyments which he has kindly provided for our happiness. Nay, the finest panegyric on the ministry of Christ is to be found mingled with the same just reprehensions of those who pervert and degrade his doctrines (Disc. vii.).—(p. 48.)

We protest once more against being trifled with in this manner. We ask if it be possible that Lord Brougham can really expect any man to read with a grave face about 'the finest panegyric on the ministry of Christ' from the author of the 'Pucelle d'Orléans' and the 'Dictionnaire Philosophique'—the man whose motto was '*Ecrasez l'infame*'?

We own we were not less startled by some sentences in the account of Voltaire's '*Essai sur les Mœurs*':—

'This work has thus become *the true history of human society, indeed of the human race*. . . . To this work was prefixed a treatise on the "*Philosophy of History*;" but *the whole book might justly be designated by that name*. . . . The execution is marked by the peculiar felicity of the author; . . . but it is also to be remarked that in the two great qualities of the historian he eminently excels—his diligence and *his impartiality*. . . . Voltaire, in no part of his work, disguises his peculiar opinions, but in none can he fairly be charged with making his *representation of the facts bend to them*. To take an example of the former, it would not be easy to find a more accurate account of the Council of Trent than in the 172nd chapter. . . . We may safely affirm that no historical treatise was ever given to the world more full of solid and useful instruction. That there should have crept into the execution of so vast a design, perhaps the most magnificent that ever was conceived, errors of detail, is of no consequence whatever to its general usefulness, any more than the petty inequalities on the surface of a mirror are sufficient to destroy its reflecting, and, if concave, its magnifying power; because we read the book not for its minute details, but for its *general views*, and are not injured by these faults any more than the astronomer is by the irregularities of the speculum which might impede *the course of an insect*, as these inaccuracies might the study of one who was *groping for details* when he should have been looking for great principles. But whoever has studied history as it ought to be studied, will confess his obligations to this work, holding himself indebted to it *for the lamp by which the annals of the world are to be viewed*.'—pp. 104, 105.

When Lord Brougham remarks that 'a Treatise on the Philosophy of History is prefixed, but the whole book might justly be designated by that name,' some hasty reader may be apt to understand him as meaning to say—not that the Treatise is improperly designated, but that the whole book might be so designated with equal justice as the Introduction; for the 'Treatise' of

of Lord Brougham is, in Voltaire, the 'Introduction' to the 'Essai sur les Mœurs.' But Lord Brougham can have no such meaning: for this Treatise, bearing the impudent title of 'Philosophie de l'Histoire,' is neither more nor less than a condensed summary of infidelity, drawn up, in the first instance, for Madame du Chatelet's edification, in which the history of the Bible is scoffed at, chapter after chapter, page after page, precisely in the grave historical style of the 'Dictionnaire Philosophique.' There is no device of anti-Christian insolence and malice which does not lend its bitterness to this as well as to the other *consommé* of Voltairism. His Lordship, by the way, barely alludes to the existence of the famous 'Dictionnaire.'

In the 'Essai' itself, without doubt we have a most piquant and picturesque review of the events of many centuries, such as could not have been penned without a great deal of preliminary reading, as well as most brilliant abilities; but surely Lord Brougham is the only Christian critic—nay, the only philosophical critic of this time—who would have dreamt of praising the work on the score of 'solid useful instruction'—'the lamp by which the annals of the world are to be viewed.' The lamp is a dark lantern, and the only side of it that is glass is coloured glass. The whole book is in the spirit of the Introduction. The origin of Christianity—the spread of it—every feature in its subsequent annals and *influence*—all is seen through this one narrow and false medium. Is this all-pervading assumption a mere 'error of detail,'—to be detected only by *gropers* for trifles—no more interfering with the general value of the 'true history of the human race' than the value of Lord Rosse's monster-mirror is affected by the trivial 'irregularity' that might impede 'the course of an insect?' Lord Brougham desires us to admire the impartial chapter on the Council of Trent, Dominican dogma and Franciscan dogma, Spanish party and Italian party, were much the same to him: why should he have troubled his head to misrepresent one side more than the other? But can any man deny that in this 'accurate account' it is implied throughout that the Church of Christ is an institution founded on imposture?

Lord Brougham calls on us to admire more especially his impartiality in regard to Leo X., Luther, and Calvin:—

'Full justice is rendered to the character and the accomplishments of Leo, as well as to his coarse and repulsive antagonists; and with all the natural prejudice against a tyrannical Pontiff, a fiery zealot, and a gloomy religious persecutor, we find him praising the attractive parts of the Pope's character, the amiable qualities of the apostle's, and the rigid disinterestedness of the intolerant reformer's, as warmly as if the former had never domineered in the Vatican, and the latter had not outraged, the  
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one all taste and decorum by his language, the other all humanity by his cruelty.'—p. 104.

What wonder that Voltaire should sympathise on one side with Leo—the patron of literature and the arts—the voluptuary—the *infidel Pope*—whose 'gravest occupations never interfered with the *delicacy* of his pleasures'? What wonder that he should have some sympathy, on the other hand, even with Luther and Calvin, seeing that, though they had the folly to be Christians, they yet set the first examples of successful rebellion against the sacerdotal power? What wonder, at any rate, that the cleverest of men should avoid the monstrous folly of attempting to represent, without any admixture of truth, three as well understood characters as could have been selected from the whole history of mankind?

We have perhaps dwelt too long on this subject; but our error, if error it be, has proceeded from our sense of the importance attached to Lord Brougham's name and authority—from our deep regret that by writing *currente calamo*, and as we have no doubt without having recently read many of the works he is writing about, he should expose himself to the danger of being considered, for a moment, as not fully alive to the wicked injustice of the whole of Voltaire's 'Philosophy of History,' and of the leading doctrine and sentiment of his 'Essai sur les Mœurs des Nations.' We are sure he meant to exclude both from his eulogy; but his language seems to us to require a stern revision. What he says in his Appendix of Condorcet's 'unbalanced eulogy' will not save the text.

Much of the criticism embraced in this 'Life,' more especially that of Voltaire's plays and romances, is so masterly that the author should spare no pains in bringing the whole piece up to the same high mark. We confess that we think he rather exaggerates the merit of the tragedian, though we will except the case of the 'Zaire;' but Voltaire's method in the *romans* was never perhaps so happily characterised as in this essay. He places 'Candide' at the head of all his works—'in genius the most perfect:'

'It is indeed a most extraordinary performance; and while it has such a charm that its repeated perusal never wearies, we are left in doubt whether most to admire the plain sound sense, above all cant, of some parts, or the rich fancy of others; the singular felicity of the design for the purposes it is intended to serve, or the natural yet striking graces of the execution. The lightness of the touch with which all the effects are produced—the constant affluence of the most playful wit—the humour wherever it is wanted, abundant, and never overdone—the truth and accuracy of each blow that falls, always on the head of the right nail—the quickness and yet the ease of the transitions—the lucid clear-  
ness

ness of the language, pure, simple, entirely natural—the perfect conciseness of diction as well as brevity of composition, so that there is not a line, or even a word, that seems ever to be superfluous; and a point, a single phrase, sometimes a single word, produces the whole effect intended: these are qualities that we shall in vain look for in any other work of the same description, perhaps in any other work of fancy. That there is a caricature throughout no one denies; but the design is to caricature, and the doctrines ridiculed are themselves a gross and intolerable exaggeration. That there occur here and there irreverent expressions is equally true; but that there is anything irreligious in the ridicule of a doctrine which is in itself directly at variance with all religion, at least with all the hopes of a future state, the most valuable portion of every religious system, may most confidently be denied.”—pp. 108, 109.

In point of conception, and not less of execution, ‘Candide’ seems to us the first of all Voltaire’s prose writings. Its language, among other merits, is more easy, has fewer marks of the endeavour to be brilliant, than we see in any other of the romances—or in any but the very earliest of the historical works. Whether it is ‘in genius’ the first of all Voltaire’s performances, may be more doubtful. The question, however, lies only between it and the ‘Pucelle.’

Connected with Voltaire’s name are several subjects on which we could have wished to say something, but we really have not room. The great share that personal vanity had in every movement of the man is one; but here we can only observe that, pitiable as his vanity was, it is impossible *now* to look back and see what things sometimes wounded it and envenomed the marking genius of the century, without a melancholy thought for the short-sighted folly of the ruling powers who owed their ultimate ruin mainly to Voltaire. Nothing angered him more than the exclusiveness of the French court, as contrasted with the homage which he commanded from the greatest of foreign monarchs. Hear, under this head, Madame du Hausset, first lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Pompadour:—

‘Le Roi (Louis XV.) étoit flatté qu’il y eût sous son siècle un Voltaire: mais il le craignoit et ne l’estimoit pas. Il ne put s’empêcher de dire: “Je lui ai donné une charge de gentilhomme ordinaire et des pensions. C’est ne pas ma faute s’il a fait des sottises et s’il a la prétension d’être chambellan, d’avoir une croix, et de souper avec un roi. C’est ne pas la mode en France”—et puis il compta sur ses doigts,—“Mauvertuis, Fontenelle, Voltaire, Montesquieu”—“Votre majesté oublie,” dit-on, “D’Alembert et l’Abbé Prévôt”—“Hé bien,” dit le Roi, “depuis vingt-cinq ans *tout cela* auroit dîné ou soupé avec moi!”’—*Journal de Mad. du Hausset*, p. 359.

Such was the chat at the supper-table of the Pompadour; who, to be candid, was for the admitting of Voltaire, and, by way of

smoothing all difficulties, suggested that he might easily take orders, and then get a Cardinal's hat.

The editor of this curious Memoir says, in reference to its anecdote:—

‘Anciennement et jusqu’à la fin du règne de Louis XIV. il y avoit des rapports plus fréquents qu’il n’y en a eu depuis entre le Roi et ses sujets de toutes les classes: les motifs d’exclusion se multiplièrent ensuite. Dans un récit des fêtes données à la cour lors de la naissance du premier fils de Louis XIV. il est dit: “*A la table tenue par le Roi étaient Mad. la Lieutenante Civile et Mad. la Présidente Tambonneau.*” Ce fait auroit paru extraordinaire sous le règne de son successeur.’—*Mélanges*, 1817, p. 248.

‘In 1760, Louis XV. made a rule that no one should be presented who could not prove nobility as far back as 1400. The Maréchal Duc d’Etrées found he could not present his *niece*, yet for one hundred years that family had been in the highest positions of the state and court. Louis made an exception in his favour; but, as he observed, “l’exception même étoit une humiliation.”’—*ibid.* p. 251.

We must conclude our remarks on this Essay with another complaint of Lord Brougham’s rashness. He tells us that Voltaire was annoyed with sleeplessness, ‘and he took opium in too considerable doses. Condorcet says that a servant mistook one of the doses, and that the mistake was the immediate cause of his death.’ Now Condorcet has not a syllable about ‘a servant mistaking one of the doses.’ He would have been happy to say that, if he durst; but his words are these:—‘Il (Voltaire) prit de l’opium à plusieurs reprises, et se trompa sur les doses, vraisemblablement dans l’espèce d’ivresse que les premières avaient produite.’—*Vie de Voltaire*, p. 155.

Voltaire is followed by Rousseau—and this no doubt much easier subject is treated, we think, with far greater success. The character is brought out in a rapid but clear and pithy analysis of his history—and of his works, which, in spite of great natural genius, have already paid in large measure the usual penalties of affected sentimentality, and a taste as vulgarly false as his vices were grossly and meanly odious. We transcribe the general estimate of the ‘Nouvelle Héloïse’:—

‘To deny the great merit of this work would be absurd; the degree in which it has been overrated, owing chiefly to its immorality, and in part also to its vices of taste, not unnaturally leads to its depreciation when the critic soberly and calmly exercises his stern and ungrateful office. But the conception of the piece is, for its simplicity and nature, happy, with the exception which may be taken especially to the unnatural situations of the lovers on meeting after Julie’s marriage, to the extravagant as well as dull deathbed scene, and to the episode, the adventures of the English lord. The descriptions of natural scenery are admirable—far superior

superior to the moral painting; for Rousseau's taste in landscape was excellent, while with his moral taste, his perverted sentiments, so wide from truth and nature, always interfered. The passions are vividly painted, and as by one who had felt their force, though they are not touched with a delicate pencil. The feelings are ill rendered, partly because they are mixed with the perverted sentiments of the ill-regulated and even diseased mind in which they are hatched into life, partly because they are given in the diction of rhetoric, and not of nature. The love which he plumes himself on exhibiting beyond all his predecessors—nay, as if he first had portrayed, and almost alone had felt it—is a mixture of the sensual and the declamatory, with something of the grossness of the one, much of the other's exaggeration. As this is the main object of the book, therefore, the book must be allowed to be a failure. It charmed many; it enchanted both the Bishops Warburton and Hurd, as we see in their published correspondence; it still holds a high place among the works which prudent mothers withhold from their daughters, and which many daughters contrive to enjoy in secret; it makes a deep impression on hearts as yet little acquainted with real passion, and heads inexperienced in the social relations.'—pp. 161-163.

Here, we venture to say, Lord Brougham might as well have stopped. He goes on to justify his censures by a minute examination of some of the most lauded passages, but these are also among the most indecent ones.

The criticism of the 'Confessions' is a masterpiece. We regret that we can only take one paragraph of it.

'There is no work in the French language of which the style is more racy, and, indeed, more classically pure. But its diction is idiomatical as well as pure. As if he had lived long enough away from Geneva to lose not only all the provincialisms of that place, but also to lose all its pedantry and precision, he writes both with the accuracy and elegance of a Frenchman, and with the freedom of wit and of genius, even of humour and drollery—yes, even of humour and drollery; for the picture of the vulgar young man who supplanted him with Madame de Warens shows no mean power of caricature; and the sketches of his own ludicrous situations, as at the concert he gave in the Professor's house at Lausanne, show the impartiality with which he could exert this power at his own proper cost and charge. The subject is often tiresome; it is almost always his own sufferings, and genius, and feelings; always, of course, but of that no complaint can be justly made, of his own adventures; yet we are carried irresistibly along, first of all by the manifest truth and sincerity of the narrative which the humbleness of the humiliating confessions at every step attests, and then, and chiefly, by the magical diction,—a diction so idiomatical and yet so classical—so full of nature and yet so refined by art—so exquisitely graphic without any effort, and so accommodated to its subject without any baseness,—that there hardly exists such another example of the miracles which composition can perform. The subject is not only wearisome from its sameness, but, from the absurdities of the author's conduct, and opinions, and feelings, it is re-

volting; yet on we go, enchained and incapable of leaving it, how often soever we may feel irritated and all but enraged. The subject is not only wearisome generally, revolting frequently, but it is oftentimes low, vulgar, grovelling, fitted to turn us away from the contemplation with aversion, even with disgust; yet the diction of the great magician is our master; he can impart elegance to the most ordinary and mean things, in his description of them; he can elevate the lowest, even the most nasty ideas, into dignity by the witchery of his language. We stand aghast after pausing, when we can take breath, and can see over what filthy ground we have been led, but we feel the extraordinary power of the hand that has led us along. It is one of Homer's great praises, that he ennobles the most low and homely details of the most vulgar life, as when he brings Ulysses into the swineherd's company, and paints the domestic economy of that unadorned and ignoble peasant. No doubt the diction is sweet in which he warbles those ordinary strains; yet the subject, how humble soever, is pure unsophisticated nature, with no taint of the far more insufferable pollution derived from vice. Not so Rousseau's subject: he sings of vices, and of vices the most revolting and the most base—of vices which song never before came near to elevate; and he sings of the ludicrous and the offensive as well as the hateful and the repulsive, yet he sings without impurity, and contrives to entrance us in admiration. No triumph so great was ever won by diction. The work in this respect stands alone; it is reasonable to wish that it may have no imitators.'—pp. 181-183.

Though Lord Brougham seems to us to have taken a very inadequate measure of Voltaire's vanity, he handles Rousseau's to a wish.

'His vanity was, perhaps, greater than ever had dominion over a highly gifted mind. That this was the point, as not unfrequently happens, upon which the insanity turned which clouded some of his later years, is certain; but no less certainly may we perceive its malignant influence through the whole of his course. He laboured under a great delusion upon this subject; for he actually conceived that he had less vanity than any other person that ever existed; and he has given expression to this notion. The ground of the delusion plainly was, that he often forgot this indulgence in pursuit of others; and also, that he had less shame than other men in unveiling his faults and frailties, when their disclosure ministered to any ruling propensity, not seldom when it fed that same vanity itself. But no one can read his account of the fancies he took in his early years, and not perceive how strikingly the love of distinction prevailed in him even then, and while his existence was perfectly obscure. The displays that captivated him, excited his envy, and even led to his uncouth attempts at imitation, were not the solid qualities or valuable acquirements of those he saw at Annecy or at Turin, but the base tricks and superficial accomplishments of a Bacler and a Venture, performers of the lowest order, but who, he perceived, were followed by public applause. Later in life he seems to have been almost insensible to any existence but his own, or when he could believe

in that of external objects, it was always in reference to himself; and at last this feeling reached the morbid temperature of fancying that he and his concerns were the only thing about which all other men cared, and with which all were occupying themselves; thus absorbing in self-contemplation all the faculties and all the feelings of his own mind.'—pp. 190-192.

We have expressed our general satisfaction with this Rousseau chapter—yet we cannot leave it, without again complaining of some carelessness in the matter of authorities. We do not see any trace of Lord Brougham's having consulted the most detailed and laborious book as yet published on the subject—the '*Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de J. J. Rousseau, par V. D. Musset-Pathay*'—Paris, 8vo., 1827: and we are induced to observe this neglect by the light off-hand style in which Lord Brougham treats the story of Rousseau's death. Lord Brougham being of opinion that Rousseau was from youth diseased in mind, and latterly quite mad, the question whether he did or did not put an end to himself cannot appear to his Lordship one of much importance. We doubt about the madness. As Hallam observes in reference to a greater than Jean Jacques, 'the total absence of self-restraint, with the intoxicating effects of presumptuousness, is sufficient to account for aberrations which men of regular minds construe into actual madness.'\* But even with Lord Brougham's opinion on the point of insanity, he was not entitled to pronounce a brief contemptuous negative on the story of the suicide, as an idle fiction, 'over and over again refuted,' and now credited by nobody, unless he had taken pains to master the evidence in the case. Musset-Pathay, who spent years in the investigation of Rousseau's career, avows his conviction of the suicidal act. He quotes, of course, the *procès-verbal*, which declares that the body had been examined by the two signing persons *en entier*, and that the death had, in their opinion, been occasioned by *serous apoplexy*: but he shows that this *entire examination* must have been a singularly rapid one, or its report grossly incomplete, since the doctors make no reference whatever to a hole in the forehead, which the sculptor, who made a cast the same evening, had to stuff with wax before he began his work; which hole the proprietor of Ermenonville and Rousseau's widow accounted for to their friends at the time by a fall in the agony of death; but which the innkeeper in the village told these very friends had been caused by a pistol-shot. There are many other discrepancies: Thérèse, for instance, asserted that Rousseau had taken nothing that morning—but the doctors found the stomach charged with coffee—which, however, they did not analyse. It

\* Introd. to Lit. of Eur., vol. i. p. 516.

is obvious that the family of Ermenonville and Thérèse had strong inducements to conceal the suicide, if suicide there was; for at that time the old laws of *felo de se* were in full vigour—and the consequence of a *procès-verbal* alleging self-murder would have been the refusal of decent interment and entire confiscation of property. The amiable Girardins were of course, on every ground, averse to having it believed that their friend caused his own death while under their roof; and the widow had indeed more than ordinary reason for solicitude, inasmuch as the neighbours at the time connected Rousseau's sudden death with a discovery by him of her intrigue with M. Girardin's groom, which groom she in fact married almost immediately afterwards, to the deepest disgust of the Ermenonville family. But even M. de Girardin's narrative contains within itself some most suspicious circumstances. He admits that his own wife called at the wing occupied by Rousseau about an hour before he died, when Rousseau was in possession of all his faculties, but said he was suffering agonies, and entreated the lady to withdraw, and not witness 'the inevitable catastrophe.' He says she did withdraw—and heard Rousseau bolt the door inside. All this does not look like the symptoms of approaching apoplexy: but if we suppose that Rousseau, brooding over the stable-yard discovery, took poison in his coffee—that when Madame de Girardin came in he was suffering the torture of the poison—that as soon as the lady withdrew and the door was secured, he retired into the closet and clapt a pistol to his head—and that Thérèse concealed the pistol and invented the fall—which must indeed have been a remarkable fall to produce such a hole as the sculptor describes—then, the whole story becomes clear and intelligible. It was first told in print, as we believe, by Madame de Staël, in her 'Lettres sur Rousseau, 1789'—eleven years after the event: at least this was the first publication that had a name of consequence. A young lady of the Girardin family, who must have been little more than a child at the time of the event, complained to Madame de Staël, and she answered that if she had fallen into an error, she had been misled by apparently insurmountable evidence: for her own father's secretary, a Swiss well acquainted with Rousseau, had told her that a few days before the death Rousseau announced to him his intention to commit suicide: secondly, another Swiss gentleman, M. Moultu, a most intimate friend of Rousseau's, gave exactly similar information: and thirdly, Madame de Staël herself says '*des lettres que j'ai vu de lui, peu de temps avant sa mort, annonçaient le dessein de terminer sa vie.*' Finally, Madame de Staël wrote and published incessantly during her long subsequent life, yet she never retracted or cancelled her statement;

ment; and M. Musset-Pathay says of his own knowledge that she retained her original belief to the end of her days, as he does now.—(*Histoire de la Vie, &c.*, pp. 430, &c.)

The Life of David Hume is another compact and vigorous sketch. It exhibits not only honest and sagacious criticisms on the various classes of his works, but a perfect understanding of his temper and feelings, and the results of a closer investigation of his literary habits than seems to have been attempted hitherto. We find in an Appendix some curious new correspondence, and it is obvious that the text has often been strengthened and enriched by the use of original materials.

As we but lately placed before our readers (Q. R. vol. lxxiii.) a somewhat lengthened article on the structure, and especially the influence of Hume's great historical work, we need not be tempted to a new dissertation on these subjects. We must, however, quote what Lord Brougham says in proof of David's unconscionable carelessness about authorities, as contrasted with the real labour of which we have the fruits in his apparently careless style.

'Hume's first volume could not have been the work of above a year or fifteen months; for it was begun when he went to the Advocates' Library early in 1752, and it was published in 1754. The second volume succeeded in 1756, but he had written half of it when the first was published; and in 1755 there appeared also his "Natural History of Religion." Consequently we are positively certain that his whole "History of the Stuarts" could not have taken above three years to prepare and to write. It is impossible to doubt that this mode of writing history must leave no room for a full investigation of facts and weighing of authorities. The transactions of James's time comprised perhaps the most important period of our constitutional history, because the struggle between the Crown and the Commons then began, and occupied the greater part of his reign. It was impossible to examine the period too closely, or in too minute detail. The struggle continued in Charles's time, and ended in the quarrel between the King and the people, in the usurpations of the Parliament, and in the overthrow of the Monarchy. The Commonwealth then followed, and the Cromwell usurpation. Now there is hardly one passage in all this history, from 1600 to 1650, which is not the subject of vehement controversy among parties of conflicting principles, and among inquiring men of various opinions; yet all this was examined by Mr. Hume in less than two years, and his history of it was actually composed, as well as his materials collected and his authorities investigated and compared and weighed, within that short period of time. No one can be surprised if, in so short a time allotted to the whole work, far more attention was given to the composition of the narrative than to the preparation of the materials.'—pp. 211, 212.

'He is represented as having written with such ease that he hardly ever corrected.'

corrected. Even Mr. Stewart has fallen into the error; and Mr. Gibbon commends as a thing admitted the "careless, inimitable beauties" of Hume's style. It was exactly the reverse, of which evidence remains admitting of no doubt and no appeal. The manuscript of his reigns before that of Henry VII., written after the "History of the Stuarts and the Tudors," is still extant, and bears marks of composition anxiously laboured, words being written and scored out, and even several times changed, until he could find the expression to his mind. The manuscript of his "Dialogues" also remains, and is written in the same manner. Nay, his very letters appear by this test to have been the result of care and labour. The maxim of Quintilian—"Queramus optimum, nec protinus offerentibus gaudeamus"—seems always to have been his rule as to words; and his own testimony to the same effect is to be found in a letter which I have obtained.'—pp. 221, 222.

Lord Brougham produces some *fac similes* of the Hume MSS., which show many alterations of word and arrangement; the change almost always towards the side of simplicity. We wish we had had more examples: not to confirm the general fact, that Hume's felicity was the result of pains, but for the sake of the lesson in taste involved in each specific instance. We have not the least suspicion that compact perspicuity can ever be sustained without much care and reflection; but different men conduct the mechanism of composition in different fashions, and the negative evidence of an unblotted page is worth next to nothing. Of the two most graceful prose writers on a large scale, in our own time, the MSS. show few erasures. But the one had so extraordinary a memory that he could finish a chapter during a ride, and then set it down so as hardly to need revision. The other not only kept common-place books in which every thought that occurred to him as likely to be useful afterwards, was entered and indexed; but wrote out every separate paragraph on a scrap, and worked it up in pencil, before he trusted his pen with a syllable of what we can now compare with the print. If the pencilled fragments had been preserved, then we should have had a curious study. Such we have in the autograph of Ariosto, which marks the unrelenting sacrifice of a thousand lofty and figurative expressions, succeeded by that chaste simplicity, to the imitation of which Galileo ascribed his own success in making science attractive. Such we have, thanks to Mr. Moore, in the case of Sheridan; the wording of whose dramas will always repay any scrutiny that an artist can bestow on a model. But see what bundles of self-contrast we are. It is to the laziness of Hume that we owe these demonstrations of his diligence. He could be tempted to polish and repolish bit by bit—but shrunk from a complete transcript; which done, we should have been left to our conjectures. Thanks then to the *strenua inertia* of David's sofa.

Lord

Lord Brougham, in his Appendix, has a paragraph which it concerns us to notice. He says—

‘It is necessary to correct a very gross misstatement into which some idle or ill-intentioned person has betrayed an ingenious and learned critic respecting the papers of Mr. Hume still remaining and in Edinburgh. “Those who have examined the Hume papers, which we know only from report, speak highly of their interest, but add that they furnish painful disclosures concerning the opinions then prevailing among the clergy of the northern metropolis; distinguished ministers of the Gospel encouraging the scoffs of their familiar friend, the author of the Essay on Miracles, and echoing the blasphemies of their associate, the author of the Essay on Suicide.” (*Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxxiii. p. 556.) Now this heavy charge against some of the most pious and most virtuous men who ever adorned any church—Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, Dr. Jardine, Dr. Drysdale, and others—seemed eminently unlikely to be well founded. I have caused minute search to be made; and on fully examining all that collection, the result is to give the most unqualified and peremptory contradiction to this scandalous report. It is inconceivable how such a rumour should have arisen in any quarter.’

We beg leave to say that the Quarterly Review did not mention one of the reverend names here enumerated by Lord Brougham; and that we quite agree with him in respecting some of those individuals as sincere ministers of the Gospel. Others of the circle were at least long-headed, cautious men—very unlikely, knowing with what suspicion their intimacy with Hume was regarded, to commit themselves in writing. The ‘rumour,’ however, will not be entirely dispersed by Lord Brougham’s note. He produces no evidence except as to the actual contents of the Hume papers. They came but lately into the hands of their present possessors; and we think it might have occurred to Lord Brougham as not altogether impossible (considering the late Mr. Baron Hume’s refusal to let any use be made of them during his own lifetime) that the learned Judge purified the collection before he bequeathed it to the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

But Lord Brougham has himself printed, in this self-same Appendix, a letter of David Hume’s to his friend Colonel Edmonstone (written in 1764), from which we apprehend many readers will draw an inference in tolerable harmony with the ‘rumour’ so magisterially dismissed.

‘What—do you know that Lord Bute is again all-powerful?—or rather that he was always so, but is now acknowledged for such by all the world? Let this be a new motive for Mr. V. to adhere to the ecclesiastical profession, in which he may have so good a patron, for civil employments for men of letters can scarcely be found. All is occupied by men of business, or by parliamentary interest. It is putting too great a respect on the vulgar, and on their superstitions, to pique oneself on

on sincerity with regard to them. Did ever one make it a point of honour to speak truth to children or madmen? If the thing were worthy being treated gravely, I should tell him that the Pythian oracle, with the approbation of Xenophon, advised every one to worship the gods *νομῶ πολέως*. I wish it were still in my power to be a hypocrite in this particular. The common duties of society usually require it; and the ecclesiastical profession only adds a little more to an innocent dissimulation, or rather simulation, without which it is impossible to pass through the world. Am I a liar because I order my servant to say I am not at home when I do not desire to see company?

This letter, we suspect, would never have been intrusted by the late Baron Hume to the keeping of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Here we have David earnestly urging a young infidel to take on him the vows of a Christian minister, as the likeliest means of procuring a comfortable income, and to trample down as mere follies whatever scruples he had been entertaining as to the breach of 'honour' involved in the deliberate dedication of his life to a course of 'dissimulation, or rather simulation;' and Hume conveys his high-minded advice to the young student through a third party—a gentleman of Hume's own standing, living in precisely the same Scotch society as himself. We think the whole affair does throw very clear and very unpleasing light on the interior of Edinburgh life, both lay and clerical, in 1764. Will any man believe that David Hume would have ventured to write as he did to Colonel Edmonstone unless he knew that the Colonel was as familiar as himself with a set of their fellow-countrymen who considered it honourable to preach the Gospel every Sunday in the year, all the while holding believers in Christianity to be what David and the Colonel esteemed them—to wit, on a par with children or madmen?

We too have had access to some of Hume's unpublished letters, and we are glad to extract part of one which may amuse some of our readers, and can offend nobody:—

‘*Edinburgh, April 20, 1756.*

..... ‘Even places more hyperborean than this, more provincial, more uncultivated, and more barbarous, may furnish articles for a literary correspondence. Have you seen the second volume of Blackwall's “Court of Augustus”? I had it some days lying on my table, and on turning it over met with passages very singular for their ridicule and absurdity. He says that Mark Anthony, travelling from Rome in a post-chaise, lay the first night at *Redstones*. I own I did not think this a very classical name, but on recollection I found by the *Philippics* that he lay at *Saxa rubra*. He talks likewise of Mark Anthony's favourite poet, Mr. Gosling, meaning *Anser*, who methinks should rather be called Mr. Goose. He also takes notice of Virgil's distinguishing himself in his youth by his epigram on Crossbow, the robber.

robber. Look your Virgil: you'll find that, like other robbers, this man bore various names. Crossbow is the name he took at Aberdeen, but *Balista* at Rome. The book has many other flowers of a like nature, which made me exclaim, with regard to the author, "*Nec certe apparet utrum Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental Moverit incestus: certe furit.*" But other people who have read through the volume, say that notwithstanding these absurdities it does not want merit; and if it be so, I own the case is still more singular. What would you think of a man who should speak of the mayoralty of Mr. Veitch, meaning the consulship of Cicero? Is not this a fine way of avoiding the imputation of pedantry? Perhaps Cicero, to modernise him entirely, should be called Sir Mark Veitch, because his father was a Roman knight.\*

The Life of Robertson (whose niece was Lord Brougham's mother) is the most interesting one in the volume—and indeed we think it might be selected as the best example yet published of his Lordship's skill in this kind. Not that we agree with him, or suppose that the majority of contemporary readers, far less that posterity will agree with him in his estimate of Robertson as an author; that seems to us somewhat exaggerated; but the view of his character, manners, and personal story is hardly to be overpraised. It is a charming piece of composition—animated throughout by feelings that do honour to the author, who in early life sat at the feet of his venerable kinsman, remembers with affectionate fidelity his looks, words, tones, and gestures, and having treasured the ampler reminiscences of several dear relations now also removed by death, presents the world with a picture which something within every breast at once acknowledges for a portrait. As no future edition of Dr. Robertson's works can appear without the advantage of this ornament, we shall not copy more than a few passages.

'He had laid down for himself a strict plan of reading; and of the notes which he took there remain a number of books, beginning when he was only fourteen, all bearing the sentence as a motto which so characterised his love of learning, indicating that he delighted in it abstractedly, and for its own sake, without regarding the uses to which it might be turned—*Vita sine litteris mors.* I give this gloss upon the motto or text advisedly. His whole life was spent in study. I well remember his constant habit of quitting the drawing-room both after dinner and again after tea, and remaining shut up in his library. The period of time when I saw this was after the History of America had been published, and before Major Rennell's map and memoir appeared, which he tells us first suggested the Disquisition on Ancient India. Consequently, for above ten years he was in the course of constant study, engaged in extending his information, examining and revolving the facts

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\* *Veitch*—the northern form of *vetch*—is a common patronymic in Scotland.

of history, contemplating ethical and theological truths, amusing his fancy with the strains of Greek and Roman poetry, or warming it at the fire of ancient eloquence so congenial to his mind, at once argumentative and rhetorical; and all this study produced not one written line, though thus unremittingly carried on. The same may be said of the ten years he passed in constant study from 1743, the beginning of his residence in a small parish, of very little clerical duty, to 1752, when we know from his letter to Lord Hailes he began his first work. But, indeed, the composition of his three great works, spread over a period of nearly thirty years, clearly evinces that during this long time his studies must have been much more subservient to his own gratification than to the preparation of his writings, which never could have required one half that number of years for their completion.

‘Translations from the classics, and especially from the Greek, of which he was a perfect master, formed a considerable part of his labour. He considered this exercise as well calculated to give an accurate knowledge of our own language, by obliging us to weigh the shades of difference between words or phrases, and to find the expression, whether by the selection of the terms or the turning of the idiom, which is required for a given meaning; whereas, when composing originally, the idea may be varied in order to suit the diction which most easily presents itself, of which the influence produced manifestly by rhymes, in moulding the sense as well as suggesting it, affords a striking and familiar example.’—pp. 259, 260.

Of Robertson as leader of the then dominant party in the Kirk of Scotland, and the foremost speaker in the General Assembly, Lord Brougham says:—

‘Of the lustre with which his talents now shone forth all men are agreed in giving the same account. I have frequently conversed with those who could well remember his conduct as a great party chief, and their uniform observation was upon the manifest capacity which he displayed for affairs. “That he was not in his right place when only a clerical leader or a literary man, but was plainly designed by nature, as well as formed by study, for a great practical statesman and orator,” is the remark which seems to have struck all who observed his course. His eloquence was bold and masculine; his diction, which flowed with perfect ease, resembled that of his writings, but of course became suited to the exigencies of extemporaneous speech. He had the happy faculty of conveying an argument in a statement, and would more than half answer his adversary by describing his propositions and his reasonings. He showed the greatest presence of mind in debate; and, as nothing could ruffle the calmness of his temper, it was quite impossible to find him getting into a difficulty, or to take him at a disadvantage. He knew precisely the proper time of coming forward to debate, and the time when, repairing other men’s errors, supplying their deficiencies, and repelling the adverse assaults, he could make sure of most advantageously influencing the result of the conflict, to which he ever steadily looked, and not to display. If his habitual command of temper averted  
anger

anger and made him loved, his undeviating dignity both of demeanour and of conduct secured him respect. The purity of his blameless life, and the rigid decorum of his manners, made all personal attacks upon him hopeless; and, in the management of party concerns, he was so far above any thing like manœuvre or stratagem, that he achieved the triumph so rare, and for a party chief so hard to win, of making his influence seem always to rest on reason and principle, and his success in carrying his measures to arise from their wisdom, and not from his own power.

'They relate one instance of his being thrown somewhat off his guard, and showing a feeling of great displeasure, if not of anger, in a severe remark upon a young member. But the provocation was wholly out of the ordinary course of things, and it might well have excused, nay, called for, a much more unsparing visitation than his remark, which really poured oil into the wound it made. Mr. Cullen, afterwards Lord Cullen, was celebrated for his unrivalled talent of mimicry, and Dr. Robertson, who was one of his favourite subjects, had left the Assembly to dine, meaning to return. As the aisle of the old church, consecrated to the Assembly meetings, was at that late hour extremely dark, the artist took his opportunity of rising in the Principal's place and delivering a short speech in his character, an evolution which he accomplished without detection. The true chief returned soon after; and, at the proper time for his interposition, rose to address the house. The venerable Assembly was convulsed with laughter, for he seemed to be repeating what he had said before, so happy had the imitation been. He was astonished and vexed when some one explained the mystery—opened as it were the dark passage where Mr. Cullen had been acting. He said he saw how it was, and hoped that a gentleman who could well speak in his own person would at length begin to act the character which properly belonged to him.\*

'That great additional weight accrued to him as ruler of the Church, from the lustre of his literary fame, cannot be doubted; and that the circumstance of his connexion with the University always securing him a seat in the Assembly, while others went out in rotation, tended greatly to consolidate his influence, is equally clear. But these accidents, as they are with respect to the General Assembly, would have availed him little, had not his intrinsic qualities as a great practical statesman secured his power. He may be said to have directed the ecclesiastical affairs of Scotland for more than a quarter of a century with unexampled success, and without any compromise of his own opinions, or modification of his views of church policy; and he quitted the scene of his brilliant career while in the full vigour of his faculties, and the untarnished lustre of his fame.'—(pp. 264—267.)

On the historian's style we have these remarks:—

'No one ever doubted of its great excellence, but it has sometimes been

\* 'A somewhat similar scene occurred in the House of Commons on the publication of Mr. Tickell's celebrated *jeu d'esprit*, "Anticipation." It only appeared on the morning of the day when the session opened, and some of the speakers who had not read it verified it, to the no small amusement of those who had.'

objected to as less idiomatic and more laboured than is consistent with the perfection of composition. The want of purely idiomatic expressions is the almost unavoidable consequence of provincial education and habits. Many forms of speech which are English, are almost entirely unknown in the remote parts of the kingdom; many which are perfectly pure and classical, a person living in Scotland would fear to use as doubting their correctness. That Robertson, however, had carefully studied the best writers, with a view to acquire genuine Anglicism, cannot be doubted. He was intimately acquainted with Swift's writings; indeed, he regarded him as eminently skilled in the narrative art. He had the same familiarity with Defoe, and had formed the same high estimate of his historical powers. I know, that when a Professor in another University consulted him on the best discipline for acquiring a good narrative style, previous to drawing up John Bell of Antermoney's "*Travels across Russia to Tartary and the Chinese Wall*," the remarkable advice he gave him was to read Robinson Crusoe carefully; and when the Professor was astonished, and supposed it was a jest, the historian said he was quite serious: but if Robinson Crusoe would not help him, or he was above studying Defoe, then he recommended Gulliver's *Travels*.—(pp. 303, 304.)

Lord Brougham, in placing Robertson at least on the same level with Hume for skill in narration, and claiming for him (as we think, with more justice) far superior care in the consultation of books and in previous meditation, does not acquit him of one great besetting sin in historians. The following honest passage is, moreover, one of the finest specimens of Lord Brougham's method of writing that we could select from this volume:—

'There seems considerable reason to lament that an intimate acquaintance with the great scenes and celebrated characters of history, in all ages, should have made the historian too familiar with the crimes on a great scale of importance, and therefore of wickedness, perpetrated by persons in exalted stations, so that he suppresses in recounting or in citing them the feelings of severe reprobation to which a more pure morality, a more strict justice, would certainly have given vent. It is painful to see him fall into the vulgar and pernicious delusion which secures for the worst enemies of their species the praise and the increase of worldly greatness. It is equally painful to see the worst crimes, even of a more ordinary description, passed over in silence when they sully the illustrious culprit. Let us only, by way of example, and for explanation, survey the highly-wrought and indeed admirably composed character of Queen Elizabeth. It opens with enrolling Henry V. and Edward III. among "the monarchs who merit the people's gratitude;" nay, it singles them out from among the list on which William III., Edward I., and Alfred himself stand enrolled, and holds them up as the most gratefully admired of all for the "blessings and splendour of their reigns." Yet the wars of Henry V. are the only, and of Edward III. almost the only deeds by which we can know them; or if any benefit accrued

accrued to our constitution by these princes, it was in consequence of the pecuniary difficulties into which those wars plunged them, but plunged their kingdoms too, so that our liberties made some gain from the dreadful expense of treasure and of blood by which those conquerors exhausted their dominions. Then Elizabeth is described as "still adored in England;" and though her "dissimulation without necessity, and her severity beyond example," are recorded as making her treatment of Mary an exception to the rest of her reign, it is not stated that her whole life was one tissue of the same gross falsehood whenever she deemed it for her interest, or felt it suited her caprices, to practise artifices as pitiful as they were clumsy. But a graver charge than dissimulation and severity as regards the history of Mary is entirely suppressed, and yet the foul crime is described in the same work. It is undeniable that Elizabeth did not cause her to be executed until she had repeatedly endeavoured to make Sir Amyas Paulett and Sir Drue Drury, who had the custody of her person, take her off by assassination. When those two gallant cavaliers rejected the infamous proposition with indignation and with scorn, she attacked them as "dainty" and "precise fellows," "men promising much and performing nothing;" nay, she was with difficulty dissuaded from displacing them, and employing one Wingfield in their stead, "who had both courage and inclination to strike the blow." Then finding she could not commit murder, she signed the warrant for Mary's execution; and immediately perpetrated a crime only less foul than murder, treacherously denying her handwriting, and destroying by heavy fine and long imprisonment the Secretary of State whom she had herself employed to issue the fatal warrant. History, fertile in its records of royal crimes, offers to our execration few such characters as that of this great, successful, and popular princess. An assassin in her heart, nay, in her councils and her orders; an oppressor of the most unrelenting cruelty in her whole conduct; a hypocritical dissembler, to whom falsehood was habitual, honest frankness strange—such is the light in which she ought to be ever held up, as long as humanity and truth shall bear any value in the eyes of men. That she rendered great services to her subjects; that she possessed extraordinary firmness of character as a sovereign, with despicable weakness as an individual; that she governed her dominions with admirable prudence, and guided her course through as great difficulties in the affairs of the state, and still more in those of the church, as beset the path of any who ever ruled, is equally incontrovertible; but there is no such thing as "right of set-off" in the judgments which impartial history has to pronounce—no doctrine of compensation in the code of public morals; and he who undertakes to record the actions of princes, and to paint their characters, is not at liberty to cast a veil over undeniable imperfections, or suffer himself like the giddy vulgar to be so dazzled by vulgar glory that his eyes are blind to crime.—pp. 282—285.

This is a masterly specimen. Every one perceives that here is the style of a man largely practised in public speaking, and that in transferring it to the biographer's desk he would have done well

well to throw aside some licence in the redundant use of certain oratorical artifices. But spoken or written, it is a masculine, nervous, glowing style; and one formed and fashioned, we cannot but think, after more patient study of the great masters, ancient and modern, than is to be traced in any other orator of our age and country—with the one exception of the Bishop of Exeter. But Lord Brougham is equally successful, when it so pleases him, in a much more temperate and subdued manner. We do not know where—even in Clarendon or Scott—we could find anything either fuller of nice discrimination, or more quietly elegant in language, than the sketch which must close our extracts.

‘ Without anything of harshness or fanaticism, Dr. Robertson was rationally pious and purely moral. His conduct, both as a Christian minister, as a member of society, as a relation, and as a friend, was wholly without a stain. His affections were warm; they were ever under control, and therefore equal and steady. His feelings might pass for being less strong and lively than they were, partly because he had an insuperable aversion to extremes in all things, partly because, for fear of any semblance of pretension, to which he was yet more averse, he preferred appearing less moved than he really was, in order to avoid the possibility of feeling less than he externally showed. But he was of opinions respecting conduct which led to keeping the feelings under curb, and never giving way to them; he leant in this towards the philosophy and discipline of the Stoics; and he also held, which was apt to beget the same mistake as to the warmth of his heart, that exhibitions of sorrow, any more than of boisterous mirth, were unfit to be made; that such emotions should as far as possible be reduced to moderation even in private; but that in society they were altogether misplaced and mistimed. He considered, and rightly considered, that if a person labouring under any afflictive feelings be well enough at ease to go into company, he gives a sort of pledge that he is so far recovered of his wound, or at least can so far conceal his pains, as to behave like the rest of the circle. He held, and rightly held, that men frequent society not to pour forth their sorrows, or indulge their unwieldy joys, but to instruct, or improve, or amuse each other by rational and cheerful conversation. For himself, when he left his study, leaving behind him, with the dust of his books, the anxious look, the wrinkled brow, the disturbed or absent thoughts, he also expected others to greet his arrival with the like freedom from cares of all sorts; and especially he disliked to have his hours of relaxation saddened with tales of misery, interesting to no one, unless, which is never the object of such narratives, there be a purpose of obtaining relief.

‘ His conversation was cheerful, and it was varied. Vast information, copious anecdote, perfect appositeness of illustration—narration or description wholly free from pedantry or stiffness, but as felicitous and as striking as might be expected from such a master—great liveliness, and often wit and often humour, with a full disposition to enjoy the mer-  
riment

rimment of the hour, but the most scrupulous absence of everything like coarseness of any description: these formed the staples of his talk. One thing he never tolerated any more than he did the least breach of decorum—it was among the few matters which seemed to try his temper—he could not bear evil speaking, or want of charity. No one was likely ever to wrangle with another before him; but he always put down at once any attempt to assail the absent.

‘His manner was not graceful in little matters, though his demeanour was dignified on the whole. In public it was unimpassioned till some great burst came from him; then it partook of the fire of the moment, and soon relapsed into dignified composure. In private it had some little awkwardnesses, not very perceptible except to a near and minute observer. His language was correct and purely English, avoiding both learned words and foreign phraseology and Scottish expressions, but his speech was strongly tinged with the Scottish accent. His voice I well remember, nor was it easy to forget it; nothing could be more pleasing. It was full and it was calm, but it had a tone of heartiness and sincerity which I hardly ever knew in any other. He was in person above the middle size—his features were strongly marked—his forehead was high and open—the expression of his mouth was that of repose, and of sweetness at the same time. . . . The only particulars of his manners and person which I recollect, are his cocked hat, which he always wore even in the country; his stately gait, particularly in a walk which he loved to frequent in the woods at Brougham, where I was never but once while he visited there, and in which he slowly recited sometimes Latin verses, sometimes Greek; a very slight guttural accent in his speech, which gave it a particular fulness; and his retaining some old-fashioned modes of address, as using the word “madam” at full length; and, when he drank wine with any woman, adding, “My humble service to you.” When in the country he liked to be left entirely to himself in the morning, either to read or to walk, or to drive about.’—p. 316.

We cannot now encounter any of Lord Brougham's ‘Men of Science.’ His ‘Cavendish’ is more likely to please the French Institute than the Royal Society of London: we believe we must examine it seriously in a separate article. The *Simson* is, we think, the best of this class. The *Life of Black* has, like those of *Hume* and *Robertson*, plentiful marks of access to original sources of intelligence: and that of *Davy*, though short, will be found a very valuable supplement, as respects personal character and manners, to the two elaborate biographies with which the world is already familiar. Lord Brougham knew Sir Humphry from the dawn of his celebrity, and saw far more of him, as a member of the most brilliant society in London, than Dr. Paris or even his brother, Dr. Davy, appears to have done. In our opinion his lordship speaks too slightly of Sir Humphry's verses—we think the stanzas on the doctrine of Spinoza are alone sufficient to prove that he possessed a true poetical genius: so thought

Scott, Southey, Coleridge;—and we regret the more to find Lord Brougham of a different judgment on this head, because the present volume, among many other attractions, includes some excellent specimens of versification by Lord Brougham himself—translations from Voltaire. These were proper recreations for the marine villa in Provence (whence he dates his preface): some other matters might as well have been reserved for the well-stored library of Brougham Hall—‘Bosom’d high in tufted trees.’

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- ART. V.—1. *Notes and Sketches of New South Wales.* By Mrs. Meredith. (Colonial Library.) London. 1844.  
 2. *The Englishwoman in Egypt.* By Mrs. Poole. (Knight’s Weekly Volume.) 1845.  
 3. *Letters from Madras.* By a Lady. 1843.  
 4. *Life in Mexico.* By Madame Calderon de la Barca. Svo. London. 1843.  
 5. *The Rhone, the Darro, and the Guadalquivir.* By Mrs. Romer. 2 vols. London. 1843.  
 6. *Journal of a Tour in the Holy Land.* By Lady F. Egerton. London. Svo.  
 7. *Narrative of a Yacht Voyage.* By the Countess Grosvenor. 2 vols. London. 1842.  
 8. *Journal of a Yacht Voyage to the Texas.* By Mrs. Houston. 2 vols. London. 1844.  
 9. *Diary of a Tour in Greece, Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land.* By the Hon. Mrs. Dawson Damer. 2 vols. London. 1841.  
 10. *Visit to the Courts of Vienna, Constantinople, &c.* By the Marchioness of Londonderry. London. 1844.  
 11. *Orientalische Briefe.* Von Ida, Gräfin Hahn-Hahn.  
 12. *Therese’s Briefe aus dem Süden.*

THAT there are peculiar powers inherent in ladies’ eyes, this number of the Quarterly Review was not required to establish; but one in particular, of which we reap all the benefit without paying the penalty, we must in common gratitude be allowed to point out. We mean that power of observation which, so long as it remains at home counting canvass stitches by the fireside, we are apt to consider no shrewder than our own, but which once removed from the familiar scene, and returned to us in the shape of letters or books, seldom fails to prove its superiority. Who, for instance, has not turned from the slap-dash scrawl of your male correspondent—with excuses at the beginning and

and haste at the end, and too often nothing between but sweeping generalities—to the well-filled sheet of your female friend, with plenty of time bestowed and no paper wasted, and overflowing with those close and lively details which show not only that observing eyes have been at work, but one pair of bright eyes in particular? Or who does not know the difference between their books—especially their books of travels—the gentleman's either dull and matter-of-fact, or off-hand and superficial, with a heavy disquisition where we look for a light touch, or a foolish pun where we expect a reverential sentiment, either requiring too much trouble of the reader, or showing too much carelessness in the writer—and the lady's—all ease, animation, vivacity, with the tact to dwell upon what you most want to know, and the sense to pass over what she does not know herself; neither suggesting authorly effort, nor requiring any conscious attention, yet leaving many a clear picture traced on the memory, and many a solid truth impressed on the mind? It is true the case is occasionally reversed. Ladies have been known to write the dullest and emptiest books—a fact for which there is no accounting—and gentlemen the most delightful; but here probably, if the truth were told, their wives or daughters helped them.

But, in truth, every country with any pretensions to civilization has a twofold aspect, addressed to two different modes of perception, and seldom visible simultaneously to both. Every country has a home life as well as a public life, and the first quite necessary to interpret the last. Every country therefore, to be fairly understood, requires reporters from both sexes. Not that it is precisely recommended that all travellers should hunt the world in couples, and give forth their impressions in the double columns of holy wedlock; but that that kind of partnership should be tacitly formed between books of travel which, properly understood, we should have imagined to have been the chief aim of matrimony—namely, to supply each other's deficiencies, and correct each other's errors, purely for the good of the public.

It may be objected that the inferiority of a woman's education is, or ought to be, a formidable barrier; but without stopping to question whether the education of a really well-educated Englishwoman be on the whole inferior to her brother's, we decidedly think that in the instance of travelling the difference between them is greatly in her favour. If the gentleman knows more of ancient history and ancient languages, the lady knows more of human nature and modern languages; while one of her greatest charms, as a describer of foreign scenes and manners, more even than the closeness or liveliness of her mode of observation, is that very *purposelessness* resulting from the more desultory

nature of her education. A man either starts on his travels with a particular object in view, or, failing that, drives a hobby of his own the whole way before him; whereas a woman, accustomed by habit, if not created by nature, to diffuse her mind more equally on all that is presented, and less troubled with preconceived ideas as to what is most important to observe, goes picking up materials much more indiscriminately, and where, as in travelling, little things are of great significance, frequently much more to the purpose. The tourist may be sure that in nine cases out of ten it is not that on which he has bestowed most care and pains which proves most interesting to the reader.

Again, there is an advantage in the very nature of a book of travels peculiarly favourable to a woman's feelings—the almost total absence of responsibility. It is merely the editorship of her own journal, undertaken for the amusement of her children, or the improvement of a younger sister, or the building of a school; for it is a remarkable fact that ladies never publish their tours to please themselves. In short, she can hardly be said to stand committed as an authoress. If she send forth a lively and graceful work, the world will soon tell her it is a pity she is not one; otherwise, the blame falls on her materials.

But though the lady tourist has her modesty thus far screened and sheltered, it is equally certain that there is no department of writing through which her own individual character is more visible. We form a clearer idea of the writer of the most unpretending book of travels than we do of her who gives us the most striking work of imagination. The under current of personality, however little obtruded to sight, is sure to be genuine. The opinions she expresses on the simplest occasions are those which guide her on the greatest; the habits she displays, however interrupted by her irregular movements, are those contracted in her regular life: hence the most interesting result, in our mind, to be gathered from an examination of this class of literature. We see our countrywoman, in these books, unconsciously in the main, but fully portrayed. We see her with her national courage and her national reserve, with her sound head and her tender heart, with the independent freedom of her actions and the decorous restraint of her manners, with her high intellectual acquirements and her simplicity of tastes, with the early attained maturity of her good sense and the long-continued freshness of her youth. We see her nice, scrupulous, delicate, beyond all others of her sex, yet simple, practical, useful, as none but herself understands to be; versed in the humblest in-door duty, excelling in the hardest out-door exercise; equally fitted for ease or exertion; enthusiastic for nature; keen for adventure; devoted to her children, her flowers, her poor;

poor; petting a great Newfoundland dog, loving a horse, and delighting in the sea. In short, we see her the finest production of the finest country upon earth—man's best companion, whether in the travels over this world or the voyage through this life; but only to be understood or deserved by the Englishman, and rather too good even for him.

It is true, and perhaps as well for our pride, that many a reverse to this picture occurs; but even in the worst cases it is rather an affectation, exaggeration, or caricature of the national female character, than any direct departure from it. There are some lady tourists who are over delicate or over adventurous—over enthusiastic or over humdrum—over simple or over wise; but where is she, whatever may be the difference of talent or taste, who ventures to bring forward an infidel opinion or a questionable moral?

There is one set of female writers who, having under the general name of tourists given the public an immense deal of extraneous information, might be expected to occupy a prominent place in this article: the very nature of their services, however, compels us to pass them over in silence; for when one lady travels to Vaucluse to give us her views of Mesmerism, another visits the German baths to describe the advantages of society in Russia; when one goes north to expatiate on the infant schools in England, another south to send home chapters of advice to the Queen; and a fifth wanders generally at large, in order to bewail the waste lands within a few miles of London, and to reprobate the iniquity of a government who can suffer such resources to remain unapplied, 'with a starving population under their very eyes, all ready to pay them five pounds an acre;'<sup>\*</sup> when, in short, ladies take all the trouble of travelling abroad merely to express those private opinions upon affairs in general which they could as well have given utterance to at home, we feel truly that it would be a grateful and very amusing task to bring their services before the public, but that it is not ours on this occasion to comprise them among so unpretending a class as that of the lady tourists.

The same reason must also deter us from including that more systematic set of travellers who regularly make a tour in order to make a book, and have thus pretty well divided the tourable world between them—Mrs. Trollope having taken Germany and Italy, Miss Costello France, Miss Pardoe Hungary, and so forth. These able and accomplished ladies *do* travel with an object, and it is apparent in every line they write. Instead of seeing the woman, we only discover the authoress; and, admirable as

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<sup>\*</sup> *Vide* 'My Last Tour and First Work,' by Lady Vavasour.

she may be, it is not her that we are in quest of upon this occasion.

To revert, therefore, to the object of our search—while regarding these unstudied and unpretending works as some of the truest channels for the study of the Englishwoman, they cannot be strictly taken as a test of comparison between her and the lady of other countries. Whether as traveller, or writer of travels, the foreign lady can in no way be measured against her. The only just point of comparison is why the one does travel, and the other does not. And, upon the first view of the matter, the impediments would seem to be all on the side of our own countrywoman. Her home is proverbially the most domestic—her manners the most reserved—her comforts the most indispensable. Nevertheless, it is precisely because home, manners, and comforts are what they are, that the Englishwoman excels all others in the art of travelling. It is those very habits of order and regularity which make her domestic,—it is that very exclusiveness of family life which makes her reserved,—it is the very nature of the comforts, to her so indispensable,—it is all that best fits her to live in her own country, that also best fits her to visit others. Where is the foreign lady who combines the four cardinal virtues of travelling—activity, punctuality, courage, and independence—like the Englishwoman?—where is she whose habits fit her for that most exclusive of all companionships, the travelling *tête-à-tête* with a husband for months together? Where is she whose comforts are nine-tenths of them comprised under the head of fresh air and plenty of water, like the Englishwoman's? A foreigner will tell us that the chief argument lies in the English purse;—but the Russians are rich enough—and the Russian lady moves abundantly about from place to place—but she does not travel in the same sense as the Englishwoman. The Russians have means enough to sail a whole fleet of private yachts, but which of them would think of cruising in the Mediterranean, or of launching across the Atlantic for pure pleasure? There are certain modes of life for which English nature and education alone seem adapted;—travelling is one—living in the country another.

The truth is that no foreign nation possesses that same class of women from which the great body of our female tourists are drafted. They have not the same well-read, solid thinking,—early rising—sketch-loving—light-footed—trim-waisted—straw-hatted specimen of women; educated with the refinement of the highest classes, and with the usefulness of the lowest; all-sufficient companion to her husband, and all-sufficient lady's maid to herself—they have her not. Of course in the numbers that flit annually from our coasts, from one motive or other, every shade and  
grade

grade is to be found, from the highest *blasée* fashionable, with every faculty of intelligent interest fast closed, to the lowest Biddy Fudge, with every pore of vulgar wonder wide open; the absurdities committed by our countrymen and women under the name of travel are highly significant of the national folly, extravagance, and eccentricity; but the *taste* for travel from which these abuses spring—the *art* of it in which the English so excel—we are inclined to attribute to a something still more conspicuous and honourable in the national life—to nothing less than the *domesticity* of the English character. Who can witness the innumerable family parties which annually take their excursions abroad—the husbands and wives—brothers and sisters—parents and children,—all enjoying the novel scenes, but chiefly because they are enjoying them together? Who can see the joint delight with which these expeditions are planned, the kindly feelings and habits they develop, the joint pleasure with which they are remembered—without recognising a proof of exclusive domestic cohesion which no other people display? What, too, is the secret of that facility with which the Englishman adapts himself to a residence in any remote corner of the world?—why do we so often find him settled happily among scenes and people utterly uncongenial in climate and habit? Simply because he takes his *home* with him; and has more within it and wants less beyond it than any other man in the world.

As for the tribes who throng capitals and watering-places for purposes of mere idleness and dissipation, and because they can indulge both upon a cheaper and laxer footing than at home, they certainly do not contribute to give foreigners a very exalted idea of the national domesticity; but whether human nature or English nature be here to blame, we suppose may be a question; we suspect the fact is that this description of travellers quit their native land precisely because they are no longer suited to her, nor she to them.

But to return to the ladies:—if now and then some foreigners venture on their travels, here the analogy ends; they do not venture to publish them. The German ladies, with all their virtues, are not supposed to excel in rapid observation, or lively delineation. Inward experiences and not outward impressions are their forte;—the eyes of their souls are brighter than those of their bodies;—they are fonder of looking into the one than out of the other. They will give you, therefore, most admirable maps of the winding paths of their own hearts, but they are not of much assistance on the common dusty high roads of other countries. Bettina, it is true, might have made a brilliant Münchhausen, but otherwise, with the exception of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, of whom we have

have more to say, the public is not supposed to have gained much by their peregrinations, nor perhaps lost much by their staying at home.

The Frenchwoman has not the same grounds for silence. Her eyes and her tongue we know are both of the most lively description—she would make a shrewd observer and a brilliant describer—but alas! there is one little impediment which stands in her way—a trifle, we feel almost provoked to have to mention, which stops her pen—*she cannot spell!*

It is true that two great French authoresses of these times—Madame de Staël and Madame Dudevant—have given their foreign impressions to the world; but the one visited foreign countries with the feeling of an exile, and the other has described them exactly as she might have done without stirring from her chamber. The ‘*De l’Allemagne*’ is the type of classical sentiment, the ‘*Lettres d’un Voyageur*’ the flower of picturesque romance—neither of them come under the denomination of travels. What Madame de Staël sententiously says in *Corinne*, remains to this day the true French motto:—‘*Voyager est, quoi qu’on en puisse dire, un des plus tristes plaisirs de la vie. Lorsque vous vous trouvez bien dans quelque ville étrangère, c’est que vous commencez à vous y faire une patrie; mais traverser des pays inconnus, entendre parler un langage que vous comprenez à peine, voir des visages humains sans relation avec votre passé ni avec votre avenir, c’est de la solitude, et de l’isolement, sans repos et sans dignité.*’ In short, what the French depend upon for their daily happiness, even the spelling few of their womankind cannot transport with them.

It is time, however, that we should advert more particularly to the fair writers named at the head of our paper. Since the peace of 1815, most of the central European countries have been too completely examined and described for a passing tourist to offer any novelty, while the excellent Handbooks of the day leave no room for contributions of mere roadside information. Our modern writers of this class may be therefore divided into three heads:—Such as have made their own personal movements the mere thread on which to hang the general history of the countries they are traversing, or the groundwork on which to introduce a narrative of fictitious interest;—such as have remained long enough in one province or place, however obscure in itself, or however often described before, to obtain that living acquaintance with it which always commands interest;—and lastly, those who, having launched out beyond the beaten track, are privileged to offer any description, however unpretending, on the score of novelty. As specimens of the first class we may mention Miss Taylor’s ‘*Letters*’  
from

from Italy: a volume which will retain a standard value for correct research and simple beauty of writing;—Mrs. Dalkeith Holmes's 'Ride on horseback through France and Switzerland to Florence'—in which we have not a little sterling information and sterling humour too, with very much of feminine grace;—Mrs. Ashton Yates's Letters from Switzerland to her children. We instance these as all showing what we have defined as the national type of female character—minds of the highest intellectual culture, and manners of the most domestic simplicity. As a more particular illustration of what is the highest pride of modern English civilisation—the union of genuine learning and genuine refinement—we may once more name Mrs. Hamilton Gray's 'Sepulchres of Etruria.' Nor could we give a better instance of real description and opinions interwoven with a romance—though in no way needing this fictitious interest—than another established favourite, Mrs. Jameson's 'Diary of an Ennuyée.'

The list of those who have resided a longer period in one place requires more particular attention; the Englishwoman's services being here most important, and her own character most conspicuous. In this capacity it is almost exclusively affection and duty that send her abroad; and it is a proud and a pleasant feeling to trace these qualities as the chief basis of the energy and animation that appear in these books. With so much of the old Ruth at her heart, it is not in Latin or Greek, or in Physical Sciences, or even, we hope, in Mesmerism to unsex her. Wherever she goes, a little fertile patch of household comfort grows beneath her feet; wherever there is room for rational tastes, orderly habits, and gentle charities—and where is there not?—there we find the Englishwoman creating an atmosphere of virtuous happiness around her. Like the gipsy she may sing—

' We pitch our tent where'er we please,  
And there we make our *home*.'

There is no part of the world, however remote, from which she does not send forth a voice of cheerful intelligence. We pass over a number of older works of great value and attraction, from Lady Calcott's 'Residence in the Brazils' down to the 'Letters from the Shores of the Baltic,' to call the reader's attention to four more recent books—dated from as opposite parts of the world as could well have been chosen—viz., 'Notes and Sketches of New South Wales;' 'The Englishwoman in Egypt;' 'Letters from Madras;' and 'Life in Mexico.'

No work can better illustrate the distinctive traits of a woman's writing than the first of these;—the easy style—the brilliant thought—the delicate touch—the close detail—the sound sense—  
and

and then that pretty under current of natural affection which gives the true healthy English tone to the whole. It is a real pleasure to accompany such a lady over sea and land—though the former stretched monotonously around her during a four-months' merchant-vessel passage—and was exchanged for the scorched 'ever-brown' surface of a country devoid of any past or present interest, whether of an historical, poetical, pictorial, or social kind—New South Wales. But liveliness, sense, and knowledge, and a spring of youthful intelligence are hers; and a long-continued honeymoon of fresh-wedded happiness (may it never wane!) beams through every sprightly and humane thought. Independent, however, of these general recommendations, Mrs. Meredith's volume has a separate attraction of its own in the valuable store of natural history it communicates. Under a name which she has since changed—we think for the better—this lady is well known to the flower-loving world as the most graceful expositor of English botany;\* and this volume proves that her taste and knowledge extend to many other departments of natural phenomena. Birds and beasts, fishes and insects, and creeping things innumerable equally engage her intelligent attention, and are described with a simplicity and precision which will give much valuable information to the professed naturalist, no additional jargon to the dabbling amateur, and involuntary interest to the most uninitiated. Not a trace of pedantry appears, nor of what is quite as bad, and too frequent when women treat such matters—not the slightest affectation of a popular tone. Not a microscope nor a herbarium is seen; but keen eyes and taper fingers, and a most active mind, it is evident have been at work. We need no apology for giving a few specimens of her graceful and humorous descriptions—it matters not whether of spider, parrot, opossum, or 'pretty trailing flower.' This is the very poetry of frogs:—

'In the Macquarie, near Bathurst, I first saw the superb green frogs of Australia. The river, at the period of our visit, was for the most part a dry bed, with small pools in the deeper holes; and in these, among the few shining water-plants and conservæ, dwelt these gorgeous reptiles. In form and size they resemble a very large English frog, but their colour is more beautiful than words can describe. I never saw plant or gem of such bright tints. A vivid yellow-green seems the groundwork of the creature's array, and this is daintily pencilled over with other shades—emerald, olive, and blue greens, with a few delicate markings of yellow, like an embroidery of gold thread upon shaded velvet. And the creatures sit looking at you from their moist floating bowers, with their large eyes expressive of the most perfect enjoyment.

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\* 'Our wild Flowers;' 'Romance of Nature.' By Louisa A. Twamley.

which,

which, if you doubt while they remain still, you can't refuse to believe in when you see them flop into the delicious cool water, and go slowly stretching their long green legs as they pass through the wavy grove of sedgy feathery plants in the river's bed; till you lose them under a dense mass of gently waving leaves. And to see this while a burning, broiling sun is scorching up your very life, and not a breeze is stirring, and the glare of the herbless earth dazzles your agonised eyes into blindness, is enough to make one willing to forego all the glories of humanity, and be changed into a frog!"—p. 107.

The transformation of a locust is another excellent specimen of her vein:—

‘In the summer evenings it is common to see upon the trunks of the trees, reeds, or any upright object, a heavy-looking, humpbacked brown beetle, an inch and a half long, with a scaly coat, clawed lobster-like legs, and a somewhat dirty aspect, which latter is easily accounted for by the little hole visible in the turf at the foot of the tree, whence he has lately crept. I have sometimes carried them home and watched with great interest the poor locust “shuffle off his mortal,” or rather earthly “coil” and emerge into a new world. The first symptom is the opening of a small slit which appears in the back of his coat, between the shoulders, through which, as it slowly gapes wider, a pale, soft, silky-looking texture is seen, throbbing and heaving backwards and forwards. Presently a fine square head, with two light-red eyes, has disengaged itself, and in process of time (for the transformation goes on almost imperceptibly) this is followed by the liberation of a portly body and a conclusion; after which the brown leggings are pulled off like boots, and a pale, cream-coloured, weak, soft creature very tenderly walks away from his former self, which remains standing entire, like the coat of mail of a warrior of old—the shelly plates of the eyes that are gone looking after their lost contents with a sad lack of “speculation” in them. On the back of the new-born creature lie two small bits of membrane, doubled and crumpled up in a thousand puckers, like a Limerick glove in a walnut-shell; these now begin to unfold themselves—and gradually spread smoothly out into two large, beautiful, opal-coloured wings, which by the following morning have become clearly transparent, while the body has acquired its proper hard consistency and dark colour; and when placed on a tree the happy thing soon begins its whirring, creaking, chirruping song, which continues with little intermission as long as its harmless, happy life.’—p. 117.

Our limits forbid further quotation, and we can only sum up her tarantulas, her scorpions, her ants, spiders, crabs, and grubs, and all kinds of other nasty things, with the unqualified assertion that nobody ever made them so nice before. Certainly, judging from the remaining and no less valuable portions of Mrs. Meredith's book, it seems not only that in such a country her tastes for natural history were the greatest possible blessing she could have possessed, but also a perfect mystery how the other ladies in

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New South Wales get on without them. If anything were wanting to convince us how little real simplicity is to be found where no real refinement exists—how indispensable are the distinctions of rank for the union of society—and how far more egregiously those follies and absurdities which we usually attribute to the great world, abound in a little one, we shall find it in her remarks on the petty vanities and jealousies, the illiterate dullness, and the tawdry extravagance of the *beau monde* of Sydney. Nor were the lower orders a more agreeable picture—the plenty and prosperity which at that time reigned in the colony being chiefly evidenced in the all-prevailing luxury of intoxication. Of course we do not here allude to the convicts, or to the vitiated poor in the towns, but to the habits of the settlers in the country—a farmhouse, far from all other dwellings, and every soul in it, male and female, drunk at ten o'clock in the morning!

Under these circumstances it is no wonder that we find Mrs. Meredith quitting New South Wales 'with joy' to seek a new home in Tasmania, where we hope she may find as much to interest her in her own particular line, and more in every other. Meanwhile we should be happy to think that this expression of our thanks for so interesting an addition to the Home and Colonial Library may reach her. Only if the reader of Sir Francis Drake's exploits, which follow in the same volume, should at all flag in attention, we know on whose head the sin will be.

'The Englishwoman in Egypt' is made of very different stuff, though a truer woman never wrote. Mrs. Poole's visit to Egypt was mainly prompted by her affection for her brother, Mr. Lane, and her book is what she intended it to be, an humble helpmate to his well-known 'Modern Egyptians.'

There is something so awful in the tremendous weight of the past which falls on the spirit in this Ancient of lands that we feel that it is only the highest knowledge, the deepest reverence, or the most artless simplicity, that can qualify a modern traveller to lift his eyes to the imperishable regalia of its fallen majesty. Mrs. Poole has this last qualification in every respect. She has no learning, and not much sentiment, but she has what is quite as important, the sense to know that nothing of her own is wanted in a land where the mere changes of the seasons present sacred associations to the mind. Her descriptions of the phenomena of the Nile—of the varieties of climate—of the murrain on cattle—the pestilence on man, and other plagues in Egypt—are given with a plainness which perhaps leaves no new impression on the reader, but has a sober charm of its own: you are convinced the witness is true. Nor are her remarks on the government or the people more characterised by novelty  
of

of information or freshness of idea; at the same time, without attempting to vindicate the rigour of the one, or the ignorance of the other, she contrives, by the mere force of her own kindly and humane feelings, to bring forward points of good, which in the midst of so much evil it is some comfort to dwell upon; to show us that though there be nothing of what we call freedom, there is happiness and content in the homes of Egypt down to the lowest purchased slave; and that in the midst of ignorance and superstition, the poorest peasants meet and part with blessings—age and infirmity are respected—parents venerated—and the presence and providence of the Deity ever held in remembrance. She says, ‘The number of persons nearly or entirely blind, and especially the aged blind, affected us exceedingly; but we rejoiced in the evident consideration they received from all who had occasion to make room for them to pass. I should imagine that all who have visited this country must remark the decided respect which is shown to those who are superior in years; and that this respect is naturally rendered to the beggar as well as the prince. In fact, the people are educated in the belief that there is honour in the hoary head; and this glorious sentiment strengthens with their strength, and beautifully influences their conduct.’

It is in the description of the domestic customs of Egyptian families that this lady offers most novelty. Of these she presents the most agreeable picture—not a little heightened perhaps, in our minds, by the knowledge that one so gentle as herself had conformed with facility to them. Mrs. Poole entered the country with the wise and amiable conviction that if you have any wish to be pleased among a new people, you should begin by endeavouring to please them. She, as far as possible, adopted their most cherished customs, out of consideration for the feelings of the natives—but not for this reason only—she shrewdly supposed also that the same circumstances of soil and climate which recommended them to the Egyptians would equally apply to her family. The respect and cordiality, therefore, with which she is received into the chief harems of Cairo only reflect credit on her sense and manners, which present a pleasing contrast to that spirit of curiosity and intrusion which has taken many a modern fine lady behind the curtain of an Eastern harem—not to describe the manners or costumes of those who had given her hospitable entertainment, for in that there would be no harm, but to criticise or ridicule them by ignorant and absurd comparisons between modes of life which bear as little parallel as the skies they are under. Mrs. Poole is not at all surprised that Egyptian fine ladies should make their  
own

own sherbet, cook their own dishes, and wash their own floors, for all that English fine ladies do nothing of the kind.

‘The employments of the hareem chiefly consist in embroidery in an oblong frame, but they extend to superintending the kitchen, and indeed the female slaves and servants generally; and often ladies of the highest distinction cook those dishes which are particularly preferred. The sherbets are generally made by the ladies; and this is the case in one hareem I visit, where the ladies, in point of rank, are the highest of eastern *haut ton*. The violet sherbet is prepared by them in the following manner. The flowers are brought to them in large silver trays, and slaves commence picking off the large outer leaves. The ladies then put the centres of the violets into small mortars, and pound them until they have thoroughly expressed all the juice, with which, and fine sugar, they form round cakes of conserve, resembling, when hardened, loaf-sugar dyed green. This produces a bright green sherbet prettier than the blue or pink, and exceedingly delicate. I do not know what the blue is composed of, but am told it is a preparation of violets. The pink is of roses, the yellow of oranges, apricots, &c.’—vol. ii. p. 27.

We admire the sorceress-like effect of this:—

‘You will be surprised to hear that the daughter of the Pacha, in whose presence the ladies who attend her never raise their eyes, herself superintends the washing and polishing of the marble pavements in her palaces. She stands on such occasions barefooted on a small square carpet, holding in her hand a silver rod. About twenty slaves surround her—ten throw the water, while the others follow them, wiping the marble and polishing it with smooth stones.’—*ib.* p. 28.

It would be absurd to quarrel with a sister of Mr. Lane’s for that newfangled orthography in which he has had so many imitators. Nevertheless, it is rather a drawback in this pretty book to find all our old friends disguised under new names. Caliphs and dervishes are creatures we have known and loved since we could read at all, but ‘khaleefehs’ and ‘darweeshes’ are merely hard words, which bring nothing to our minds. The mere name of Saladin conveys associations, chivalrous, heroic, and picturesque—but Salah-ed-Deen might be the Man in the Moon, or the Phonic Spelling-book, for aught our sympathies will stir. Of course we bow to Mr. Lane’s superior knowledge, but if every foreign word which has been naturalized into the English language is to be restored to its original articulation, where should we stop? The Nile itself would be the *Neel*; and why not that as well as the *Kur’an* with Mrs. Poole, or the *Chooran* with Mr. Lane—for they frequently disagree? We venture to say that had the spelling of the old ‘Arabian Nights’ been retained, the ‘Englishwoman in Egypt’ would have produced a far livelier effect on the imagination.

The ‘Letters from Madras’ are a perfect case in point of the peculiar

peculiar value of a woman's book. This is the very lightest work that has ever appeared from India, yet it tells us more of what everybody cares to know than any other. Considering the ship-loads of young and intelligent women perpetually wafted over to the shores of India, and the number of years the relays of this home commodity have been going on, it might be thought that nothing relating to our Eastern colonies could have been by this time left unsaid. And perhaps no more striking proof can be given of the enervating effects of idleness and luxury, than the comparative absence of all lively feminine works upon a country where for nearly a century well-educated Englishwomen have had the amplest means of observation. We do not overlook Miss Roberts's capital sketches of Hindostan—nor Mrs. Elwood's traits of Indian life in her *Overland Journey*—a work for which we take this opportunity of expressing our sincere admiration; but neither of these gives the *humours* of this antipodes state of society like our nameless lady. Not that her position differed in any way from that of which every day brings a repetition. She married, and went out to India—halted a short time at Madras—and then proceeded up the country. Nor are her letters anything beyond what a lively, happy, well-educated young woman would write to her family upon her first domiciliation in a foreign country—full of sense and nonsense—describing everything as it came in her way—just as it suited her fancy or her fun. The only advantage she possessed, and one it is to be hoped not very uncommon, was that of being united to a worthy, sensible man, who encouraged her vivacity, but directed her judgment, and allied her with himself in whatever was useful and benevolent. There is no question, therefore, of the sound domesticity that pervades this book—indeed no happier family group has come under our notice—even the dash of flippancy which occasionally jars upon us proceeds evidently from too light a heart for us to quarrel with it.

What first struck our fair incognita seems to have been the great difference between the listless ladies of Madras and her lively self. They could tell her nothing—knew nothing—cared for nothing. Their minds seemed to have evaporated beneath an Indian sun, never to condense again. The seven years' sleep of the Beauty in the fairy tale was nothing to the seven years' lethargy of a beauty in Madras, for the enchanted lady awoke to her former energies, and the merely enervated lady, she thinks, never can. Our young bride is therefore anxious to make the most of her stock of English energy before it should go the way of all her neighbours'.

She begins at once with the things immediately under her notice—

notice—the great gallery-like rooms—the dull dinner parties—the languid conversations everlastingly about the changes in the service, till she wishes all appointments were permanent—the mode of passing your time, ‘which seems to be spent alternately in tiring and resting oneself;’ and above all, ‘those great babies,’ the native servants, who throughout furnish her with occasion for fun, and never for complaint. In this respect their domiciliation at first in a friend’s house at Madras made little difference,

‘For in an Indian house every visitor keeps his own establishment of servants, so as to give no trouble to those of the household. The servants *find for themselves* in the most curious way. They seem to me to sleep nowhere, and to eat nothing—that is to say, not in our houses, nor of our goods. They have mats on the steps, and live upon rice. But they do very little, and every one has his separate work. I have an ayah (or lady’s maid) and a tailor, for the ayahs can’t work; and A. has a boy, also two *muddles* (how charmingly expressive!), one to sweep our room, and another to bring water. There is one man to lay the cloth, another to bring in dinner, another to light the candles, and others to wait at table. Every horse has a man and a maid to himself; the maid cuts grass for him: and every dog has a boy. I inquired whether the cat had any servants, but I found she was allowed to wait upon herself; and as she seemed the only person in the establishment capable of so doing, I respected her accordingly. Besides all these acknowledged attendants, each servant has a kind of muddle or double of his own, who does all the work that can be put upon him, without being found out by the master and mistress.’—p. 38.

‘Every creature seems eaten up with laziness—even my horse pretends he is too fine to switch off his own flies with his own long tail, but turns his head round to the horsekeeper to order him to do it for him.’—p. 50.

‘They are indeed a lazy race—they lie on their mats strewing the floor like cats and dogs, and begin to puff and whine whenever one gives them the least employment. The truest account of their occupations was given me in her blundering English by my muddle. I said, “Ellen, what are you doing; why don’t you come when I call you?” “No, ma’am.” “What are you doing, I say?” “Ma’am, I never do”—meaning, I am doing nothing’—p. 54.

—or rather ‘I never do anything.’ Then comes the awful heat—the regular land-wind, and plenty of it—like a blast from a furnace; when, with all the lofty rooms, and punkahs always going, and perpetually wetted tatties, the temperature can be with difficulty kept *down* to 90°. And our lady sits under the wet mats, with her hands in a basin of water. ‘And the leaves of the trees are all curled up, and the grass crackles under one’s feet like snow, and the sea is a dead yellow colour, and the air and the light a sort of buff, as if the elements had the jaundice: and we are all *so* cross—creeping about and whining, and then lying  
down

down and growling—I hope it won't last long.'—p. 78. Nor does it, above ten days. She says most truly that a small income is real wretchedness in India; for what would be luxuries in England, such as large airy houses, carriages, plenty of servants, &c., are there necessities, indispensable for health, to say nothing of comfort. The real luxury, and for which one would give any price, would be the power of going without such matters.

Now, however, comes a refreshing change of scene. A. is appointed district judge at Rajahmundry, 'in a really Indian part of India'—and they move thither with a ship-load of goods and an army of servants, and a little lady baby in addition, who greatly enlivens the scene. There they live like 'most uncommonly great grandees,' or rather, to our view, like a thoroughly sensible, right-thinking English family—visiting with their Rajah neighbours, instituting schools and reading-rooms for the natives—performing divine service in their own house—making roads, digging wells, and doing all the good in their power. Whoever, indeed, wishes to know more upon that painful, disappointing, and mysterious subject—the absence of all real and effectual progress in the conversion of the Hindoos—will here find much practical good sense, none the worse for being sprightly given. That the exertions of many admirable and devoted men in this field have done some good, as the example of all good men must, there can be no question; but also that there are many who have retarded more than promoted the cause of Christianity, by insisting on teaching the natives nothing else till they had taught them that, is equally beyond doubt. Experience has proved that there is no more certain way of preventing the entrance of Christianity among the Hindoos than the open attempt to introduce it; and that at best the easier admission of it among the Pariahs only bespeaks that previous indifference to matters of religion which makes the conversion worthless. 'I of Mistress' caste, I eat anything'—this is the key too generally to Pariah Christianity—or even granting it is sincere, this only increases the barrier to its progress beyond these *outcasts* who have nothing to lose by any change.

Speaking of a worthy missionary settled near them, whose native hearers, having gratified their curiosity, had entirely abandoned him, and who honestly confessed that he had not met with a single instance of a real desire for truth, she very sensibly observes, 'That is the great difficulty with these poor natives. *They have not the slightest idea of the value and advantage of truth.* No one in England knows the difficulty of making any impression upon them. The best means seems to be education, because false notions of science form one great part of

their religion. Every belief of theirs is interwoven with some matter of religion, and if once some of their scientific absurdities were overthrown, a large portion of their religion would go with them.' (p. 198.) The readiness, or rather positive ambition of the caste natives to acquire the rudiments of knowledge, so long as they are not directly mixed up with the doctrines of Christianity, is, indeed, sufficient proof that in their case the lesser good must be made the pioneer to the greater.

The newly-appointed Judge and his active lady were no sooner settled 'up country' than they busied themselves at considerable trouble and expense in establishing a school for caste boys. A Brahmin was engaged to teach Gentoo, and a half-caste to teach English—the Bible was freely read and translated—the attendance rapidly increased to above eighty scholars, and almost every day a pretty little boy was found 'salaaming' at the gate for admittance. All, in short, was going on as well as sense and benevolence could desire. At this time a dissenting missionary happened to pass—was received at their house with customary Anglo-Indian hospitality, and having, in return, favoured his hosts with his opinions regarding the enormity of bishops, and the bigotry of ordination, he adjourned to the school, and without the knowledge or permission of the Judge, held forth to the boys. This soon created a disturbance, which he proceeded to augment, by seizing hold of a native's *lingum*, or badge of caste, and taking it away. At this, the grossest insult you can offer a Hindoo, the whole population rose in a ferment—the boys brought back their books, and although the dissenter was obliged to restore the badge, the feeling excited was so strong, that the school was abandoned for a while, and then recommenced with not half the number of scholars.

There is plenty of temptation for quotation in this merry volume—the visit to the Rajah—the dog Don's scene with the family of monkeys—the petitioners to baby—the Moonshee's idea of the planetary system, and his astonishment that 'Europe lady or gentleman' should go to hell! &c. But we must pass on to a very different degree of longitude, though our latitude does not much vary.

Madame Calderon de la Barca is very distinct from the ladies that precede her. She has as much liveliness as our Madras friend—as much intelligence as Mrs. Meredith, and more spirit than Mrs. Poole; but with all this, though her book engages the attention in a high degree, and exhibits great and various ability, it fails to interest us in the writer. Something of this, however, may be owing to a reason, which is perhaps meritorious, and certainly fortunate in her as the wife of a foreigner; viz. to the very

very *un-English* nature of her writing. Madame Calderon was a Scotchwoman—and a Presbyterian, we have reason to suppose; she is now a Spaniard—and a Roman Catholic, as we have more than reason to suppose. And, accordingly, we have a Spanish indifference to bloodshed, a Spanish enthusiasm for bull-fights, a Murillo glow of colour, a Cervantes touch of humour, a gentle defence of the cigarito, and a hard hit at John Knox, which can leave no doubt of our quondam countrywoman being perfectly at home in her adopted land. The reel and the bolero may be nearer allied than we imagined. Madame Calderon, we are told, was distinguished in early days for her accomplishments and personal attractions among the circles of her native capital, Edinburgh; instead, however, of taking a Scotch advocate or W.S., and settling there, she removed with her family to New York, where again she steered clear of all Yankee importunities, and finally accomplished her destiny by bestowing her hand upon a Spanish diplomatist, a collateral descendant (we believe) of the great dramatist Calderon, who was shortly after appointed minister for the Court of Madrid at Mexico.

The work commences with the departure of the envoy from New York; and the easy humour and brilliant description of the first shipboard chapter show at once the power with which the story is sustained throughout. At Havannah, the first Spanish territory the lady had touched, they are received with distinguished honours; and balls, dinners, and operas, female Croesuses and men millionnaires pass before us in a perfect blaze. Thence another tedious voyage, made most amusing to the reader, to Vera Cruz, with a renewal of festivities. There they take mules for Mexico, breakfasting *en route* with General Santa Anna, and then launch into a wilderness of all the glowing productions of *Terra Caliente*—pine-apples, oranges, lemons, bananas, and granaditas, above their heads—roses and myrtles, carnations and jasmine at their feet—‘delicious eggs, butter, and custard off new and wonderful trees,’ within arm’s length—splendid woods, fertile plains, stupendous mountains, glimpses of distant sea, and expanses of sapphire sky, ‘and not a human being or passing object to be seen which is not in itself a picture.’ And all this in the month of December! What an earthly Paradise! It is quite a comfort to know that the road was enough to break their bones, and that there were daily robberies and murders committed upon it.

At length, distant volcanoes and spires innumerable announced the city of Mexico; and our authoress’s thoughts had wandered back to the time ‘when the great panorama first burst upon the eyes of the King-fearing, God-loving conqueror; and the mild

bronze-coloured Emperor advanced himself in the midst of his Indian nobility, with rich dress and unshod feet, to welcome his unbidden and unwelcome guest; but speedily her ruminations were put to flight by a very different crowd, consisting of half the population of modern Mexico, who had turned out to welcome the bearer of the olive-branch from old Spain, and who now constrained them to enter a splendid state-carriage, all crimson and gold, and drawn by four white horses. 'In the midst of this immense procession of troops, carriages, and horsemen, we entered the ancient city of Montezuma.'

This is succeeded by fêtes, serenades, masked balls, and bull-fights-extraordinary, in honour of the Ambassador; with the introduction to all the Mexican world of fashion, and a most animated description of dress, jewellery, visiting, etiquette, and *bad servants*.

But it is impossible to follow a lady who seems never to have known one moment of fear, lassitude, or repose. All is excitement from morning till night. Nuns taking the veil—full-dress processions to the Virgin—political *émeutes* which batter down houses, and kill some of her friends—thunderstorms with raging torrents and uproarious mules—cock-fights as well as bull-fights—balls *al fresco*, as well as balls in palaces, with every other imaginable kind of excitement which southern temperaments require, and southern climates furnish; and such suns, such diamonds, and such eyes presiding over all, till we are kept in one perpetual firework. We feel that it is not only tropical life we are leading, but, with the exception of an occasional trait of Scotch shrewdness, and, we must say it, of Yankee vulgarity, a tropical mind which is addressing us. None other could have entered into the spirit of the people with such mingled ardour and *sang froid*. It is a most brilliant book, and doubtless very like life in Spanish Mexico; but we may save ourselves the trouble of looking for anything *domestic* in it.

This scene is characteristic both of the lady and the country—namely, the *Herraderos*, or branding of the bulls.

'The next morning we set off early to the *Plaza de Toros*. The day was fresh and exhilarating. All the country people from several miles around were assembled, and the trees to their topmost branches presented a collection of bronze faces and black eyes, belonging to the Indians, who had taken their places there as comfortably as spectators in a one shilling gallery. A platform opposite ours was filled with wives and daughters of agents and small farmers—little *rancheras* with short white gowns and *rebosós*. There was a very tolerable band of music perched upon a natural orchestra. Bernardo and his men were walking or riding about, and preparing for action. Nothing could be more picturesque than the whole scene.

'Seven

‘Seven hundred bulls were driven in from the plains, bellowing loudly, so that the whole air was filled with their fierce music. The universal love which the Mexicans have for these sports amounts to a passion. All their money is reserved to buy new dresses for these occasions—silver rolls, or gold linings for their hats, or new deer-skin pantaloons, or embroidered jackets. The accidents that happen are innumerable, but nothing damps their ardour: *it beats fox-hunting*. The most extraordinary part of the scene is the facility with which these men throw the laso. The bulls being all driven into an enclosure, one after another, or sometimes two or three at a time were chosen from amongst them and driven into the *plaza*, where they were received with shouts of applause if they appeared fierce and likely to afford good sport, and of irony if they turned to fly, which happened more than once. Three or four bulls are driven in. They stand for a moment proudly reconnoitring their opponents. The horsemen gallop up, armed only with the laso, and with loud insulting cries of “*Ah Toro!*” challenge them to the combat. The bulls paw the ground, and then plunge furiously at the horses, frequently wounding them at the first onset. Round they go in fierce gallop, bulls and horsemen, among the shouts and cries of the spectators. The horseman throws the laso—the bull shakes his head free of the cord, tosses his horns proudly, and gallops on: but his fate is inevitable. Down comes the whirling rope, and encircles his thick neck. He is thrown down, struggling furiously, and repeatedly dashes his head against the ground in rage and despair. Then, his legs being also tied, the man with the hissing, red-hot iron, in the form of a letter, brands him on the side, with the token of his dependence upon the lord of the soil. Some of the bulls stand this martyrdom with Spartan heroism, and do not utter a cry; but others, when the iron enters their flesh, burst out into long bellowing roars that seem to echo through the whole country. They are then loosened, get upon their legs again, and, like so many branded Cains, are driven out into the country, to make room for others. Such roaring, such shouting, such an odour of singed hair and *bifeek au naturel*, such playing of music, and such wanton risks as were run by the men!’—p. 229.

This is very striking and picturesque writing, and would do admirably under Basil Hall’s, or any other man’s name; but, to our feeling, there is neither a woman’s hand nor heart in it. Modern philosophers may think and write what they please about the mental equality of the sexes, but ladies may depend upon this, that some of the most vigorous and forcible writing in the English language would lose all its charm with a woman’s name prefixed to it. Women may become orators and heroes in sudden emergencies—they may do feats of mental or physical manliness to defend a parent, a husband, or a child, which command our most enthusiastic admiration; but take away the sacred object—remove the high occasion which nerved her nature, or suspended it, and however wonderful or beautiful in itself the power exhibited, she

she may be sure that the feeling she wounds is far closer to our heart than the feeling she gratifies.

Madame Calderon's description of a bull-fight in the country is equally spirited and unwomanlike. Even the little pity vouchsafed has the air of being thrown in for decency's sake.

'In the afternoon we all rode to the *Plaza de Toros*. The evening was cool, and our horses good, the road pretty and shady, and the *plaza* itself a most picturesque enclosure surrounded by high trees. Chairs were placed for us on a raised platform, and the bright green of the trees, the flashing dresses of the *toreadors*, the roaring of the fierce bulls, the spirited horses, the music and the cries, the Indians shouting from the trees up which they had climbed, formed a scene of savage grandeur which, for a short time at least, is very interesting. Bernardo was dressed in blue satin and gold—the *picadors* in black and silver—the others in maroon-coloured satin and gold. All those on foot wear knee breeches and white silk stockings, a little black cap with ribbons, and a plait of hair streaming down behind. The horses were generally good, and, as each new adversary appeared, seemed to participate in the enthusiasm of their riders. One bull after another was driven in roaring, and as here they are generally fierce, and their horns not blunted, as at Mexico, it is a much more dangerous affair. The bulls were not killed, but sufficiently tormented. One, stuck full of arrows and fireworks, all adorned with ribbons and coloured paper, made a sudden spring over an immensely high wall, and dashed into the woods. I thought afterwards of this unfortunate animal—how it must have been wandering about all night, bellowing with pain, the concealed arrows piercing his flesh, and looking like gay ornaments. If the arrows had stuck too deep, and that the bull could not rub them against the trees, he must have bled to death. Had he remained, his fate would have been better, for when the animal is entirely exhausted they throw him down with a *lazo*, and, pulling out the arrows, put ointment into the wounds.

'The skill of the men is surprising; but the most curious part of the exhibition was when a coachman of —'s, a strong, handsome Mexican, mounted on the back of a fierce bull, which plunged and flung himself about as if possessed by a legion of demons, and forced the animal to gallop round and round the arena. The bull is first caught by the *lazo*, and thrown on his side, struggling furiously; the man mounts while he is still on the ground. At the same moment the *lazo* is withdrawn, and the bull starts up, maddened by feeling the weight of his unusual burden. The rider must dismount in the same way, the bull being first thrown down, otherwise he would be gored in a moment. It is terribly dangerous, for if the man were to lose his seat his death is nearly certain; but these Mexicans are superb riders. . . . The amusement was suddenly interrupted by sudden darkness and a tremendous storm of rain and thunder, in the midst of which we mounted our horses and galloped home.

'Another bull-fight last evening! It is like *Pulque*; one makes wry faces

faces at it at first, and then begins to like it. One thing was soon discovered, which was that the bulls, if so inclined, could leap upon our platform, as they occasionally sprang over a wall twice as high. There was a part of the spectacle rather too horrible. The horse of one of the picadors was gored, his side torn up by the bull's horn, and in this state, streaming with blood, he was forced to gallop round the circle.—p. 130.

We give Madame Calderon credit for capital nerves; doubtless she would stand a public execution as well. But we have another lady's account of a bull-fight, quite as characteristic, in Mrs. Romer's book, 'The Rhone, the Darro, and the Guadalquivir.' It is true that before the Spanish ladies were well warmed to the scene she was pressing her hands before her eyes in terror and pity, and by the time one noble horse was gored had fled the arena in horror and shame that she had ever sought it. But what Mrs. Romer dared not see has left a far more vivid impression on our minds than all that the Scotch-Spaniard composedly examined.

Mrs. Romer's well written book introduces us to our third and last class,—books recording wanderings of great length, undertaken solely for pleasure and curiosity, consuming much time and money, and as such indulged in especially by those who have both at their command. This class extends to ladies of the highest nobility in the land, who, by the publication of their own journals, have undesignedly introduced many a reader to the manners and phraseology of a state of society quite as foreign as any they can undertake to describe. We are naturally anxious to know how those who go clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, get on in the rude ups and downs of travelling life; for though yachts may be furnished with every luxury—though medical men and air-cushions, and ladies' maids and canteens, and portable tents and Douro chairs, and daguerreotypes, and every modern invention that money can procure, may be included in their outfit—yet the winds will blow, and the waves toss, and the sun beat down, and the dust rise up, and the rain soak through, and hunger, and thirst, and fatigue, and things their delicacy knew not of before, assail them as if they were mere flesh and blood like other people. Upon the whole, however, these tell-tale books are very creditable reporters, and show us that spirit of good sense, good feeling, and good principle which we have ever fondly attributed to the highest ranks of our English women. Modern Europe, it is true, has been tolerably tutored into the anticipation of every English want; and the daintiest woman may now traverse the greater part of it without a rough road, a sour dish, or a doubtful bed. But what is modern Europe to a modern traveller? France, Germany,

many, Switzerland, and Italy, no longer *count* in a fine lady's journal. Trieste is their starting-post, not Dover; and Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Cairo, the cities they desire to see, 'and then die,' or return home and publish, as the case may be. Rides on horseback have now given way to rides on camel-back, dromedary-back, pick-a-back, or any back that can be had; gondolas have yielded to caiques, chars-à-bancs to arabás, laquais de place to kavashes, couriers to dragomen; convents have merged in harems; the Pyramids have extinguished Vesuvius, and St. Sophia has cut out St. Peter's. Honourable and Right Honourable beauties now listen to howling dervishes instead of Tyrolese minstrels; know more of Arabic than their grandmothers did of French; and flirt with beys and pachas instead of counts and barons, and doubtless find them answer the purpose quite as well. As Mrs. Dawson Damer, speaking of Lord Waterford's residence at Cairo a few years back, naïvely observes, 'A European nobleman's visit to Cairo was then a much more rare occurrence than it has lately become. One is a little *désillusionné* now about the East, when at an hotel you are shown the rooms occupied by Lord and Lady S——n, Lord C——H——n, the Hon. Mr. L——, the Baronet and his lady, &c.'

There is perhaps more in this clever lady's remark than even her philosophy dreamt of. Do what we will, a painful thought has haunted us throughout this article. The present generation may take their pleasure with plenty of territory before them, but it is the fate of the future tourist that troubles us. Geologists, they say, have insured a supply of coal for several centuries to come; but who is to supply new countries when the old ones are done? It is all very well to say that the world is wide: what does that help if ladies' minds be wider still? We cannot expect them to put up with cast-off cataracts or second-hand deserts. However, the Niger is still to explore, and two large deserts somewhere in Tartary, and a great many islands in the Pacific not yet *done*; and visits to return from the North American Indians; and no handbook on Central America yet ready; and, in short, a great deal of lady's work still on hand; and meanwhile we have only to be thankful that it was reserved for our times to reap the opinions of ladies of the first quality upon subjects of the highest classical, biblical, and historical importance—a privilege which, to borrow a phrase from their own dictionary, comprehending apparently all that can be desired, is 'highly satisfactory.'

One lady, for example, is inclined to believe that Mount Thabor was not the scene of the Transfiguration, and that the illustration of 'a city on a hill' was not suggested by Saphet.

One

One expresses herself as having been seriously disappointed in the Jordan, which was unmannerly of the river after she had come so far to see it; but, on the other hand, is 'quite satisfied' about the site of Jericho. Another declares the Temple of Theseus at Athens to be 'a positive *bijou*,' though that of Jupiter Olympius is 'less satisfactory.' This, however, is redeemed by her finding the accidental profile of the Duke of Wellington on the rock of the Acropolis, 'something in itself particularly sublime and satisfactory!' Then the fair commentators do not always agree, which is, in one sense, also 'satisfactory.' Lady Francis Egerton doubts whether the church of the Holy Sepulchre, within the walls of Jerusalem, be really the site of Mount Calvary; and indeed proceeds to question whether Mount Calvary were ever a mount at all—while Mrs. Dawson Damer thinks the evidences of its being the actual site 'highly satisfactory,' and throws no light whatsoever on the question of the Mount. Again, Lady F. Egerton implies that she wishes the good Empress Helena further, only decidedly *not* at Jericho, for having built up and over all the most remarkable Scripture localities; while Mrs. Damer thinks that her memory should be revered on that very account, as having preserved what otherwise would have been inevitably lost. Then the Areopagus did not strike her ladyship as at all an appropriate place for St. Paul's addressing the Athenians; while her indefatigable opponent declares it just the very spot, of all others, best fitted for such an occasion. On the whole, we fancy it might be as well that such controversies should be left for the solid erudition and masculine diligence of Dr. Robinson and Lord Nugent. Each lady, however, with her husband and child, was in turn taken for the King and Queen of England—the one travelling with a Prince of Wales, the other with a Princess Royal—which must have been, in every respect, particularly 'satisfactory.'

Another advantage we must by no manner of means pass over. What is the use of plain Mrs. Anybody's getting into courts and harems, and scraping acquaintance with all sorts of illustrious strangers? They cannot tell us *who they are like*! or, if they do, it is somebody that nobody knows anything about; whereas ladies of rank and fashion, by comparing people of quality abroad with people of quality at home, have it in their power to give us the most luminous ideas of both. Thanks to Mrs. Dawson Damer, we now know that one of Osman Bey's wives is like Lady F——y S——t, and another like Lady F——E——; and that a sister of Halib Effendi's is the very image both of Lady A——F——x and of Lady C——y; and we are much the wiser for the information. Also that King Otho of Greece

Greece is an unfavourable likeness of the late Lord Durham, which is the best, it appears, that any of these ladies can say for his majesty.

But in spite of these and some other little fineries which lie on the surface of these works, there is much more of good feeling and right principle they cannot hide. Lady F. Egerton's little volume, taken all in all, well justifies the respect with which we have always heard her name mentioned. Although she travelled with all the comfort and protection which station and wealth could secure to her, and the smooth ways of pilgrimage now permit, yet that one indispensable qualification which the Christian reader demands in all who presume to approach the altar-place of our faith, the absence of which no array of learning and no brilliancy of talent can supply—namely, the genuine *pilgrim's heart*—that we find in Lady F. Egerton's unpretending journal, more than in any other modern expedition to the Holy Land we know. It is not to be expected that casual and passing travellers should be able to furnish us with any new associations of importance, but this lady has done what is as good, if not better: she has responded to our old ones. In every expression of her sentiments—in her deep emotion at first beholding Jerusalem—in her gratitude at being permitted to enter its gates—in her modest hope that the expedition thither had been the source of religious improvement to herself and all her party—we find those feelings which the heart naturally associates with the sacred territory, and which, she needs us not to remind her, are of far more importance in one of her high estate than any stores of erudition or powers of research she might have desired to possess.—But Lady Francis Egerton has received praise after which all other tributes must indeed appear worthless. The companion of her wanderings concludes his own very beautiful record of *the Pilgrimage* with some lines which we must transfer to our page:—

‘ If I too much  
And far have ventured ; if the cherub's wing,  
Which shades the ark, I have presumed to touch ;  
With voice profane if I have dared to sing  
Of themes too high ; and swept the sacred string  
To none but masters of the lyre allowed ;—  
Then may this world's neglect or censure fling  
Its shadow o'er the faults it blames, and shroud  
The rhymers and the rhyme in one oblivious cloud.

‘ Yet, if the world reject the Pilgrim's muse,  
Wilt thou, the Erminia of his brief crusade,  
The tribute of the Wanderer's song refuse,  
Too feebly uttered and too long delayed?

Whose

Whose voice could cheer him ; and whose accents made,  
 Like sound of waters bubbling from the sand,  
 The desert smile ; whose presence, undismayed  
 By toil or danger, o'er our fainting hand  
 Spread, like the prophet's rock, shade in a weary land.

' O guide, companion, monitress, and friend !—  
 And dearer words than these remain behind,—  
 If, in the strain in which I fain would blend  
 Thy name, some charm to which the world were blind,  
 Some dream of past enjoyment thou canst find ;  
 If, to thine ear addressed and only thine,  
 One note of music murmur on the wind ;  
 If in this wreath one flower be found to twine  
 And thou pronounce it sweet, all that I ask is mine.\*

Lady Grosvenor (now Marchioness of Westminster) is in no respect to be included among the ranks of *fine ladies*, except on the score of elevated station. Her ' Narrative of a Yacht Voyage' requires no assistance from her title to give it interest. It is simply a sensible, healthy, and well-written work, utterly free from all affectations, and especially from that which apes humility, and betraying the woman of rank chiefly in the total absence of all attempt to display it. None indeed can open these volumes without feeling that they are conversing with a high-bred, independent-spirited woman—too proud to condescend to be vain—who, having read well, and thought well, and been surrounded from infancy with society of the highest intellect, and objects of the finest art, becomes instructive without any pretension to teach, and interesting, though giving only the simple narrative of her every-day life. Her ladyship is so truly the Englishwoman too in her tastes—such delight in a garden, such interest in a horse, such enjoyment of the sea :—her mind has evidently so much fresh air to it—through all her wanderings you see so evidently the healthy English home she has left. *Bonâ fide*, however, Lady Grosvenor never entirely quitted the atmosphere of home. Her voyages were chiefly performed in her lord's own yacht, and their land expeditions restricted to short visits to the Ionian Isles and the coast of Africa, with a few longer excursions into the interior of Spain and Greece.—We are thus spared all those discontented descriptions of hotel ill-treatment which give a sameness to many journals, while the rough accommodations on the rough road to Granada are described with a humour, as if she thought them, what she probably did, part of the enjoyment. Certainly to make the *periplus* of the Mediterranean in one's own yacht, and

\* Mediterranean Sketches, by Lord F. Egerton (1843), p. 80.

stop for a bit of inland as often as the fancy moves—would seem to be the perfection of pleasure—always barring sea-sickness.

Lady Grosvenor's book is evidently a close transcript of her private journal: there are some chapters in it that could not have been penned except for the use of her own girls, and if she had left these out it might perhaps have been better—certain abridgments of Plutarch for instance. But with these exceptions, we advise no skipping. Throughout she enjoys Nature enthusiastically, tells a story admirably, and here and there gives little touches of truth, which at once light up the scene. For example, speaking of the pestiferous marsh in which ancient Ephesus stands, she says:—'The whole place swarmed with reptiles and insects, the noisy humming of which latter was quite repulsive. Locusts sprang at every step, huge dragon flies, black beetles, and spiders, and enormous ants, and all either creeping, jumping, or gliding about, *as in a bad dream*.'—vol. ii. p. 101.

Also describing the Temple of Seleucus on the Island of Rhodes:—'Fragments of columns now repose in confusion, one over the other; the separate blocks disunited, but lying prostrate in layers from east to west, *like a string of beads unthreaded*.'—vol. ii. p. 304.

From the long habit of a sea life, her ladyship had evidently familiarised herself with the anatomy of a vessel and technicalities of nautical phraseology. Instead, therefore, of mincing the matter with feminine paraphrases, she simply makes use of the terms employed around her. Such passages as these look like an experienced sailor:—'But a breeze sprang up from the north-west at ten A.M., which increased rapidly with a succession of tremendous white squalls; we double-reefed the mainsail, furlled the top-gallant sail, close reefed the topsail, brailed up the fore-sail, single reefed the fore staysail, and furlled the jib; and even then the ship heeled a good deal, and everything was topsyturvy in the cabin.'—vol. ii. p. 217. At the same time we confess that we are taking the correctness of the sea dialect for granted. We do not forget how a certain page in Gulliver took in the landsmen, and maddened Swift's friend the old admiral. At all events the Countess was a fearless sailor—for the Dolphin suffered its full share of sea vicissitudes, and there is a description of a three-days storm off the coast of Portugal, which no reader will find it easy to forget.

The little Dolphin schooner is a great favourite, it would seem, with the fair sex, and has since crossed the Atlantic in the service of another English lady, Mrs. Houston, who spends many an epithet of admiration upon her, and announces with characteristic pride

pride that, from the day of their departure to the day of their return to the Channel, she had not 'shipped a single sea!' We have not room for that notice of the 'Voyage to the Texas' which its lively pages warrant, but it is a work which well accords with our estimate of the travelling Englishwoman. The lady is a daughter of Mr. Jesse, so well known for his charming contributions to the popular literature of Natural History; and she inherits the easy spirit of the paternal pen. Her adventures are often most diverting, and the buoyancy of her temperament seems almost unique—yet all is amiable, gentle, and good.

With the Hon. Mrs. Dawson Damer we return at once to the innermost boudoir of modern fashion. But though the light is stifled with draperies, and the air heavy with perfumes, and every step impeded with prettinesses, and uselessnesses, and nonsenses without end, yet a stream of pure feeling plays through, and genuine mirth is heard, and genuine kindness felt; and something tells us that the inmate must be both healthy, happy, and worthy. There is no objection in the world to a little finery if it be but well done: those only are ridiculous who are one thing and fancy themselves another. Now Mrs. Dawson Damer is *real*; she knows her own foibles as well as anybody else, and is too ready to laugh at them herself for her readers to do so long. Her affectation, too, is of that nice, simple, frank kind which flourishes under any circumstances, makes itself happy with any materials, and can ever and anon slip into positive nature without any very palpable change of manner. This lady can write her own tongue very admirably when she pleases, though she prefers a pepper and salt of French and English, in which she equally excels. In the midst of her gayest scenes, one perceives every now and then—even when she whispers it to a Pacha acquaintance—that she *is* thinking of the 'four deserted children' at home. She travels with every imaginable luxury—lackies and abigails, cook, courier, doctor, and artist—but sets to work to make the beds at Ramla, and picks up sticks herself in the desert with the greatest glee. The French cook is in agonies because he cannot get a turkey for his second course in the tent below *Mount Horeb*: but Mrs. Damer is quite contented with the five chickens he is forced to substitute. Her tent is evidently, wherever she goes, like a fragment of Mayfair: but she is always ready to bear a hand in tricking it out. She has all sorts of pretty longings and wishes—thinks that groups of slaves, each holding a candle, as she sees them in Shami Bey's harem, are the prettiest way imaginable of lighting a room, and fears that 'these animated candlesticks' will quite spoil her for crystal and *ormolu*—longs to buy a little estate in the island of Rhodes, 'if only to furnish sweet oranges

oranges and lemons for one's desserts,' but at the same time puts up with all the *tracasseries*, *désagréments*, and *malentendres*, and other disagreeables—for which of course there are no equivalents in the English language—with perfect equanimity of temper, and has even a kind word to say of the worst accommodation. Some people make you dislike their very virtues—this charming magician manages to put you in good humour even with her foibles.

Among all these

‘Young ladies with pink parasols  
That glide about the Pyramids;’

we pick up sundry notices and traits of Mehemet Ali—quite as correct as those the newspapers supply, and rather more interesting. In spite of his buying up his subjects' cotton cheap, and selling it out dear, and other Pacha-like discrepancies, we feel that an Eastern Peter the Great is governing Egypt—that the massacre of the Mamelukes is but a counterpart to that of the Strelitzes—nay, that the cruelties of the Mahometan despot are less obnoxious on the whole than those of the Christian czar. Mrs. Dawson Damer gives a most spirited account of him—having, on occasion of his inspecting the arsenal, stationed herself close by, and been presented ‘as far as ladies could be.’

‘I never saw so striking and intelligent a countenance, nor one with half the variety of expression. The eye had at one moment that of positive benevolence, and an instant afterwards, when some of the machinery went wrong, it gained the most savage expression; and again when an awkward-looking boy fell down in turning a wheel, it assumed an appearance of fun and mischief, accompanied by a chuckle, for it could not be called a laugh. His costume was very simple—a greenish brown suit, trimmed with ugly light fur, and a red fez (cap)—and he wore pea-green silk gloves. His cloak was held up by one attendant, more as if for the purpose of keeping it out of the dirt than for ceremony. The Captain Pacha was on his left, and Burghos Bey, his prime minister, and five or six others, stood near him, but there was no appearance of the etiquette of a court. The only smart thing belonging to him was his large cherry-coloured parasol, trimmed with gold fringe, of which an ill-dressed Arab had charge, but which the heat of the day did not oblige him to unfurl.

‘We were told that except Mrs. Light, who went in male costume to his levée, no European ladies had ever been in such direct communication with him before. He seemed to be much amused and flattered by our anxiety to see him, and remarked that Minny [Miss Damer] must be the youngest European traveller of her time. All this was communicated through the medium of his interpreter, in Turkish. He professes to know no other language, but I thought as our answers in French were translated, that he frequently appeared to have forestalled the interpreter.’—vol. ii. p. 228.

Thanks,

Thanks, too, to Mrs. Damer's artist, M. Chacaton, we are furnished with a portrait of the Pacha in every way to match this description—representing a handsome intelligent countenance, with an ample brow and a white beard, and a pair of eyes it must be very difficult to throw dust into.

But the best is still to come. It may not be known to all our readers that Mrs. Damer has struck out quite a new line of collecting—and that, instead of filling a show book with the autographs or portraits of distinguished individuals, she is satisfied with nothing less than a lock of their own hair! Having, not long since, succeeded in abstracting the six last black hairs from the noblest and wisest head in Europe, it is not surprising that she plucked up courage on the present occasion; bethought herself that she might not be passing through Alexandria again in a hurry, and that Pachas only live for ever in figures of speech, and, in short, applied for the same token, black or white, from under the turban—no, alas! the chimney-pot fez—that governs Modern Egypt. Mehemet Ali was startled;—if she had asked for his *head* it would have surprised him less! however, he remembered the bright pair of Frank eyes which had pierced him through and through at the arsenal—his heart softened, and though he eluded her immediate request under some excuse about the law of the Prophet—(of course, he had not a hair to give)—he made ample amends by promising much more.

‘He said that in a collection, containing Nelson’s, Napoleon’s, and Wellington’s, his was as yet unworthy to be included; but, if posterity judged otherwise, he would leave in his will a request to Ibrahim Pacha to present me with his *beard*; and if I did not outlive him, it was to descend to the son or daughters who inherited my collection. The ages and names of my children were asked for, and these testamentary arrangements were very gravely made, and written down by the secretary sent for for that purpose. In the evening, at a little party at Captain L.’s, we heard that all Alexandria was ringing with this little episode.’  
—vol. ii. p. 234.

No wonder! What European lady had ever got so far before? Henceforth all generations of Dawson Damer will swear by the beard of the Pacha!

We feel that we owe our readers some apology for having thus late deferred the mention of a lady whose rank takes precedence of all the foregoing, and whose literary merit is no less distinct. We mean Harriet Vane, Marchioness of Londonderry. To Lord Londonderry the public were indebted only a few years back for that picture of the Northern Courts which no other pen but his could have supplied. To Lady Londonderry it now owes the completion of the set, by the addition of those of the  
South,

South, including Constantinople—and two other Courts, never we believe described before, namely, Tetuan and Tangiers. Not, we are happy to say, that information of this value has been in any way purchased by the separation of two personages whose harmony of tastes is so conspicuously exemplary. On the contrary, it is pleasing to observe that Lady Londonderry followed Lord Londonderry north, and Lord Londonderry accompanied Lady Londonderry south. In addition therefore to other excellent merits, this work tends in every way to corroborate that doctrine of English domesticity on which we have dwelt, and cannot fail to impress the lower ranks of readers with the most salutary veneration for the connubial relations of exalted life.

In every other respect, indeed, vast sacrifice was incurred; but this, perhaps, considering the chief aim of their travels, was not to be avoided; for it is obvious that this noble pair were far too much impressed with the responsibility of their high station to think of travelling for their own pleasure. Their objects seem to have been multitudinous—but we are satisfied that their motive was always identical, and that of the most single-hearted description. Sometimes one is tempted to fancy that they had quitted home and all its comforts for the express purpose of binding the British Court in relations of closer amity with those of the rest of Europe, and, as we have said, of some parts of Africa, than the mere official modes of intercourse had been able to effect. At other times it looks as if their exclusive end and aim was the establishment of civilization in backward and careless countries, and the encouragement of it in those that were taking more pains. Perhaps, a few pages further on, you are induced to surmise that they had no other earthly object than to erect themselves as living sign-posts in the most unfrequented regions of Europe, Asia, and Africa—for the warning or instruction of all those who might follow in their steps. But before we conclude the book, there is not a doubt upon our minds that the illustrious travellers were solely and entirely sustained by the desire of impressing upon mankind the great moral lesson of the insufficiency of the highest rank, consequence, and excellence, to screen its owners from the various evils of this world. In short, from whatever aspect we view it, the same broad principle of philanthropy pervades this work, though its actual application is not always so clear.

This must also account for the very decided tone we observe in her Ladyship's style of writing—even as to matters that usually pass for trifles. But Lady Londonderry feels and shows that to those who have a great public object at heart, there are no such things as trifles. Strict uncompromising partiality is her motto throughout.

out. Drachenfels disappointed her, and she does not hesitate to tell it so; whereas Wiesbaden was larger than she expected, and she is equally open in her approbation. Scenery, however beautiful, if it lasted too long, she naturally pronounces troublesome; at the same time the humblest effort of an echo to give her pleasure is met by encouragement. Leaky steamers, mismanaged hotels, and obstinate Germans, she thinks it false humanity to spare; while, on the other hand, the worst behaved weather is admonished rather in astonishment than anger, and in the darkest night she blames nobody but herself for not having bespoken a moon. The same undeviating frankness accompanies her into the social departments of their private life. Her Ladyship dwells with amiable minuteness upon the eagerness of various illustrious individuals to do them honour, but is equally anxious we should be informed of all occasions when personages of similar dignity manifested inferior discernment. In this respect, indeed, the Marquis and Marchioness seem to have been particularly tried; and 'Royal forgetfulness' heads more than one chapter. Lord Londonderry some years ago was treated with what he took for studious rudeness by the Court of the Hague—who can have forgotten that horror, or the consequent kick at the ignoble Dutch nation?—This time the King of Bavaria, who, as Crown Prince, had been very intimate with him, returns 'a flat refusal' to Lord Londonderry's request for an audience; nay, Princess Doria, although often invited to Lady Londonderry's parties in London, peremptorily denies admittance to her palace. 'This is too bad.' Most people would have kept such matters to themselves; but Lady Londonderry knows the moral that must be drawn, and speaks out.

Again, on the occasion of that remarkable epoch in the Turkish history—Lady Londonderry's presentation at the Ottoman court—she enters into particulars which, had she not told them herself, we should probably never have heard of, and certainly never have believed. To us the bright daylight picture (in the *Book of Beauty*) of the Marchioness of Londonderry in full court-dress presents only pleasing ideas of aristocratic splendour and feminine grace; but to the Turks the revelation was too sudden. They had but heard afar off of the goddess of civilisation, and did not know that she went unveiled, far less *décolletée*. At first, therefore, they opened the eyes of astonishment, and then turned the back of confusion; in occidental phrase, the poor Moslems all ran away the moment they beheld the radiant peeress, then peeped behind curtains, and otherwise very much misbehaved themselves. Even when they did recover from their panic, they evidently had not a notion what to do, for they trotted her ladyship up and down, through courts and over terraces,

as if she had been—in short, anything but a ‘High and Mighty Princess.’ Also, to crown the business, when Abdul Medjid finally did make his appearance, he took so little notice of his visitor, and retreated again so quickly, that to those not acquainted with the secret springs of policy which sustained the noble Marchioness, the whole affair might appear absurd and even derogatory.

The presentation to the Bey of Tangiers is, however, a grateful set-off. The costume of the Marchioness, upon this occasion, was not certainly calculated to give the most correct ideas of English court-dress, being merely her ‘travelling-gown and old straw poke bonnet,’ *with her jewels over them.* But the great Hash-Hash was too busy counting his toes to remark any discrepancies of toilette; and, excepting ‘four or five rude girls who laughed immoderately,’ the ceremony passed off with commendable decorum.

Whatever else may be thought of this our grandest insular specimen, it will at least be allowed that the book is rich in amusement. It deserves to be printed on satin, and inlaid with as many crests and coronets as Debrett.

Foreign ladies, as we have already said, neither travel nor write sufficiently to supply any strict analogy. The few, therefore, that do are the more remarkable, and may furnish some comparison as women, if they do not as tourists.

The Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn’s name is well known as the authoress of light and amusing novels—a description of works comparatively unknown before in Germany, and which, in this instance, owe their popularity equally to the perfectly *German* tone of manners and morals they express, as to the brilliant talents they exhibit. These novels, which appeared with a rapidity bespeaking productive powers of no common kind, were occasionally interspersed with accounts of trips to neighbouring countries, undertaken for health or pleasure, and intermingled with episodes, either of story or verse. Of late, however, Countess Hahn-Hahn has appeared almost exclusively in the character of a tourist.

It is difficult to approach such a performer as this with any satisfaction to ourselves. The merits and demerits of her writing are so interwoven that it is hard to pronounce upon them, without being unjust to the one or far too lenient to the other. She is a sort of Pückler Muskau, with this difference, that the same class of cleverness is more becoming in the person of a woman, and the same class of errors infinitely more disgusting; and that she has both in a greater degree. Whether also Countess Hahn-Hahn the novelist has been a profitable predecessor to Countess Hahn-Hahn the tourist—is a question—which we are inclined

inclined to answer in the negative. The tourist has the same smartness of idea, lightness of step, and play of language, but she has also less scope for her fancy, and less disguise for her egotism. What therefore is the chief attraction of the one, viz., the *personal* nature of her writing, becomes the greatest drawback in the other. Now the whole field of emotions and feelings, the whole train of *internal experiences* as German ladies call them, are Countess Hahn-Hahn's particular vein. And with young, pretty, clever, rich, independent heroines to express them, and every imaginable romantic position to excite them, they are perfectly in their place, though seldom what we may approve. But the case is widely different the moment the feigned name is dropped. For when a lady invites you to accompany her, in her own person, through countries suggestive of outer impressions of the utmost interest and novelty, yet pauses every moment to tell you not only her own particular thoughts and feelings, but also those habits, peculiarities, preferences and antipathies, which one would have thought even she herself on such an occasion would have forgotten, we feel tied to one who at home would be rather tiresome, but abroad becomes insufferable—to one who never leaves *self* behind. It is no matter, therefore, whether the novelist be identical with the Countess Faustine, or the Countess Schönhof, or any other of her heroines, as has often been discussed; it is plain that there is but one person ever present to the imagination of the tourist, and that is the Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn. The Germans think to bestow the highest praise on this lady by saying that she writes as if she were talking to you, which we admit, and therefore she becomes egotistical, as all great talkers invariably are, and wearisome from the same reason. Like almost all her countrywomen whom we have the honour of knowing in print, this lady commits the mistake of saying all she thinks—forgetful that few may, and those few don't—and not only what she thinks, but why she thinks, and how she thinks, till any process of that kind on the part of the reader becomes somewhat difficult. It is true that these works are chiefly in the form of letters addressed to relations at home—not fictitious relations, as convenient mediators between a bashful lady and a formidable public, but real brothers and sisters, and 'mammās'—who receive them regularly by post, and afterwards all join in intreating her to publish them, *just as they are*. But this by no means accounts for that predominance of the first person singular of which we complain. We all know that there is a species of egotism, generally closest to our hearts, for which our nearest and dearest have less deference than the newest stranger; and Madame Hahn-Hahn's is of this sort.

To turn, however, to a more grateful subject—those brilliant powers which so irksome a defect and others of a far graver nature have not been able to obscure—we have no hesitation in saying that the Countess possesses some of the requisites for a traveller in a most uncommon degree. In liveliness of observation, readiness of idea, and spirited ease of expression, she is unsurpassed by any lady writer we know—far less by any of her own countrywomen. Wherever, therefore, her pen engages on a subject where the mawkish egotism of the German woman is not excited, or the decorous principle of the English reader not offended, we follow her with the admiration due to rare talents.

Having pretty well exhausted the usual beat of European travelling—having revelled in Spain, reasoned in France, and grumbled in Sweden—the Countess came to a determination rather more extraordinary among the fine ladies of Germany than among those we have just left, namely, that of visiting the East. We pick, therefore, among her ‘*Oriental Letters*’ for average specimens of her style.

Speaking of the plague of dogs in Constantinople—the hordes of living ones—the remains of dead ones—the perpetual offence to every sense—she says,—

‘Enough! If none but dogs were the inhabitants of Constantinople you would find it sufficiently difficult to make your way through a city where heaps of dirt, rubbish, and refuse of every credible and incredible composition obstruct you at every step, and especially barricade the corners of the streets. But dogs are not the only dwellers. Take care of yourself—here comes a train of horses, laden on each side with skins of oil—all oil without as well as within. And, oh! take care again, for behind are a whole troop of asses, carrying tiles and planks, and all kinds of building materials. Now give way to the right for those men with baskets of coals upon their heads, and give way, too, to the left for those other men—four, six, eight at a time, staggering along with such a load of merchandise, that the pole, thick as your arm, to which it is suspended, bends beneath the weight. Meanwhile don’t lose your head with the braying of the asses, the yelling of the dogs, the cries of the porters, or the calls of the sweetmeat and chesnut vendors, but follow your dragoon, who, accustomed to all this turmoil, flies before you with winged steps, and either disappears in the crowd or vanishes round a corner. At length you reach a cemetery. We all know how deeply the Turks respect the graves of the dead—how they visit them and never permit them to be disturbed, as we do in Europe, after any number of years. In the abstract this is very grand, and when we imagine to ourselves a beautiful cypress grove with tall white monumental stones, and green grass beneath, it presents a stately and solemn picture. Now contemplate it in the reality. The monuments are overthrown, dilapidated, or awry—several roughly paved streets intersect the space—here sheep are feeding—

feeding—there donkeys are waiting—here geese are cackling—there cocks are crowing—in one part of the ground linen is drying—in another carpenters are planing—from one corner a troop of camels defile—from another a funeral procession approaches—children are playing—dogs rolling—every kind of the most unconcerned business going on. And what can be a greater profanation of the dead? But, true enough, where they were buried four hundred years ago, there they lie still.’—vol. i. p. 133.

Her remarks, too, from the Pyramids are such as have not often reached us thence:—

‘Dear Brother,—If any one had said to me up there, between the foundation of this pyramid and that of the railroad at Vienna there are as many thousand years as there are thousands of miles from the planet Earth to the planet Syrius, I should have answered at once, “Of course there are.” I seemed to be standing on an island in the midst of the ether, without the slightest connection with all that hearts are throbbing with below. Time seemed to have rent a cleft around me deeper than the deepest ravine in the highest mountain of the Alps. Then one’s very view below becomes so utterly—what shall I say?—so utterly lifeless. In the whole immense plain beneath you there is not one prominent feature. It is merely a geographical map with coloured spaces—blue-green, yellow-green, sap-green—just as the culture may be. Among them palm-woods and gardens like dark spots, canals like silver stripes, and banks like black bars. Far and faint the brownish, formless masses of the city, wrapt in its own exhalations. And last of all, but seemingly quite near, the Desert—here no longer horrible. If in time itself there be such enormous deserts, where hundreds of years lie bare and waste, and only here and there some intellectual building, together with the builder, appear in the midst, like an oasis for the mind, why should not a few hundred miles of sand lie barren here upon earth? But even if Fairyland itself lay smiling round, it would make no difference. The pyramid is everything. Like a great mind, it overpowers all in its vicinity. Even the Nile becomes insignificant. As the mountains attract the clouds, so does the pyramid attract the thoughts, and make them revolve perpetually round it. Dear Brother, it is a wonderful sight when man gets up his creations in a kind of rivalry with Eternity, as this old Cheops has done.’—vol. iii. p. 39.

One can hardly imagine this to be the same woman who shortly before had gone off into an ultra-German rhapsody about the bliss of a soft melancholy of the soul, ‘serious yet not dejected,’ and who longs ‘to go to sleep in *herself*, rocked by the waves of her own heart!’

Now for a specimen of what is very beautiful, and the more surprising, considering it occurs not above a couple of pages off that ardently desired self-contained cradle!—namely, the lady’s account of the rebuilding of the convent on Mount Carmel by the energies and exertions of one single individual. We are

sorry

sorry to be obliged to curtail it, as it is more creditable to her pen and to her feelings than any other part of the work.

In 1819, Father Giovanni Baptista, an architect, received an order from the papal chair to proceed to Palestine, and ascertain the state of this convent. He found it as the Turks had left it upon Napoleon's retreat—plundered, ruined, and deserted, except by one monk, who loitered in a village at the foot. What there was to do was easily ascertained, for everything was to be done: but the times were unfavourable. Abdallah Pacha ruled in Syria—the Greek war had just commenced—whatever the Christians did was looked upon with suspicion; and the father returned to Rome. But the thought that the Holy Mountain no longer offered a home to the Christian and a resting place to the pilgrim, but that wild beasts and wilder Bedouins alone trod the sacred ground, never forsook him. In 1826 times had improved. He journeyed to Constantinople—obtained, through French influence, a firman to rebuild the convent, and with this repaired to Syria. The one monk had meanwhile died, and Father Baptista stood alone in the ruins. He now made a plan of the building, and an estimate of the costs—and then—

‘From Damascus to Gibraltar, from Morocco to Dublin, did his unwearied energy carry him; and whenever he had collected a certain sum, back he came to Syria, stood once more on Mount Carmel, and exchanged the wayworn pilgrim for the active architect. Of course he accomplished his end. For several years the convent has now stood on Mount Carmel, an asylum of mercy for all who need it, ready to receive Jew and Turk, Protestant and Heathen, *for God's sake*. Three days is the time allotted to each traveller. The sick may stay longer; also whoever needs them receives provision or clothes for the way. The building and fitting up cost 500,000 francs, and Father Giovanni Baptista *begged them all*—from high and low—from prince and from artizan. The beautiful marble pavement was presented by the Duke of Modena—the bells by the King of Naples—the little organ by the Queen. He himself, the pious builder, lives here as one of the six monks of the convent. . . . But is not this beautiful? A poor monk comes with empty hands, but with a strong will and a full heart, and accomplishes all he desires—literally all—permission, plan, money—and within ten years completes his work—and this in our days too! Dear friend! you are a tolerably zealous Protestant, but this you must admit, that Protestantism has a dreadful narrowness of heart. In the hospital of the Protestant Sisters of Mercy at Berlin, *no Roman Catholic is admitted!* In what Roman Catholic hospital in the world is this the case? In none, I believe. Wherever Protestantism applies itself to good works, it contracts a narrow-minded pietistical taint, which deals uncharitably with every other denomination. And why? *because its essence is not Love*. In the assertion of rights it was born—in the struggle with abuses it has grown—and assertion and struggle, even in things

things divine, make mankind hard and egotistical; and thus has Protestantism remained. . . . Reflection is also a Protestant element—at once the spark that animates, and the fire that destroys it. Apparently Father Giovanni Baptista reflected but little before he applied to the work, otherwise the difficulties would have deterred him. He said to himself, “This work must thou do,” and then he did it. Such men are *my men*.”—vol. ii. p. 132.

We beg to assure Madame Hahn-Hahn that the Protestantism of our country is as Catholic in its charities as that of her Berlin hospital seems to be exclusive. The passage we have quoted is, however, most beautiful, and as Catholic as the most Catholic hearts of the day could desire. But let them not rejoice too soon over their adherent. In German phrase she is *many-sided*—she can argue just as warmly, though not quite so intelligibly, with one of the infidel parties in Germany, that the whole plan of Christianity is only to be taken in a philosophical sense; *e.g.* that ‘Christ had that view over this short life, and that insight into the souls of men, *which only those possess who have come to the perfect comprehension of their own I*—therefore might He say of himself, *I have overcome the world.*’ (vol. ii. p. 144.) She can as heartily agree with another party in the interpretation of the miracles on physical principles, and announces herself as ‘really delighted, that, in a journey undertaken for no positive use, she has been able, at all events, to prove one thing for the benefit of the rational interpreters of the Bible—viz., that the feeding of the five thousand, which Christ undertook with a few loaves and fishes, is, in this country, neither a miracle nor an impossibility, but really quite natural.’ (vol. ii. p. 182.) We should like to know how? She can declare with all the infidel parties of Germany at once, that whatever each believes to be true, is, *therefore*, true; and that the great right of the mind is to free itself from the domination of every belief that rests upon authority; and finally, she has a little private creed peculiar to herself alone, but ‘strong and impregnable, namely, *my belief*, that I am a child of God, for whom all churches are too narrow.’ !!

This is certainly not much in the spirit of Father Giovanni Baptista. We doubt whether she be one of *his* women. Whoever wishes to know more about Madame Hahn-Hahn’s religion, need only refer to the table of contents, 27th Letter, ‘What I think of Christianity—What I believe;’ but they must be very patient who get through the said letter, and very clever to understand it. At the same time we pass no condemnation on Madame Hahn-Hahn for those opinions which, with all her imaginary freedom, she evidently holds, as it is natural for many men and most women to do, just because they are held by all around her.

But

But it must be owned, that if there be one place in the world where the empty gibberish of modern German infidelity is least to be borne, it is *Jerusalem*.

There is one point in these letters to which we advert unwillingly, though, considering how very free this lady is on all subjects connected with herself, our delicacy is perhaps misplaced. We mean the occasional and offhand allusion to a certain Baron Bystram, in a manner that shows he was the constant companion of her travels, and also her sole companion. It would be as uncharitable to attack the reputation of a lady who in this respect gives us no other cause for offence throughout the book, as it would be absurd to defend that of the German *Divorcée* who could write 'Faustine.' We only mention it as an illustration of the difference between the home and foreign standard of propriety. Madame Hahn-Hahn does not parade this equivocal matter, as if determined to outbrazen all opinion—on the contrary, she alludes to it so seldom, that had the semblance of decorum been of any value in her eyes, she might have concealed it from the public altogether. 'Bystram' is of no use to her that we can discover, and she repudiates the idea of help or protection.

We have met with but one other German lady traveller who commits her impressions to paper. This is a certain Frau v. Bacharach, authoress of a novel called 'Lydia,' and of a volume entitled 'Theresa's Letters from the South.' We know nothing of the novel, but certainly the Letters are in no way deserving notice, except as a specimen of a class of which there are so few. Theresa deals so unceasingly in vague longings and mysterious sorrows—she has such pages of dialogue with her own soul, such sheets of description of her own mental scenery, that we lose all sight of the road she is travelling, and augur but ill for the home she has left. She is young, wealthy, and happily married (we are assured in the preface); nevertheless, these letters are addressed to some male friend of her soul, who may be old enough to be her grandfather, or cold enough to be her Mentor, but whom she thinks of always, and longs for everywhere, and apostrophises with an ardour which the mere English reader will consider as throwing rather a new light upon the relations of friendship.

To come back to our English books—in times like these the luxury of travel, like every other that fashion recommends, or that money can purchase, will necessarily be shared in by many utterly unfitted to profit by it. Nevertheless, while we lament much desecration of beautiful scenes and hallowed sites, let us turn to the brighter side of the question; and rejoice that the long continuation of peace, the gradual removal of prejudices,

dices, the strength of the British character, and the faith in British honesty, have not only made way for the foot of our countryman through countries hardly accessible before, but also for that of the tender and delicate companion, whose participation in his foreign pleasures his home habits have made indispensable to him. We are aware that much more might have been said about the high endowments of mind and great proficiency of attainment which many of these lady tourists display; but we fear no reproach for having brought forward their domestic virtues as the truest foundation for their powers of travelling, and the reflex of their own personal characters as the highest attraction in their books of travel. It is not for any endowments of intellect, either natural or acquired, that we care to prove the Englishwoman's superiority over all her foreign sisters, but for that soundness of principle and healthiness of heart, without which the most brilliant of women's books, like the most brilliant woman herself, never fails to leave the sense of something wanted—a something better than all she has besides.

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ART. VI.—*A Hand-book for Travellers in Spain*. By Richard Ford. 2 vols. London, 1845.

OUR friend Mr. Murray's *Hand-books* have now been our companions through many a pleasant holiday excursion; and we can most conscientiously add our voice to the general chorus of approbation. For direct usefulness on the road we think those for France, Switzerland, Germany, and the Netherlands are the best; and we believe these have all been done mainly and substantially by the same person—the Editor himself—in this case *Editor* in the French as well as in the English sense of that respected vocable. In some of the others we miss the quiet steady good sense that characterises his early volumes—the patient adherence to a simple purpose—the resistance of every temptation that must needs beset a well-informed man when he undertakes a task of this description. In them we have neither theory nor fine writing, nor anything else that—however amusing, agreeable, or instructive—swells the book without adding proportionally to its universal practical value as a *hand-book*. The series, in a word, includes some volumes of (in our mind) too ambitious execution. We do not mean to say that we ourselves have found these deficient, when put to the test, in respect of the sort of information which everybody looks for in a volume bearing this title—but still we think them liable to

to various and serious objections. First of all, any unnecessary increase of bulk and weight is a real evil, as all who do not travel in their own carriage, with unlimited capacity of stowage, will soon find out. Secondly, when the author of a hand-book diverges from the plain matter-of-fact system, he incurs great risk of introducing what may prove obnoxious to the censorship of foreign states—what will at least be sure to excite suspicion and cause delay whenever the manual presents itself to a punctilious agent in an out-of-the-way locality. Thirdly, let the extraneous matter be never so good, it cannot be sufficient to answer at every point of great interest the demands of the historical or antiquarian class of travellers: yet, if it be in the portmanteau, such traveller will hesitate about providing himself with a native supplement, and not perhaps discover till it is too late, that, in trusting to his London *vademecum*, he condemned himself to see when on the spot only one side of a perplexed question.

In the midst of numberless difficulties and temptations, we incline to think that—as a general rule—the author of a *hand-book* should be as full as he can on the wayside and the minor halts, and as short as he can on the great cities. In most of these you can easily borrow for the occasion local works of tolerable reach and authority; and if on one side it is most agreeable to have an intelligent Englishman for your cicerone when examining the architecture, galleries, &c. of a foreign capital, it is on the other hand undeniable, that by giving yourself entirely to his leading, you lose much. You lose a great deal in not seizing the opportunity to regard the things from the native's point of view—you have a great loss in not reading about the things in the native language—you part with much that would be most likely to excite the feeling proper to the spot, kindle and feed the imagination, and stamp a permanent impression on your memory.

It would be most ungrateful in us to speak disparagingly of such a volume as the '*Hand-book for Northern Italy*.' It is the work of a man of most lively abilities and very great mediæval learning, who has devoted many laborious summers and autumns to this magnificent region, and embodied a curious mass of knowledge in language always clear, often eloquent. Many a monotonous plain—many a wet day—many a long evening in many a bad inn, has he carried us through pleasantly—and many thanks we owe him. But he should never have done a *Hand-book*. It is evident that he has pillaged for its purposes a private journal which ought to have been made public—not in fragments after this fashion—but entire; and, moreover, many of the plums do not in any way harmonise with the pudding in which he has now  
thought

thought fit to insert them. In short, Sir Francis Palgrave has his own peculiar doctrines and speculations on a wide range of subjects—and people in general, and we ourselves in particular, are at all times happy to listen to them—but almost anywhere rather than in a *Hand-book*—dovetailed among enumerations of Posts and calculations of Scudi, and hints (none shrewder) towards the frustration of the postilion and the *laquais de place*. Sir Francis could and should have given us a book of a very high order—one entitled to rank with the late Mr. Rose's 'Letters to Mr. Hallam.' We should then have had his views fairly opened—his erudition and criticism fully displayed: as it is, every patch on his canvass bag makes us sigh that a silken robe has been cut up.

It is clear at a glance that Mr. Ford's *Hand-book for Spain* sins against the rule we have ventured to lay down. It sins even more largely than the volume for Northern Italy. We are satisfied no person of literary taste can lay it down without regret that Mr. Ford should have chosen this sort of vehicle. At the same time there are notable differences in the two cases. For Venice, Verona, Genoa, Florence, Milan, &c., there were plenty of excellent Guides in French, German, and, above all, in Italian, long before the Albemarle Street series began. For the cities of Spain there were, with very few exceptions, none decently endurable. Not only is Spain, as a whole, for the European traveller of intelligent curiosity, a new land—but we doubt if, besides the capital itself and Seville, there exists for one considerable town a native volume in which such a traveller could find the information most immediately requisite for his objects, or even any sort of indication where or how he might obtain it. On the mere antiquities of various places—and for ecclesiastical antiquities in general—there exist undoubtedly good old Spanish treatises and compilations; but even as to them we think we may abridge all controversy by an extract from Mr. Ford's own *section* on Spanish booksellers:—

'A Spanish bookseller sits ensconced among his parchment-bound wares, more indifferent than a Turk. His delight is to twaddle with a few cigaesque clergymen, and monks, when there were monks, for they were almost the only purchasers. He acts as if he were the author, or the collector, not the vendor of his books. He scarcely notices the stranger's entrance; neither knows what books he has, or what he has not got; he has no catalogue, and will scarcely reach out his arm to take down any book which is pointed out; he never has anything which is published by another bookseller, and will not send for it for you, nor always even tell you where it may be had. As for gaining the trade—allowance by going himself for a book, he would not stir if it were twenty-five hundred instead of twenty-five per cent.

'When a Spanish bookseller happens not to be receiving visitors, and will

will attend to a customer, if you ask him for any particular book, say Caro's "Antiquities of Seville," he will answer "*Veremos*—call again in a day or two." When you return the third or fourth time, he will hand you Pedraza's "Antiquities of Granada." It is in vain to remonstrate. He will reply, "*No le hace, lo mismo tiene, son siempre antigüedades*—what does it signify? it is the same thing, both are antiquities." If you ask for a particular history, ten to one he will give you a poem, and say, "This is thought to be an excellent book." A book is a book, and you cannot drive him from that; "*omne simile est idem*," is his rule. If you do not agree, he will say, "Why an Englishman bought a copy of it from me five years ago." He cannot understand how you can resist following the example of a *paisano*, a countryman. If he is in good humour, and you have won his heart by a reasonable waste of time in gossiping or cigarising, he will take down some book, and, just as he is going to offer it to you, say, "Ah! but you do not understand Spanish;" which is a common notion among Spaniards, who, like the Moors, seldom themselves understand any language but their own; and this although, as you flatter yourself, you have been giving him half an hour's proof to the contrary: then, by way of making amends, he will produce some English grammar or French dictionary, which, being unintelligible to him, he concludes must be particularly useful to a foreigner, whose vernacular they are. An odd volume of Rousseau or Voltaire used to be produced with the air of a conspirator, when the dealer felt sure that his customer was a safe person, and with as much self-triumph as if it had been a *Tirante lo Blanc*. His dismay at the contemptuous *bah!* with which these tomes of forbidden knowledge were rejected could only be depicted by Hogarth.—vol. i. pp. 138, 139.

This we suppose is enough to make the intending tourist acquiesce in our apology for Mr. Ford. At all events let not those who stay at home to read about Spain quarrel with this performance, merely because it teems with evidence that its author could have done himself more justice had he written in some other form and fashion. Twenty years ago such a man, so laden with knowledge and thought, would, on returning from a seven or eight years' residence in Spain, have furnished the Albemarle Street press with a couple of splendid quartos, whether in the shape of Letters from Spain, or Travels in Spain, or (*eo nomine*) a Panorama of Spain. At half the distance of time we should have our four comely octavos. Now all is changed; and the best English book, beyond all comparison, that ever has appeared for the illustration not merely of the general topography and local curiosities, but of the national character and manners of Spain—her arts, antiquities, peculiarities of every conceivable class—appears in the modest guise of a 'red Murray,' in two pocket volumes. We have no doubt that the work includes a capital *hand-book*,—but it is not, in fact, to be tried at all by that

that standard. If the extraneous disquisitions were printed by themselves, we should have before us a first-rate library book; and it is in this light chiefly that we shall regard it henceforth.

Mr. Ford unites qualifications not often combined. He is a man of fortune and fashion—a scholar who has cultivated through life the tastes of Winchester and Oxford—a thorough Latinist and Grecian—a fair Orientalist—well acquainted with every part of civilised Europe, and its history and modern literature—an amateur artist, second to no one now living of that class—a man of strong general ability, keen sagacity, genuine playful wit, and master of a highly picturesque, animated, original, and attractive style. This gentleman has lived many of the best years of his life in Spain: he has travelled it over and over in every direction; is as much at home there, in the matter of language, as he is in England; understands the people *intus et in cute*—their history, their books, and whatever interests or characterises them. He has thought fit to undertake a task, humble in sound, but in fact gigantic; and whatever he may have sacrificed for its accomplishment, there can be no question that he has entitled himself to our warmest gratitude.

*Le style c'est l'homme*—there is no truer saying. Here is the style of a man who has from boyhood been a *helluo librorum*: but who has not been much in the habit of writing (except of course note-books and private letters); and who, if he occasionally vexes us by odd rigidities and quaintnesses—so bursting with accumulated illustrations that he knows not how to deliver himself adroitly—atones a hundredfold by having escaped all taint of the newspaper jargon, which infects and infests almost every thing that comes in these days from either the French or the English press; that often vague and roundabout, now creeping, anon cloudy, but ever easy, ever redundant *slang* which, originating in the habits of the penny-a-liner, has pervaded to a melancholy extent almost everything upwards—‘leading article’—‘crack article’—blue-book—blue-stockings book—novels—travels—memoirs—Lives of Surgeons, and ‘Lives of the Saints’—which penetrating Hansard bids fair to pass into History. When all men in England read so much newspaper every day in the year—and, generally speaking, so little else—how can it be otherwise? But Mr. Ford has lived in the library—the real hoary, dusty library of folios and fathers, Strabo, Athenæus, Ducange, Camden, Bayle, Feyjoo and the Benedictines—anywhere but in the clubs of Pall Mall (though he understands them too of old)—and he writes English, as if there never had been a ‘best public instructor’ since the ‘*Mercurius Britannicus*.’ It might be wished that he had spared some more days and nights for

for Dryden, Swift, Addison, and Chesterfield; but we cannot have all things from the same man; and here is a book in which any of these would have found fifty times more to admire than to cavil at. Wherefore it well becomes us to let him speak for himself.

Mr. Ford has little sympathy with the hacknied complaints about either the difficulty or the danger of travelling in Spain. He has a passionate love for the country as a country, and a warm *gusto* at least for the people as a people; and he asserts that whether his English reader be addicted mainly to natural scenery for its own sake, or to the exploration of a new region of botanical or geological interest, or to architecture and *ecclesiology*, or to the pursuits which carried Wilkie beyond the Pyrenees, or to rural sports—especially angling—he may turn to Spain with the certainty of finding ample gratification for his propensities, and with no fear of more adventures than should serve to quicken his enjoyment. That is to say, provided the traveller will really condescend to follow the advice, on various practical points, of Mr. Ford's own preliminary lecture. He says:—

‘There are few real difficulties in getting onward when at the spots themselves; it is before we set out, or arrive, that these appear insurmountable, but they vanish as we advance. The Alps and Pyrenees, which in the distance rise up an apparently impassable barrier, are studded with paths by which they may be crossed, which do not, however, become visible until they are actually approached. Travelling in Spain may indeed be slower than in other countries, but the country is travelled over day and night in every direction by the natives, who arrive at their journey's end safe and sound, and with quite as great certainty as elsewhere: knowing this, they are never in a hurry; and, however scanty their baggage, they are well supplied with patience and good humour, which they oppose successfully to those petty annoyances from which no road is exempt; and they are too practical philosophers to distress themselves with the anticipation of calamities which, after all, in nineteen cases out of twenty, never do really happen. Spain, like Ireland, has long had a name far worse than it deserves: to read the English newspapers, which thrive on startling events, both appear dens of thieves and law-breakers, whose works are battle, murder, and sudden death; all this *couleur de noir* becomes roseate on landing, and the traveller makes his tour without hearing a word on the subject.’—p. 76.

His observations on Spanish servants must be given at more length—they will introduce Mr. Ford to the personal acquaintance of the reader.

‘The principal defects of Spanish servants and of the lower classes of Spaniards are much the same. They are, as a mass, apt to indulge in habits of procrastination, waste, improvidence, and untidiness; they are unmechanical, obstinate, and incurious, ill-educated  
and

and prejudiced, and either too proud, self-opinionated, or idle, to ask for information from others; they are very loquacious and highly credulous, as often is the case with those given to romancing, which they, and especially the Andalucians, are to a large degree; and, in fact, it is the only remaining romance in Spain, as far as the natives are concerned. As they have an especial good opinion of themselves, they are touchy, sensitive, jealous, and thin-skinned, and easily affronted whenever their imperfections are pointed out; their disposition is very sanguine and inflammable; they are always hoping that what they eagerly desire will come to pass without any great exertion on their parts; they love to stand still with their arms folded, angling for impossibilities, while other men put their shoulders to the wheel. Their lively imagination is very apt to carry them away into extremes for good or evil, when they act on the moment like children, and having gratified the humour of the impulse relapse into their ordinary tranquillity, which is that of a slumbering volcano. On the other hand, they are full of excellent and redeeming qualities; they are free from caprice, hardy, patient, cheerful, good-humoured, sharp-witted, and intelligent; they are honest, faithful, and trustworthy; sober, and unaddicted to mean, vulgar vices; they have a bold, manly bearing, and will follow well wherever they are well led, being the raw material of as good soldiers as are in the world; they are loyal and religious at heart, and full of natural tact, mother wit, and innate good manners.

In general, a firm, quiet, courteous, and somewhat reserved manner is the most effective. Whenever duties are to be performed, let them see that you are not to be trifled with. The coolness of a determined Englishman's manner, when in earnest, is what few foreigners can withstand. Grimace and gesticulation, sound and fury, bluster, petulance, and impertinence, fume and fret in vain against it, as the sprays and foam of the Mediterranean do against the unmoved and immoveable rock of Gibraltar. An Englishman, without being over-familiar, may venture on a far greater degree of unbending in his intercourse with his Spanish dependants than he can dare to do with those he has in England. It is the custom of the country; they are used to it, and their heads are not turned by it, nor do they ever forget their relative positions. The Spaniards treat their servants very much like the ancient Romans or the modern Moors; they are more their *vernæ*, their domestic slaves: it is the absolute authority of the father combined with the kindness. Servants do not often change their masters in Spain: their relations and duties are so clearly defined, that the latter runs no risk of compromising himself by his familiarity, which can be laid down or taken up at his own pleasure. In England no man dares to be intimate with his footman; for supposing even such absurd fancy entered his brain, his footman is his equal in the eye of the law. Conventional barriers accordingly must be erected in self-defence: and social barriers are more difficult to be passed than walls of brass, more impossible to be repealed than the whole statutes at large.

No master in Spain, and still less a foreigner, should ever descend to  
personal

personal abuse, sneers, or violence. A blow is never to be washed out except in blood; and Spanish revenge descends to the third and fourth generation. There should be no threatenings in vain; but whenever the opportunity occurs for punishment, let it be done quietly and effectively, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*; and the fault once punished should not be needlessly ripped up again; Spaniards are sufficiently unforgiving, and hoarders up of unrevenged grievances: they do not require to be reminded. A kind and uniform behaviour, a showing consideration to them, in a manner which implies that you are accustomed to it, and expect it to be shown to you, keeps most things in their right places. Temper and patience are the great requisites in the master, especially when the traveller speaks the language imperfectly. He must not think Spaniards stupid because they cannot guess the meaning of his unknown tongue. Nothing is gained by fidgeting and overdoing. However early you may get up, daybreak will not take place the sooner: *no por mucho madrugar, amanece mas temprano*. Let well alone: be not zealous overmuch: be occasionally both blind and deaf: *a lo que no te agrada haz te el sordo*. Keep the door shut, and the devil passes by: *de puerta cerrada el diablo se torna*. Fret not about what is done, and cannot be helped; but keep honey in mouth and an eye to your cash: *miel en boca y guarda la bolsa*.

‘Still how much less expenditure is necessary in Spain than in performing the commonest excursion in England; and yet many who submit to their own countrymen’s extortions are furious at what they imagine is especial cheating of them, *quasi* Englishmen, abroad: this outrageous economy, with which some are afflicted, is penny wise and pound foolish. The traveller must remember that he gains caste, gets brevet rank in Spain, that he is taken for a lord, and ranks with their nobility; he must pay for these luxuries: how small after all will be the additional per centage on his general expenditure, and how well bestowed is the excess, in keeping the temper good, and the capability of enjoying a tour, which only is performed once in a life, unruffled. No wise man who goes into Spain for amusement will plunge into this guerrilla, this constant petty warfare, about sixpences. Let the traveller be true to himself; avoid bad company, *quien hace su cama con perros, se levanta con pulgas*, and make room for bulls and fools, *al loco y toro da le corro*, and he may see Spain agreeably, and, as Catullus said to Veranius, who made the tour many centuries ago, may on his return amuse his friends and “old mother” by telling his own stories after his own way:

“Visam te incolumem, audiamque Iberum  
Narrantem loca, facta, nationes,  
Sicut tuus est mos.”—pp. 65, 66.

Mr. Ford is (as may be expected of a Devonshire gentleman) a high Churchman—a staunch *Anglo-catholic*;—nay, one might almost suspect him, from incidental expressions, of a leaning to the doctrine of the Oxford Tracts. However, his advice as to  
reserve

reserve on theological topics is, we have no doubt, that which Protestants of every shade will do well to follow:—

‘It will be better to avoid all religious discussions whatever, on which the natives are very sensitive. There is too wide a gulf between, ever to be passed. Spaniards, who, like the Moslem, allow themselves great latitude in laughing at monks, priests, and professors of religion, are very touchy as regards the articles of their creed: on these, therefore, beware of even sportive criticism; *con el ojo y la fe, nunca me burlaré*. The whole nation, in religious matters, is divided only into two classes—bigoted Romanists or infidels: there is no *via media*. The very existence of the Bible is unknown to the vast majority, who, when convinced of the cheats put forth as religion, have nothing better to fall back on but infidelity. They have no means of knowing the truth; and even the better classes have not the *moral courage* to seek it: they are afraid to examine the subject—they anticipate an unsatisfactory result, and therefore leave it alone in dangerous indifferentism; and even with the most liberal—with those who believe everything except the Bible—the term *hereje* (heretic) still conveys an undefined feeling of horror and disgust which we tolerant Protestants cannot understand. A *Lutheran* they scarcely believe to have a soul, and almost think has a tail. The universal high-bred manner of Spaniards induces them to pass over, *sub silentio*, whatever unfavourable suspicions they may entertain of a foreigner’s belief; they are even willing to commit a pious fraud in considering him innocent, and a Roman Catholic, until the contrary be proved. It therefore rests with the traveller to preserve his religious *incognito*; and, unless he wishes to enjoy the sufferings of a martyr, he will not volunteer his notions on theology. One thing is quite clear, that, however serious and discouraging the blows recently dealt to the Pope, the cause of infidelity, and not of Protestantism, has hitherto been the sole gainer.’—vol. i. p. 168.

Of no less *catholic* utility is Mr. Ford’s brief admonition on the subject of Spanish mendicants.

‘Few Spaniards can afford to give much; the many pass on the other side. Familiarity has blunted their finer emotions of sympathy, and their charity *must* begin at home, and, from seldom stirring out, is the coldest thing in this torrid climate.

‘Now John Bull is held abroad to be a golden calf, and is worshipped and plundered; the Spaniard, from Toreno downwards, thinks our travellers to be laden with ore, like the asses of Arcadia, and that, in order to get on lighter, they are as ready as Lucullus to throw it away. The moment one comes in sight, the dumb will recover their speech and the lame their legs; he will be hunted by packs as a bag-fox; his pursuers are neither to be called nor whipped off. They persevere in the hopes that they may be paid a something as a hush-money, in order to be got rid of; nor let any traveller ever open his mouth, whether for foul or fair words, unless he intends opening his purse. Every sound that comes out is sweet to their ears, and perfect harmony in proportion as the Spanish is ill pronounced; no pearls or diamonds, which dropped

from the lips of the Arabian princess, can be more precious than the *certainty* thus obtained, that, however well put on his capa, the speaker is not a Spaniard, but a foreigner—*Quære peregrinum vicinia rauca reclamationat*. If the pilgrim does once in despair give, the fact of the arrival in town of a charitable man spreads like wild-fire; all follow him the next day, just as crows do a brother-bird in whose crop they have smelt carrion at the night's roost. None are ever content; the same beggar comes every day; his gratitude is the lively anticipation of future favours; he expects that you have granted him an annuity. But there is a remedy for everything. The *qualche cosa* of the Italian beggar is chilled by the cutting *cè niente*; the English vagrant by the hint of "policeman," or the gift, not of sixpence, but of a mendicity ticket. Lane (ii. 28) gives the exact forms, *Al'lah zer'zook*, God will sustain; *Al'lah yaateeh*, God give thee; with which alone the analogous Egyptian beggar will be satisfied. So, in Spain, the specific which operates on the mangy crew like brimstone, the special plea to which there is no demurrer, is this—and let the traveller character the form on the tablet of his memory—*Perdona V<sup>ra</sup>. por Dios, Hermano!* My brother, will your worship excuse me, for God's sake! The beggar bows—he knows that all further application is useless; the effect is certain if the words be quietly and gravely pronounced.—pp. 180, 181.

From the introductory part addressed more especially to the lover of painting, we must again quote liberally—there is no department in which the reader may rely more completely on the science of his guide.

'Wilkie called Spain the Timbuctoo of artists. It is indeed a *terra incognita* of a great and national school of artists, of whom, with the exception of Velazquez, Murillo, and a few others, even the names have scarcely transpired beyond the Pyrenees. Art, like everything in that isolated and little-visited land, has long remained hermetically sealed up. The *collecting* propensities of sundry French generals did her a good turn, although one perfectly unintended. They emancipated many of her imprisoned disciples, who thus were admitted into the fellowship of the great masters of the rest of Europe. Yet the knowledge of Spanish art is still vague and uncertain; beyond Velazquez and Murillo few paintings have any marketable value. They are not the fashion, and from not being understood are not appreciated. There are three grand schools in Spain; first and foremost is that of Seville, secondly that of Valencia, and thirdly that of the Castiles or Madrid; and these again (Velazquez excepted), in local and uncommunicating Spain, are best to be studied in their own homes, hanging like ripe oranges on their native branches.

'The general character of the Spanish school of painting is grave, religious, draped, dark, natural, and decent. The Church, the great patron, neither looked to Apelles or Raphael, to Venus or the Graces; she employed painting to furnish objects of devotion, not of beauty or delight; to provide painted books for those who could not read printed ones; to disseminate and fix on the popular memory those especial subjects by which *her* system was best supported, *her* purposes answered,

answered, and what Tacitus calls the "*sacra ignorantia*" of her flocks maintained; and this accounts for the *professional* character of Spanish art, which, as old Thomas Coryate (ii. 256) observed at Frankfort, contains "a world of excellent pictures, inventions of singular curiosity, whereof most were religious and such as tended to mortification:" hence the hagiographic, hieratic, legendary, and conventional character of the compositions. The jealous church, in her palmy power, treated art like the priests of Egypt; it was to be silent, impassive, and immutable. She exacted a stern adhesion to an established model; she forbade any deviation from her religious type. To have changed an attitude or attribute would have been a change of Deity: thus the rude conceptions of an unartistic period were repeated by men of a later and better age, whose creative inventions were fettered to a prescribed formula. But the artists, even if they had wished it, did not dare offend a patron by whose commissions alone they lived; as among the Pagans, the painting the Virgin gave them fame and bread:

—"Pictores ab Iside pasci  
Quis nescit?"

The most distinguished, however, partook of the deep sincerity of a religious age and people. Luis de Vargas and Juanes were eminently devout, and, like Angelico da Fiesole, never ventured to paint the Virgin without purifying and exalting their minds by previous prayer: so, in the more religious days of Rome, Amulius never dared to paint Minerva except *togatus*, that is, in grand costume (Plin. Nat. Hist. xxxv. 10). These early artists were upheld by faith; they believed even in the wildest legends: hence their earnestness and honesty.

"The Holy Tribunal stood sentinel over author and artist: An inspector—*censor y veedor*—was appointed, whose duty it was to visit the studios of sculptors and painters, either to destroy or to paint over the slightest deviation from the manner which their rubric laid down for treating sacred subjects. Pacheco, the father-in-law of Velazquez, details in his official character, in 270 pages, the orthodox receipts for the usual class of devotional pictures. Every sort of indecent or even free representation in painting, sculpture, or engraving was prohibited (Regla xi. Indice Expurg.). Hence the fine arts of Spain are singularly chaste. When Italy poured forth her voluptuous nymphs, her Venuses, her naked Graces, which the discovery and rising taste for the antique reconciled and endeared to their tastes, the prudery of veiled Spain took fright. This class of paintings was prohibited, or the nudities of those that crept in were covered with drapery. Carducho mentions that the soul of an artist had appeared to his confessor to inform him that he was confined to fast in fire until a free picture which he had painted should be burnt for him. Nothing gave the Holy Tribunal greater uneasiness than how Adam and Eve in Paradise, the blessed souls burning in purgatory, the lady who tempted St. Anthony, or the last Day of Judgment, were to be painted—circumstances in which small clothes and long clothes would be highly misplaced. Both Palomino (ii. 137) and Pacheco (201) handle these delicate subjects very

tenderly. Describing the celebrated Last Judgment of Martin de Vos, at Seville, Pacheco relates how a bishop informed him that he had chanced, when only a simple monk, to perform service before this group of nakedness—the mitre had not obliterated the dire recollections; he observed (he had been a sailor in early life) that rather than celebrate mass before it again, he would face a hurricane in the Bay of Bermuda.

‘Spanish pictures, on the whole, like Spanish beauties, will, at first sight, disappoint all those whose tastes have been formed beyond the Pyrenees; they may indeed improve upon acquaintance, and from the want of anything better: again, the more agreeable subjects are seldom to be seen in Spain, for these naturally have been the first to be removed by the iron or gold of foreigners, who have left the gloomy and ascetic behind; thus, in all Spain, not ten of Murillo’s gipsy and beggar pictures are to be found, and the style by which he is best known in England is that by which he will be least recognised in his native land.’—*Ibid.* p. 114.

Mr. Ford tells us that if we wish to collect a Spanish library we shall do so better in one week in London than we could in a year at Madrid. It may be acceptable to quote him also on the purchase of pictures:—

‘The market never was well provided with literary or artistical wares: the rich cared not for these things, and the clergy made art subservient to religion, and tied it up in mortmain. Whatever there was, has been pretty well cleared out, during the war by the swords of invaders, and since the peace by the purses of amateurs. Those who expect to be able to pick up good things for nothing will be woefully disappointed. Let them beware of the “*extraordinary luck of getting for an old song—by the merest chance in the world—an ORIGINAL Murillo or Velazquez.*” These bargains are, indeed, plentiful as blackberries. But when the fortunate amateur has paid for them, their packing, freight, duty, repairing, lining, cleaning, framing, and hanging, he will be in a frame of mind to suspend himself. Sad is *desengaño*, the change which will come over the spirit of his bargain, when seen through the flattering medium of the paid or unpaid bills, and the yellow London fog, instead of the first-love sight under the cheerful sun of Spain. Again, Spanish pictures are on a large scale, having been destined for the altars of churches and chapels of magnificent proportions; and hence arises another inconvenience, in addition to the too frequent repulsiveness of the subjects, that they are ill-adapted to the confined rooms of private English houses, nay even to those of France. The subjects of cowed Inquisidores, the Mæcenates of Spain, look dark, gloomy, and repulsive, when transported, like hooded owls, into the daylight and judgment of sensual Paris, or coupled with the voluptuous groupings of siren Italy. But Spanish art, like her literature, is with few exceptions the expression of a people long subject to a bigoted, ascetic despot, and fettered down to conventional rules and formulæ, diametrically opposed to beauty and grace, and with which genius had to struggle. Seen in dimly-lighted chapels, these paintings, part and parcel of the edifices

and

and the system, were in harmony with all around; and those who painted them calculated on given places and intentions, all of which are changed and taken away in the Louvre: restore them to their original positions, and they will regain their power, effect, and meaning.

The Spanish school is remarkable for an absence of the ideal. Religion there has been so much materialized, that the representations and exponents of necessity partook more of the flesh than the spirit, more of humanity than divinity; it seldom soared above the lower regions of reality. The Deity was anthropomorphised; to seek whose form was thought even by Pliny (Nat. Hist. ii. 7) to be *human imbecility*. The monkish saints, raised from the ranks to this Olympus, were designed after the vulgar models of conventual life: thus they held out to the masses the prospect of an equal elevation. The Capuchins painted by Murillo, the Jesuits by Roelas, and the Carthusians by Zurbaran, almost step out of their frames, and do all but move and speak.

The absence of good antique examples of a high style, the prohibition of nudity—the essence of sculpture—the semi-Moorish abhorrence of anatomical dissection, all conspired to militate against the learned drawing of the M. Angelo school. The great charm of the Spanish school is the truth of representation of Spanish life and nature. Despising the foreigner and his methods, and trusting little to ideal conception, the artists went to the *nature*, by which they were surrounded, for everything. Heuce, Velazquez and Murillo, like Cervantes, come home at once to the countrymen of Reynolds, Wilson, and Shakspeare, nature's darling. They have, indeed, been said to be the anticipation of our school, but more correctly speaking they only preceded us, who, without inter-communication, arrived at similar results by adopting similar means.—*Ibid.* p. 118.

From pictures let us pass for a moment to another class of art—monumental sculpture.

The most remarkable *Panteons*, or royal and private burial-places, are at the Escorial, Toledo, Guadalajara, Cuenca, Poblet, Ripoll, and San Juan de la Peña. But even these have suffered much; the destruction and profanation which commenced during the French invasion, having been carried fearfully out during the recent changes and chances of civil war. Many of the superb tombs erected in convents, which were founded by great men for their family burial-places, have been swept away from the face of the earth. They had previously been grossly neglected by the degenerate possessors of their names and estates, who, however proud of the descent, were indifferent to the fate of "grandsires cut in alabaster;" nor, even supposing that the patrons had had the inclination to protect them, would it have been in their power. The suppression of the convents was decreed in a hurry, and executed by popular violence. Their hatred against the monk, as a drone and Carlist, was stimulated by licensed plunder. Art and religion were trampled on alike; objects once the most revered became in the reaction the most abhorred; scarcely anything was respected; for had any sentiment of respect existed, the spirit which directed the movement

movement never could have been roused up to demolition pitch. Spain has in our time gone through a double visitation, which in England took place after long intervals. The French invasion represents the Reformation of Henry VIII., and the recent civil wars those of our Charles I. In both a war of destruction was waged against palace and convent. Time has healed the wounds of our ecclesiastical ruins, but in Spain they remain in all the unsightliness of recent onslaught, still smoking, still, as it were, bleeding.'—pp. 120–122.

This downfall of the Church's ancient glories meets us at every page; nowhere perhaps more strikingly than in his chapter on *Pilgrimages*—as to which, if the meditating tourist be at all enthusiastic, there is no time to be lost:—

'In Spain, as in the East, the duty of performing certain pilgrimages was formerly one of the absolute precepts of faith. Spain abounds in sacred spots and "high places." *Montserrat* was their *Ararat*, *Zaragoza* and *Santiago* their *Medina* and *Mecca*. These were the grand sites to which it once was necessary to "go up." In process of time the monks provided also for every village some consecrated spot, which offered a substitute for these distant and expensive expeditions: they will perish with the dissolution of monasteries, which derived the greatest benefit from their observance. Few pilgrims ever visited the sacred spot without contributing their mite towards the keeping up the chapel, and the support of the holy man or brotherhood to whose especial care it was consigned. "No penny no paternoster;" and masses must be paid for, as diamonds, pearls, and other matters, and the greatest sinners are the best customers. Although lighter in purse, the pilgrim on his return took rank in his village, and, as in the East, was honoured as a *Hadji*; the Spanish term is *Romero*, which some have derived from *Roma*, one who had been to *Rome*, a roamer; others from the branch of rosemary, *Romero*, which they wore in their caps, which is a Scandinavian charm against witches; and this elfin plant, called by the Northmen *Ellegrem*, is still termed *alecrim* in Portugal. Thus our pilgrims were called *Palmer*s, from bearing the palm-branch, and *Saunterers*, because returning from the Holy Land, *La Sainte Terre*. These *Romerias* and *Ferias*, the fairs, offer the only amusement and relaxation to their hard and continued life of labour: *Feria*, as the word implies, is both a *holy* day and a fair. It was everywhere found convenient to unite a little business with devotion; while purer motives attracted from afar the religiously disposed, the sacred love of gold induced those who had wares to sell to serve God and Mammon, by tempting the assembled pilgrims and peasants to carry back with them to their homes something more substantial than the abstract satisfaction of having performed this sort of conscientious duty. In every part of Spain, on the recurrence of certain days devoted to these excursions, men, women, and children desert their homes and occupations, their ploughs and spindles. The cell, hermitage, or whatever be the place of worship, is visited, and the day and night given up to song and dance, to drinking and wassail, with which, as with our skittles, these pilgrimages

pilgrimages have much sympathy and association; indeed, if observance of rites formed any test, these festivals would appear especially devoted to Bacchus and Venus; the ulterior results are brought to light some nine months afterwards: hence the proverb considers a pilgrimage to be quite as attractive to *all* weak women as a marriage—a *Romerias y bodas, van las locas todas*. The attendance of female devotees at these alfresco expeditions, whether to *Missas de Madrugada*, masses of peep of day, or to *Virgines del Rocio*, Dew-Virgins, of course attracts all the young men, who come in saints' clothing to make love. Those who chiefly follow these love-meetings are, unfortunately, those whose enthusiasm is the most inflammable. In vain do they bear the cross on their bosoms, which cannot scare Satan from their hearts. However, the sight is so curious, that *the traveller, during this time of the year, should make inquiries at the principal towns what and when are the most remarkable Fiestas and Romerias of the immediate neighbourhood*. They are every day diminishing, for in Spain, as in the East, where foreign civilization is at work, the transition state interferes with painters and authors of "Sketches," since the march of intellect and the exposure of popular fallacies is at least paring away something from religious and national festivities. Education, the rights and responsibilities of citizenship, and the consequent increased taxation, have both dispelled the bliss of ignorance and saddened the enlightened populace. Poverty and politics, cares for to-day and anxiety for the morrow, have damped a something of the former reckless *abandon* of uninstructed joyousness, and lessened the avidity for immediate, and perhaps childish enjoyments. Many a picturesque custom and popular usage will pass away, to the triumph of the utilitarian and political economist, to the sorrow of the poet, the artist, and antiquarian. Now the *Progreso* with merciless harrow is tearing up many a wild flower of Spanish nature, which are to be rooted up before "bread-stuffs" can be substituted.'—pp. 120, 121.

Mr. Ford knows all Spain well as a traveller;—and he has revealed more entirely new and untrodden paths, full of high interest, than any recent European tourist; but in Andalusia, and especially at Seville and Granada, he is at home. It was here that he made his usual abode during several years. For a considerable time, he does not say exactly how long, he seems to have inhabited a set of rooms, repaired and fitted up at his own cost we presume, in the Alhambra.

Seville is, as all readers of Byron know, the far-famed land of 'sweet oranges and women,' and the native city of his 'friend' Don Juan Tenorio—whose pedigree we gave in a former article. (*Quart. Rev.*, vol. cxvii.). Torso de Molina and Beaumarchais have told us in witty prose what Mozart and Rossini have set to delicious music, the rare doings of this amorous Andalusian on the banks of the silver Bætis. All students of the Haymarket are aware that the formidable list of this lady-killer's victims in Spain

Spain alone amounted to *mille e tre*; and of course every judicious sojourner's or even mere tourist's curiosity must be excited as respects the daughters of such tender and attractive grandmothers. Mr. Ford naturally therefore devotes several pages to the Spanish, and especially the Andalusian ladies—considering their eyes, feet, and mantillas, as decidedly among the “what to observe” of the Peninsula. He treats the gentle theme *con amore* certainly, but also gently—and, we believe we may add, justly—rejecting, like Blanco White and Captain Widdrington, and all who have really probed the subject, the idle nonsense, the petty *banderillas* which every puny scribbler ‘darts’ among the ‘dark-glancing daughters’ of Iberia—and assigning a greater praise to their moral excellencies than to their personal charms; thus reversing the order of the stereotyped conventionalities of coxcombs. We may as well, however, give his representation of the usual Seville *interior*—house and *tertulia*—before we invite ‘our guide, philosopher, and friend’ to expatiate in his peculiar manner on the ‘semi-Moorish’ objects of his chivalrous and chastened admiration.

‘The house has two stories, and generally a flat roof, as in the East; to this *azotea* the inmates often resort to dry their linen and warm themselves (for the sun is the fire-place of Spain), and, according to Solomon, for peace: “it is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house.” The family migrate up and down with the seasons, and thus have two houses under one roof; the doors, windows, and furniture are moved with them, and fit into corresponding positions above and below. The doors which open from one room to another are sometimes glazed, but whether thus transparent or solid, they never must be shut when a gentleman is calling on a lady: this is a remnant of ancient jealousy. It is safer to risk sitting in a draft, than to shut the door during the *tête-à-tête*, which would alarm and distress the whole house. The furniture is scanty, for much would harbour vermin and caloric; coolness and space are the things wanting; the chairs, tables, and everything are of the most ordinary kind; whatever once existed of value was “collected” by the French, and the little that escaped has since been sold to foreigners by the distressed proprietors, especially books, pictures, and plate; a few bits of china are occasionally placed in open cupboards, *chinerios*, *alacenas*. There is, however, no want of rude engravings and images of saints and household gods, the Lares and the Penates, after whose names the different inmates are called, for to say *christened* would be incorrect. Thus the Mahometans take their names from those of their Santons, or from those of the relatives of the prophet. These familiar household gods are made of every material; and before these graven and painted relics, dolls, and baby toyshop idols, small lighted wicks, *mariposas*, *ελεγχια*, floating in a cup of thick green oil, are suspended. The ancient Egyptians lighted up their deities exactly in the same manner (Herod. ii. 62).

rooms

rooms are the chosen magazine for these *dii cubiculares*, and some husbands, in case of a fire, would carry *them* off, after the example of the pious Æneas, whatever they might do in regard to their wives.

As soon as the visitor is ushered in, he will be struck with the style of his reception. The Spaniard is an Oriental of high caste, and nothing can be better than the manner in which all classes, and especially the women, do the honour of their house, be it ever so humble. Spanish women seldom rise from their seats to welcome any one; this is a remnant of their former Oriental habit of sitting on the ground. The visitor is usually conducted to the best, the withdrawing room, the *Sala de Estrado*, the Cairo *Sudr*. He is placed on the right hand of a sofa, the Oriental position of honour, great respect being shown to his hat, *quasi turban*. When he retires, he takes his leave thus, "*Senora a los pies de V<sup>md.</sup>*," madam, at your feet; to which the lady replies, "*Caballero, beso a V<sup>md.</sup> la mano, que V<sup>md.</sup> lo pase bien*," Sir, I kiss your hand and wish you well. In case of a lady visitor, the host conducts her to her carriage, holding her by the hand, but without pressure, for no shaking hands with ladies is permissible to gentlemen. A *requiebro*, or compliment, on good looks and dress, is, however, never taken amiss. "*Montes allana lisonga*," flattery levels mountains, and renders the steepest staircase of Dante pleasant.

At these first visits, on taking leave, the host usually offers his house to the stranger. *Esta casa está muy a la disposicion de V<sup>md.</sup>* If he does not do so, it is equivalent to saying, "I never wish to see you again," and almost is an affront. All this is very Carthaginian. Thus Dido made her offer to the pious Æneas:—"Urbem quam statuo vestra est."—pp. 164, 165.

When cold has fled, the *tertulia*, or "at home," is held in the *patio* or inner court, which is converted into a saloon. It is lighted up by lamps of fantastic forms, made of tin, which glitter like frosted silver: the smaller are called *farolas*, the larger (of which there ought correctly only to be one) is termed *el farol*, the male, the sultan, as the *macho* is of a coach team. During the day every precaution is taken, by closing doors and windows, to keep out light and heat; at night-fall everything is reversed, and opened in order to let in the refreshing breeze. Nothing can be more Oriental or picturesque than these *tertulias* in a *patio*. By day and night the scene recalls the house of Alcinous in the Odyssey: the females, always busy with their needles, group around the fountain; they are working their *mantillas*, *zapatitos*, *medias caladas*, slippers and embroidered stockings, *petacas*, cigar-holders, *bultitos*, paper-cases, and what not. Spanish women are very domestic, and even among the better classes, like the Greek *Tauiat*, and, as in England a century ago, many are their own housekeepers. They "study household good," the perfection of female excellence, according to Milton; and although foreigners think they make bad wives, which those who are married to them do not, many a hint might be taken from these observers of the great keep-in-doors maxim of Pericles, the *το ενδον μενειν*. They are *muy casaderas*, *labranderas y costureras*, very good stay-at-home, work and needle women. Their proceedings are quite à l'antique; tables are  
scarce;

scarce; each has at her feet her *canastra*, or basket; the *ταλαρος* of Penelope, the *qualus* of Neobule; such as Murillo often introduced in his domestic pictures of the Virgin.

‘It is the fashion of many foreigners to assert that these ladies, although quite as industrious, are not all quite so exemplary as Penelope or Lucretia; *Unos tienen la fama y otros cardan la lana*—many have the reputation, while others really card the wool; here and there a *relacioncita*, like any other accident, may happen in the best regulated *patio*, for where people live in sets and meet each other every day, the propinquity of fire and tow in an inflammable climate makes some insurances doubly hazardous; but *Ubi amor ibi fides* is nowhere truer than in Spain; the tenacity of female constancy, when reciprocated, is indubitable; a breach of *relacion* is termed *felonia*, a capital crime, a *pecado mortal*, for they are equal fanatics in love and religion. The consequences of *spretæ injuria formæ* are truly Didonian; at once all love is whistled to the winds, and welcome revenge. In what can self-love—the pivot of the Iberian—be more offended than by inconstancy? It is said that self-imposed bands link faster in Spain than those forged by Hymen—*Quos diabolus conjunxit, Deus non separabit*. These, however, are occasionally the pure calumnies of the envious, the ill-favoured and the rejected, and such to which the chivalrous Ariosto turned a deaf ear.

“Donne, e voi che le donne havete in pregio,  
Per Dio non date a queste historie orecchia;  
———— e sia l’usanza vecchia  
Che ’l volgare ignorante ognun riprenda,  
E parli piu de quel che meno intenda!”

‘Blanco White has truly observed, “No other nation in the world can present more lively instances of a glowing and susceptible heart-preserving unspotted purity, not from the dread of opinion but in spite of its very encouragement;” and, in truth, these dark-glancing daughters of bright skies and warm suns are too much perhaps “the woman,” too *feminine*, in the gender sense. To be admired and adored is their glory and object; the sincerity of their affections and the ardour of their temperament scarcely permit them to be coquettes. Their young thoughts are divided between devotion and love, and to these cognate influences they abandon their soul and body. In this land of the Moor a remnant of the Oriental system is still under-current. The mistress is contented with the worship of the body rather than of the mind; hence, when the fierce passion is spent in its own violence, the wife remains rather the nurse and housekeeper than the friend and best counsellor of her husband. Too many thus become the victims of the stronger sex from taking this low ground, and thus contribute to perpetuate the evil. Thus the lax and derogatory treatment of women is one main cause of the inaptness of Eastern nations for liberty and true civilization.

‘Whatever be their faults—and man and the stars are perhaps more to blame than they are—evil betide him who would point out moles in their bright eyes; and, at all events, few women talk better or more than

than the Andaluzas: practice makes perfect. The rabbins contend that ten cabs (a dry measure) of talk were assigned to the whole creation, of which the daughters of Palestine secured nine; and, doubtless, some parcels of this article were shipped to Tarshish by king Hiram. This dexterity is unrivalled; it is a curious felicity of tongue—*dolce parlar e dolcemente inteso*—and does speaker and listener equal good, which is not everywhere else the case. Lord Carnarvon has truly observed, that although, “with some exceptions, these women are not highly educated, and feel little interest in general subjects, and consequently have little general conversation, a stranger may at first draw an unfavourable inference as to their natural powers, because he has few subjects in common with them; but when once received into their circle, acquainted with their friends, and initiated in the little intrigues that are constantly playing along the surface of society, he becomes delighted with their liveliness and ready perception of character.” Their manner is marked with a natural frankness and cordiality: their mother-wit and tact, choice blossoms of common-sense, have taught them how to pick up a floating capital of talk, which would last them nine lives, if they had as many. It supplies the want of book-learning—*à quoi bon tant lire?* They are to be the wives of husbands, of whom ninety-nine in a hundred would as soon think of keeping a pack of fox-hounds as having a library. Few people read much in Spain, except monks and clergymen, and they never marry.

‘Here what is rare are blue women, not skies: those who have an azure tendency are called *Eruditas a la violeta*, *Marisabillas*; they are more wondered at than espoused. Martial (ii. 90), a true Spaniard, prayed that his wife should not be *doctissima*; learning is thought to unsex them. *Mula que hace hin-hin, muger que sabe latin-tin, nunca hicieron buen fin*; mule that whinnies, women that know Latin, come to no good end. The men dislike to see them read, the ladies think the act prejudicial to the brilliancy of the eye, and hold that happiness is centred in the heart, not the head; the fatal expression *sin educacion* has reference to manners, to a bad *bringing out*, rather than anything connected with Messrs. Bell and Lancaster. Spanish women seldom write, *carta canta*; and when they do, sometimes neither the spelling nor letters are faultless: they can just decipher a billet-doux and scrawl an answer. The merit of the import atones for all minor faults, which after all no one but a schoolmaster would notice.’—pp. 167, 168.

The artist eye of Mr. Ford gives peculiar animation to his chapter on dress. In Spain, as in many parts of Italy, we fear the graceful and picturesque native costumes are fast making way for a paltry mimicry of Paris. He says, however:—

‘Black has always been the favourite, the national colour; *μελαειμονες απαντες, το πλειον εν σαγοις* (Strabo, iii. 233). Being that of the learned professions, it makes Spaniards *seem* wiser, according to Charles V., than they really are; while, from being worn by sorrow, it disarms the evil eye which dogs prosperity, and inspires, in the place of associations of

of envy, those of pity and respect. It gives an air of decorum and modesty, and softens an indifferent skin. Every one in England has been struck with the air of respectability which mourning confers even on ladies' maids. The prevalence of black veils and dark cloaks on the Alameda and in the church conveys to the newly arrived stranger the idea of a population of nuns and clergymen. As far as woman is concerned, the dress is so becoming that the difficulty is to look ugly in it; hence, in spite of the monotony, we are pleased with a uniformity which becomes all alike; those who cannot see its merits should lose no time in consulting their oculist.

"The beauty of the Spanish women is much exaggerated, at least as far as features and complexion are concerned: more loveliness is to be seen in one fine day in Regent Street than in a year in Spain. Their charm consists in symmetry of form, natural grace of manner and expression, and not a little, as in the case of a carp, or *Raie au beurre noir*, in the dressing; yet, such is the tyranny of fashion, that these women are willing to risk the substance for the shadow, and to strive, instead of remaining inimitable originals, to become second-rate copies.

"The veil, which completely covered the back of the head, is thrown apart in front; but a partial concealment of the features is thought, in ancient days as now, to be an ornament (Strabo, iii. 249). This concealment evidently is of Oriental origin, as in the East a woman will show anything rather than her face, for points of honour are conventional; nor is the custom quite obsolete in Andalusia."—pp. 196, 197.

We shall be excused for having transcribed passages likely, while affording fair specimens of Mr. Ford's manner of observing and writing, to interest equally those who do and those who do not contemplate a visit to Spain. On the same principle we must give a bit of his chapter on Spanish wines, and take *the wine of Xeres—Sherry*:—

"This wine was first known in England about the time of our Henry VII. It became popular under Elizabeth, when those who under Essex sacked Cadiz brought home the fashion of good "sherris sack." The wine is still called on the spot "*Seco*," in contradistinction to the *sweet* malvoisies and *pajaretes* of Xerez. The Spaniards scarcely know sherry beyond its immediate vicinity. More is drunk at Gibraltar, as the red faces of the red coats evince, than in Madrid, Toledo, Salamanca, and Valladolid. Sherry is, in fact, a foreign wine, and made and drunk by foreigners; nor do the generality of Spaniards like its strength, and still less its high price. At Seville, in the best houses, one glass only is handed round. It is very dear and costs half a dollar a bottle on the spot. Pure genuine sherry, from ten to twelve years old, is worth from 50 to 80 guineas per butt, in the shop, and when freight, insurance, duty, and charges are added, will stand the importer from 100 to 130 guineas in his cellar. A butt will run from 108 to 112 gallons, and the duty is 5s. 6d. per gallon. Such a butt will bottle about 52 dozen. The reader will now appreciate the bargains of those "pale" and "golden sherries" advertised at "36s. the dozen, bottles included."

They

They are *maris expers*, although much indebted to Thames water, Cape wine, French brandy, and Devonshire cider.

Sherry is a purely artificial wine, and when perfect is made up from many different butts: the "entire" is in truth the result of Xerez grapes, but of many sorts and varieties of flavour. Thus one barrel corrects another, by addition or subtraction, until the proposed standard aggregate is produced. All this is managed by the *Capataz* or head man, who is usually a *Montanes* from the Asturian mountains, and often becomes the real master of his nominal master, whom he cheats, as well as the grower. Some make large fortunes: one died recently worth 300,000*l*. The whole system is cheerfully explained, as there is no mystery; nor, provided a satisfactory beverage be produced, can it much signify whether the process be natural or artificial: all champagne, to a certain degree, is a manufacture.—pp. 232, 233.

Thus opens a luculent Essay on Cigars:—

"The manufactory of the cigar is the only active one carried on in the Peninsula. The buildings are palaces: witness Seville, Malaga, and Valencia. As a cigar is a *sine quâ non* in a Spaniard's mouth, it must have its page in a Spanish *Handbook*. Pouz (ix. 201) remarks, "You will think me tiresome with my tobacco-nomical details, but the vast bulk of my readers will be more pleased with it than with an account of all the pictures in the world." "The fact is, Squire," says Sam Slick, "the moment a man takes to a pipe, he becomes a philosopher; it is the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient under trouble," and hunger, heat, and despotism, he might have added. Can it be wondered at that the Oriental and Spanish population should cling to this relief from whips and scorns, and the oppressor's wrong? "Quoique puisse dire," said Molière, "Aristote et toute la philosophie, il n'y a rien d'égal au tabac." The divine Isaac Barrow resorted to this *panpharmakon* whenever he wished to collect his thoughts; Sir Walter Raleigh, the patron of Virginia, smoked a pipe just before he lost his head, "at which some formal people were scandalized; but," adds Aubrey, "I think it was properly done to settle his spirits."

In Spain, the Bourbon dynasty (as elsewhere) is the hereditary tobacco-nomist-general; the privilege is generally farmed out to some contractor: accordingly, no such thing as a really good home-made cigar is to be had for love or money in the Peninsula. There is no royal road to the science of cigar-making; the article is badly made, of bad materials, and, to add insult to injury, charged at a most exorbitant price. In order to benefit the Havana, tobacco is not allowed to be grown in Spain, which it would do in perfection in the neighbourhood of Malaga; the experiment was made, and having turned out quite successful, the cultivation was immediately prohibited. The badness and dearness of the royal tobacco favours the well-meaning smuggler; this great corrector of blundering chancellors of exchequers provides a better and cheaper thing from Gibraltar.

"The rich alone can afford to smoke good ones. Ferdinand VII., unlike his ancestor Louis XIV., "qui," says La Beaumelle, "haïssait le tabac singulièrement,

singulièrement, quoiqu'un de ses meilleurs revenus," was not only a great manufacturer but consumer thereof. He indulged in the royal extravagance of *Purones*, a very large thick cigar made expressly for his gracious use in the Havana. He was too good a judge to smoke his own manufacture. Even of these he seldom smoked more than the half; the remainder was a grand perquisite—palace lights. The cigar was one of his pledges of love and hatred: he would give them to his favourites; and often, when meditating a treacherous *coup*, he would dismiss the unconscious victim with a royal cigar: and when the happy individual got home to smoke it he was saluted by an Alguacil with an order to quit Madrid in twenty-four hours.

'On the *Prados* and *Alamedas* urchins always are running about with a slowly burning rope for the benefit of the public. At many of the sheds where water and lemonade are sold, one of these ropes, twirled like a snake round a post, and ignited, is as ready for fire, as the match of a besieged artilleryman. In the houses of the affluent a small silver chafing-dish, *prunæ batillum*, with lighted charcoal, is usually on a table. Mr. Henningsen, chap. 10, relates that Zumalacarreguy, when about to execute some *Christinos* at Villa Franca, observed one (a schoolmaster) looking about, like Raleigh, for a light for his last dying puff in this life. The general took his own cigar from his mouth, and handed it to him. The schoolmaster lighted his own, returned the other with a respectful bow, and went away smoking and reconciled to be shot. This necessity of a light levels all ranks; it is allowable to stop any person for fire, "*fuego*," "*candela*." The cigar forms the bond of union, an isthmus of communication between most heterogeneous oppositions. It is the *habeas corpus* of Spanish liberties. The soldier takes fire from the canon's lip: the dark face of the humble labourer is whitened by the reflection of the cigar of the grandee and loungeur.'—pp. 197-99.

We have quoted chiefly from the general notices prefixed to the various sections of the *Hand-book*. This was natural, considering our purposes and our space; yet we feel that we leave our readers without any notion of what very many even of Mr. Ford's library readers will ultimately pronounce the most delightful characteristic of his work—the singular felicity with which he brings his very uncommon stores of knowledge and reflection and illustration—his queer as well as elegant learning, classical, mediæval, historical, artistical, poetical—to bear upon some definite locality. We find ourselves associated with the very *beau-idéal* of a cicerone—one who knows everything that can enhance the interest of the passing wanderer, and yet tells it all with fresh animation—one in whose keeping nothing of the spirit has been suffered to evaporate. Never was life-long research poured out with more of the pretensionless facility of the first-rate table companion.

We must give one specimen of the *Hand-book proper*—the staple of the work—and we select the page on St. Yuste, which

few

few Englishmen have ever visited, and, as we believe, no Englishman ever before described. This celebrated convent, the final retreat of Charles V., lies on the south-west slope of the Sierra de Vera, distant seven leagues from Placentia, and about a seven hours' pleasant ride. Once at Placentia, whether Madrid or Salamanca be your point, you ought on no account to deny yourself this excursion:—

‘Cross the Xerte, and ascend the steep Calzones, thence through olives and vineyards to the Vera or valley, which is some nine leagues in extent; after four leagues of *dehesas y matos* the road ascends to the left to *Pasaron*, a picturesque old town of Prout-like houses, toppling balconies hanging over a brawling brook. Observe a palace of the Arcos family. The road next clammers up a steep hill, amid fruit-trees of every kind. As we rode on our cheerful companions were groups of sunburnt daughters of labour, whose only dower was health and cheerfulness, who were carrying on their heads in baskets the frugal dinner of the vine-dressers. Springy and elastic was their sandaled step, unfettered by shoe or stocking, and light-hearted their laugh and song, the chorus of the sheer gaiety of youth full of health and void of care. These pretty creatures, although they did not know it, were performing an opera ballet in action and costume: how gay their short *sayas* of serges red, green, and yellow; how primitive the cross on their bosoms, how graceful the *pañuelo* on their heads: thus they tripped wantonly away under the long-leaved chesnuts. Now the beautiful *Vera* expands, with the yellow line of the Badajoz road running across the cistus-clad distance to Miravete: soon the Jeronimite convent appears to the left, nestling in woods about half-way up the mountain, which shelters devotion from the wind. Below is the farm *Magdalena*, where in the worst case the night may be passed; ascend to the monastery, keeping close to a long wall. This Spanish Spalatro, to which the gout-worn empire-sick Charles retired to barter crowns for rosaries away, was founded in 1404, on the site where a covey of fourteen Gothic bishops had been killed at one fell swoop by the Moors. Charles sent his son Philip (when on his way to England to marry our amiable Mary) to inspect this place, which he had years before noted as a nest for his old age: he himself planned, when in Flanders, the additional buildings, which were erected by Antonio de Villa Castin, and they lie to the warm south-west of the chapel; but on the 9th of August, 1809, *dies carbone notanda*, two hundred of Soult's foragers clambered up and pillaged and burnt the convent, leaving it a blackened roofless ruin. The precious archives were then consumed, all except one volume of documents, written in 1620 by Fray Luis de S<sup>a</sup> Maria. This the prior was consulting about some rights disputed by the Cuacos peasants, and seeing the enemy threw it into some bushes. That book he lent us to read; now it no doubt is lost.

‘Here we met also Fray Alonzo Cavallero, an aged monk, who took the cowl October 17, 1778, and remembered Ponz and his visit. The convent is entered by the walnut-tree under which Charles used to sit, and

and which even then was called *El nogal grande*. Passing to the *Botica*, all the few vases which escaped the French were carried off in 1820 by one Morales, a liberal apothecary, for his own shop in Garandilla. The granite-built chapel, from its thick walls, resisted the fire of the invaders, thus saving the imperial quarter to be finally gutted by the Constitutionalists. A door to the right of the altar opened to Charles's room, whence he came out to attend divine service: his bedroom, where he died, has a window through which, when ill, he could see the elevation of the Host. Here hung the *Gloria* of Titian, which, in his will, he directed to be placed wherever his body was, and which was moved with it to the Escorial. Philip II., however, sent a copy to S<sup>r</sup>. Yuste, which was carried off to Texada by the patriots, in 1823: when the monks returned, they were too poor even to pay for bringing it back. The *Coro Alto* was carved in a quaint tedesque style by Rodrigo Aleman. In a vault below the high altar is the rude chest in which the Emperor's body was kept sixteen years, until removed in 1574.

‘He built only four rooms—each, as usual, with large fireplaces, for he was a gouty and phlegmatic Fleming. From the projecting alcoves the views are delicious. At the west end is a pillared gallery, *La Plaza del Palacio*, overhanging a private garden; and connected with it is a raised archway, *el Puente*, by which the Emperor went down. Below is the sun-dial, erected for him by Juanuelo Turriano. He was brought here by the Emperor, who was fond of mechanical experiments. The stone step by which he mounted his horse yet remains, and here he was seated when he felt the first approach of death, as an inscription records:—“Su Magestad el Emperador Don Carlos quinto Nuestro Señor, en este lugar estava asentado quando le dió el mal, a los treinta y uno de Agosto a las quatro de la tarde: falleció a los 24 [?] de Septiembre a las dos y media de la mañana, año de N<sup>ra</sup> S<sup>ra</sup> 1558.” He arrived there, Wednesday, February 3, 1557, at one in the afternoon, and died September 21 of the next year, of premature old age, and dropping like the ripe fruit from the shaken tree. He gave the convent nothing but the honour of his company; his major-domo, Luis de Quixada (who was afterwards killed by the Moriscos, near Granada), having of course, like a true Spanish unjust steward, stripped the rooms of everything portable. Philip II. came here again in 1570, and remained two days. He refused to sleep in the room where his father died. “Guardando el respeto al aposento en que murió su padre, no queriendo dormir sino en el retrete del mismo aposento, y tan estrecho que apenas cabe una cama pequeña.” So it was recorded in the old book; *Δειναι γαρ κοιται και αποιχουμενοιο λεοντος*. He, too, did little for the monks; and when they begged of him, replied, “You never could have had my father here a year without feathering your nest.”

‘The larger pleasure-grounds lay on the other side. Nature has now resumed her sway, yet many a flower shows that once a garden smiled. A myrtle and box edge leads to *El cenador de Belem* (Bethlehem). This exquisite gem of a cinque-cento summer-house remained perfect, until destroyed, like Abadia and Aranjuez, by Soult's anti-horticultural troops.

‘ Charles

Charles lived here half like a monk and half like a retired country gentleman. Although strictly attentive to his religious duties, he amused himself with his flowers, rides, mechanical experiments, and his young son, Don Juan of Austria. The ex-Emperor was sadly plagued by the villagers of *Cuacos*, who, then as always ill-conditioned, poached his trout in the Garganta, drove away his milk-cows, and threw stones at the future hero of Lepanto for climbing up their cherry-trees. His was no morbid unsocial misanthropy, but a true weariness of the world with which he had done, and a wish to be at rest: he sedulously avoided all allusion to politics. Neither was he in his dotage, although enfeebled in health from gout; his ambition and passions were subdued, but not his relish for intellectual and innocent recreations. He brought with him his old servants, who knew his wants and ways, and whose faces he knew: he had his book, his ride, his hobby, experiments, and his prayers; he had friends, some to tell his sorrows to and divide them, others to impart his joys to and double them; he had the play and prattle of his little boy. Phlegmatic and melancholy he was by constitution, and from the inherited taint of his mother; but the story of his having had the funeral service said over himself while alive is untrue: no record or tradition of the kind existed among the monks. Philip II., who feared his father might repent of his resignation, and wish again to resume the crown, kept a spy here, who daily reported to Secretary Vasquez every minute circumstance. The original letters, once in the Salesas at Madrid, were incorporated by Tomas Gonzalez in a work on this *Retirada*, which unfortunately is not yet printed. The ruin commenced by the French was completed by the Liberals of Cuacos, who, July 4, 1821, came and stole everything. They kept horses in the church, and made the Emperor's room a place for silk-worms. Recent sequestrations have again destroyed what the poor monks had partially restored, and chaos is come again.

Never again will it be the lot of traveller to be welcomed, like ourselves, by these worthy men, to whom news and a stranger from the real living world was a godsend. The day was passed in sauntering about the ruined buildings and gardens with the good-natured garrulous brotherhood. At nightfall supper was laid for all the monks together at a long board, but the *prior* and *procurador* had a small table set apart in an alcove, where, "bidden to a spare but cheerful meal, I sat an honoured guest." As the windows were thrown wide open to admit the cool thyme-scented breeze, the eye in the clear evening swept over the boundless valley, and the nightingales sang sweetly in the neglected orange-garden, to the bright stars reflected like diamonds in the black tank below us. How often had Charles looked out, on a stilly eve, on this self-same and unchanged scene, where he alone was now wanting! When supper was done, I shook hands all round with my kind hosts, and went to bed in the chamber where the Emperor breathed his last. All was soon silent, and the spirit of the mighty dead ruled again in his last home; but no Charles disturbed the deep slumber of a weary insignificant stranger. Long ere daybreak next morning I was awakened by a pale monk, and summoned to the early mass, which the prior in

his forethought had ordered. The chapel was imperfectly lighted; and the small congregation consisted of the monk, my sun-burnt muleteer, and a stray beggar, who, like myself, had been sheltered in the convent. When the service was concluded, all bowed a last farewell to the altar on which the dying glance of Charles had been fixed, and departed in peace. The morning was grey, and the mountain air keen; nor was it until the sun had risen high that the carol of the light-hearted maidens dispelled the cowl, and relaid the ghost of Charles in the dim pages of history.—pp. 550-553.

This is indeed a beautiful description—light, yet complete: how admirably the pathos is relieved by its setting: you open and close among the gay dancing village girls.

We wish we could, by way of conclusion, produce here at length what will be, for very many readers of the book, its most interesting chapter—a wise as well as witty one on *Spanish railways*. It is an awful damper—enough to make Birmingham hiss despair—enough to add a yet more horrific shriek to the infernal gamut of the locomotive whistle. In this age of quackery we should look in vain for anything to match the scheme of railways for the Spanish Peninsula—the grand Madrid and Aviles junction by Valladolid and Leon!—the grand Madrid and Barcelona line by Zaragoza and Lerida!—the grand Madrid and Alicante!—the grand Madrid and Cadiz!—the grand Madrid and Badajoz!—to be connected of course with the grand web of Portugal! But only look at the map. See the enormous distances—the vast desert plains—the huge obstinate hard sierras intersecting the desolate ill-peopled wildernesses. Consider the fewness and the poverty of the far-separated, withered, idle, tradeless towns—even the metropolis inferior in every resource to any second-rate English city: a venerable adage asserts that the angels have many a tussle among themselves for a place in the celestial balcony that commands the best view of Madrid—but the capital of Spain is not larger than Edinburgh, and there is more wealth and business in one street of Liverpool. Consider the lazy, loitering, do-nothing character of the lounging nation—abstemious in every thing but cigars and love—the Asiatic fixture of the West. Consider that for what little traffic there is, never as yet have decent roads been provided. Consider that the existing traffic has, from immemorial time, been in the hands and the sole support of the most energetic body of men in Spain—that railways, if successfully established by force of English gold, must be ruin to the muleteer. Consider the resistance of these sturdy myriads and their innumerable allies—their revenge—how easily they will impede, how instantaneously they will destroy. Consider finally the fate of

of Spanish Bonds. We have no doubt that many of our readers are overburdened with money—their case is hard—they have our imaginative sympathy—no doubt they must endeavour to get some means of relief—but we venture to suggest that a chain-bridge from Dover to Calais, or a tunnel between Portpatrick and Donaghadee, would be a more judicious plan on the whole than the Spanish rail. Meanwhile be contented in all the really interesting parts of Spain with your horse or your mule, and if this Hand-book finds you at Madrid, take Mr. Ford's advice—

‘Hurry across the Castiles and central provinces by day and night in swift coaches, by extra post and mails, until the rails can convey you quicker; above all things beware of walking or riding journeys, especially in winter or summer: preferable even is the mud, wet, and cold of the former, to the calcining heats of the latter, which bake the mortal clay until it is more brittle than an *olla*, and more combustible than a cigar. Those “*rayes*,” to use the words of old Howell, “that do but warm you in England, do half roast you here; those beams that irradiate only, and gild your honey-suckled fields, do here scorch and parch the chinky gaping soyle, and put too many wrinkles upon the face of your common mother.” Then, when the heavens and earth are on fire, and the sun drinks up rivers at one draught, when one burnt sienna tone pervades the tawny ground, and the green herb is shrivelled up into black gunpowder tea or souchong, and the rare pale ashy olive-trees are blanched into the livery of the desert—then, when the heat and harshness make even the salamander muleteers swear doubly as they toil along like demons in an ignited salitrose dust—then, indeed, will an Englishman discover that he is made of the same material, only drier, and learn to estimate water. But a good thirst is too serious an evil in Spain to be made, like an appetite, a matter of congratulation; for when all fluids evaporate, and the blood thickens into currant jelly, and the nerves tighten up into the catgut of an overstrung fiddle, getting attuned to the porcupinal irritability of the tension of the mind, how the parched soul sighs for the comfort of a Scotch mist, and fondly turns back to the uvula-relaxing damps of Devon;—then, in the Hagar-like thirst of the wilderness, every mummy hag rushing from a reed hut, with a porous cup of brackish water, is changed by the mirage into a Hebe, bearing the nectar of the immortals; then how one longs for the most wretched *Venta*, which heat and thirst convert into the Clarendon, since in it at least will be found water and shade, and an escape from the god of fire. Well may Spanish historians boast that his orb at the Creation first shone over Toledo, and never since has set on the dominions of the great king, who, as we are assured by Berni (*Creacion*, p. 82), “has the sun for his hat”—*tiene al sol por su sombrero*; but humbler mortals who are not grandees of this solar system, and to whom a *coup de soleil* is neither a joke nor a metaphor, should double up sheets of brown paper in the crown of their beavers—*sic nos servavit Apollo*—and oh! ye our fair readers who value complexion, take for heaven's sake a parasol.

Surely every reader will acknowledge that this hand-book is the work of a most superior workman—master of more tools than almost any one in these days pretends to handle, and among them of some which few indeed could have meddled with, and not cut their fingers. In whatever shape it might have pleased him to present himself, the public must have hailed with admiring respect the combination of so much keen observation and sterling sense with learning *à la* Burton and pleasantry *à la* Montaigne.

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ART. VII.—*The Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, written by Himself; with portions of his Correspondence.* Edited by John Hamilton Thom. In 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1845.

THIS is a book which rivets the attention, and makes the heart bleed. We state so much, without taking into account the additional power and interest which it must acquire in the minds of many who still live, from personal associations with its author and subject. It has, indeed, with regard to himself, in its substance though not in its arrangement, an almost dramatic character; so clearly and strongly is the living, thinking, acting man projected from the face of the records which he has left. The references to others, accordingly, with which the book abounds, are, by comparison, thrown into the shade; and yet our readers may apprehend that even these are sufficiently significant, when we add, that among the many persons to whom Mr. Blanco White alludes as beloved and intimate friends, perhaps none are more prominently named than Mr. Newman, and, even to a much later period, Archbishop Whately.

But, further, the interest of the work is not merely concentrated upon the writer: it is also very much compressed within the limits of his mental history; and it embraces his external fortunes, chiefly as they were dependent upon that. His literary tastes and his political labours might justly deserve some detailed notice; but all the space that we can spare must be devoted to matters of deeper import. For his spirit was a battle-field, upon which, with fluctuating fortune and a singular intensity, the powers of belief and scepticism waged, from first to last, their unceasing war; and within the compass of his experience are presented to our view most of the great moral and spiritual problems that attach to the condition of our race.

A rapid sketch of his history will enable our readers to judge of the delicacy and difficulty of the task we undertake. He was born in 1775, at Seville. A Spaniard, of Irish extraction by the father's

father's side, he was intended in early years, though he was of gentle blood, for the calling of a merchant. His apprenticeship commenced at the age of eight.\* But he 'hated the counting-house and loved his books:† and naturally enough, we presume, in his position, 'learning and the Church were to him inseparable ideas.‡ It is material to apprehend clearly this the first change in the direction of his course: and we remark, that in relating it in 1830, he says, 'his mind hit instinctively upon the only expedient that could release him from his mercantile bondage.§ Divines declared that he had a true call to the ecclesiastical career. He readily advanced in the theoretical part of his education, but he regarded the devotional practices with horror.|| At fourteen, he was sent to study philosophy with the Dominicans of the college of Seville, whose lectures were founded on Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas. Here occurred his second act of mental rebellion. The system of instruction was odious to him: and 'a great love of knowledge,¶ and an equally great hatred of established errors, were suddenly developed in his mind.' His instructors denied the possibility of a *vacuum*; and attributed the ascent of liquids by suction 'to the horror of nature at being wounded and torn.'\*\* The works of the Benedictine Feyjoo, which had come into his hands, imparted to him the true view of these physical questions. Being rebuked by his teacher, for inattention, in the lecture-room and before the whole class, he started up and denounced the falsity of the doctrine which was inculcated there. At this time he began to question, except upon matter of religion, all the settled notions of his relatives; and his mother, to whom he gives credit for great penetration, 'thanked Heaven that Spain was his native country; else he would soon quit the pale of the Church.††

He was, however, transferred to the university of Seville, where he received more congenial instruction from such members of the Society of the Jesuits as lingered there after the suppression of the order. With his friends he organized a private society for the cultivation of poetry and literature. But he also attached himself to the oratory of St. Philip Neri,‡‡ at which the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius were practised. He has supplied us with a very remarkable, and apparently an impartial, description of them.§§ They had a sufficient effect upon him to prevent his abandoning the intention to receive holy orders; yet he went through them with a consciousness, never subdued, of strong dislike.||| The fear of giving pain to his mother, whose domestic influence was supreme,

\* Life, I. p. 6. † Doblado's Letters, p. 81. ‡ Ibid. § Life, I. p. 8.  
 || Ibid., p. 10. ¶ Ibid., p. 14. \*\* Doblado, p. 100. †† Ibid.  
 ‡‡ Life, I. p. 23. §§ Ib., pp. 35-48. ||| Ib., p. 49.

was likewise a principal support to that intention. She was powerfully seconded by her confessor, Arjona, then a devout person, but of whom it is afterwards recorded that he became perhaps an infidel, and certainly a libertine.\* Although young Blanco White's father secretly reminded him that he was under no compulsion, yet, up to the latest moment, he would not, perhaps we should say he dared not, recede. He had, however, at one time proposed to his mother that he should enter the Spanish navy, which had the attraction of a scientific training. The answer was devised with a revolting skill:† it was, that he might give up the clerical profession, but that if he did he must return to the counting-house. Thus the priesthood was forced upon him as the indispensable condition of an intellectual life. He became virtually committed to it by taking sub-deacon's orders at twenty-one, which rendered him incapable of marriage.

From that time his intercourse with the world was less closely watched. He gives a strong opinion upon the demoralising effect of the law of compulsory celibacy,‡ which, according to him, produced the utmost vigilance in guarding youth against lawful attachments, and a comparative indifference to profligacy. It is clear, from his journals at a later period,§ that the direction of his mind was towards the formation of domestic ties. In his Autobiography he glances at the injurious consequences of the outward restraint in his own case.|| In Doblado's Letters,¶ where he employs the third person, he has also intimated them. But he protests, and with evident truth, that immorality was not with him a conscious inducement to unbelief.\*\*

He was ordained priest in 1799; and for some short time after this†† he seems to have lived under the power of strong devotional influences. He had already become a fellow of the *Colegio Mayor* of Seville. In 1801 he competed for a canonry at Cadiz;‡‡ and shortly after this he was elected a chaplain of the Chapel Royal of St. Ferdinand, attached to the cathedral of Seville.§§ He does not date with precision his transition to positive and total unbelief; but it seems, from his Life, to have occurred either in or soon after 1802.¶¶ He resolved,¶¶¶ however, to continue his external conformity, and to discharge his practical duties in the capacity of

\* Life, I. pp. 120, 124.

† Ib., p. 52.

‡ Ib., pp. 44, 53, and note p. 107; Evidence against Catholicism, pp. 131-7.

§ Life, III. p. 342. || Ib., I. 117 and 132. ¶ Doblado, pp. 120-2.

\*\* Life, I. 109; and Evidence against Catholicism, p. 6.

†† Doblado, pp. 123-6; and Life, I. p. 64, 65. ‡‡ Life, I. p. 85.

§§ Life, I. p. 92.

¶¶ In another place he states that he passed ten years in unbelief before his quitting Spain (Evidence against Catholicism, p. 11), which took place in 1810.

¶¶¶ Ib., I. p. 112.

confessor,

confessor, as he best could. Through the force of sympathy he took part with the nation against the Buonapartes; but his own opinion was that more improvement would have resulted from the French rule than could be otherwise obtained. He despaired, however, in his own sense, of Spain; and, on the approach of the French to Seville in 1810, he abandoned his country and his prospects for the hope of mental freedom and a residence in England.

On arriving here, he had, of course, difficulties and discouragements to contend with, but he also had friends; and the activity of his mind soon provided him with occupation. He was attracted towards religion by the mildness \* which he found combined with sincerity in some of its professors. The perusal of Paley's 'Natural Theology' began to reanimate his feelings towards God. A service at St. James's church affected him powerfully.† He resumed the habit of prayer. After three years‡ of growth he found himself convinced of the truth of Christianity, and he joined the Church of England as the 'renovated home of his youth.' § When eighteen months more had elapsed, in 1814, he subscribed the Articles of the Church of England, and claimed the recognition of his character as a priest. But after this slow and gradual restoration he had but a very short period of rest. The detail of the records at this period of his life is somewhat scanty, but it appears clearly that, in 1817, he was assailed with constant doubts on the doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement.¶ In November, 1818, he records his distinct abandonment of the divinity of our Lord.¶ In 1825 he returned to the orthodox belief upon that subject. In 1826 he administered the Eucharist and preached; and by an internal act he dedicated himself anew to the sacred office, reviving, as he says, many of the feelings of his ordination. It appears to have been in or after 1829 that he addressed a letter to Neander,\*\* in which he returned thanks to God for (as he supposed) the final settlement of his religious views. But from or even at this time he was gradually sinking. He thought, in February, 1829,†† the Church of England retained too much of the spirit of popery. By March, 1833, he had reduced the Gospel once more to 'sublime simplicity;' to the reception‡‡ of Christ as our 'moral king,' as our 'saviour from moral evils or spiritual fears;' and had determined that the doctrine of His divinity, as it was disputed, could not be essential.§§ Up to May, 1834, he disapproved of definite denials

\* Evidence against Catholicism, p. 13.

† *Ib.*, p. 14.

‡ *Ib.*, p. 18.

§ *Life*, II. p. 48; and *Evidence*, p. 20.

¶ *Life*, I. p. 323.

¶ *Ib.*, p. 349.

\*\* *Ib.*, III. 138.

†† *Ib.*, 457.

‡‡ *Ib.*, II. 4.

§§ *Ib.*, II. 20.

of the Trinitarian doctrines.\* In December of the same year he recorded himself a deliberate Unitarian.† He determined, with great delicacy of feeling, to remove himself from the house of the Archbishop of Dublin, in which he had been residing for some time, before he should separate from the Church. In January, 1835, he effected this removal, and placed himself at Liverpool, where he joined the Unitarian Society. In that town and in its neighbourhood he lived until his death, in May, 1841. Here we bring this outline to a close, proposing to take more particular notice of some of the passages of his chequered and disastrous career.

We may regard Mr. Blanco White in several characters; first as a witness to facts, and next as the expositor, and still more as the victim of opinions. With regard to the first of these capacities, he had abundant talent, remarkable honesty and singleness of purpose, and large and varied means of information and of comparison from the several positions which he occupied at different times; and we think that the dispassionate reader of his works will be disposed to place almost implicit reliance upon his accounts of all such matters as are the proper subjects of testimony.

Regarding him then in this capacity, we naturally look in the first instance to the representations which he has given us of the state of things in Spain, and of this the most prominent characteristic certainly is the unbelief which he declares to have prevailed among the clergy. We have seen his view of the operation of the law of celibacy; but he is much more definite and explicit upon the other subject. In Doblado's Letters ‡ he says, 'Among my numerous acquaintance in the Spanish clergy I have never met with any one possessed of bold talents who has not, sooner or later, changed from the most sincere piety to a state of unbelief.'

Such a circumstance suggests very serious questions with regard to the actual system of the Church of Rome, under which it had come to pass; and to us it goes far to explain the phenomenon, when we recollect (for instance) that the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin passed in Spain for an article of the Christian faith, practically no less sacred and certain than the mystery of the Incarnation. As to the accuracy of the statement, we believe it may be corroborated by the testimony of Roman Catholic witnesses, particularly with reference to the capitular and dignified clergy of Spain as they then were. But the passage also establishes the fact that the state from which the transition took

\* *Life*, I., II. 42.† *Ib.*, II. 61.

‡ p. 126.

place was usually one of earnest devotion, and that the life of the young priest opened at least in piety. It would seem, therefore, that there was at least a well-meant endeavour to impart a religious education, and to impress the mind of the young candidate for orders with an adequate sense of his vocation.

He has, however, again and again repeated his assertion with regard to unbelief, in his '*Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism*':—

'I do attest, from the most certain knowledge, that the history of my own mind is, with little variation, that of a great portion of the Spanish clergy. The fact is certain.\*

In another passage he writes still more broadly, but rather to a matter of opinion than one of fact:—

'I have been able to make an estimate of the moral and intellectual state of Spain, which few who know me and that country will, I trust, be inclined to discredit. Upon the strength of this knowledge, I declare, again and again, that very few among my own class (I comprehend clergy and laity) think otherwise than I did before my removal to England.†

And, once more, in contrast with a different state of things among the English clergy:—

'I cannot dismiss this subject without most solemnly attesting, that the strongest impressions which enliven and support my Christian faith are derived from my friendly intercourse with members of that insulted clergy: while, on the contrary, I know but very few Spanish priests, whose talents or acquirements were above contempt, who had not secretly renounced their religion.‡

In his *Autobiography* he particularises these statements by reference to individuals; but nothing more. It is but just also to record that, while his evidence bears hard upon the morals of the friars§ in Spain, he declares unequivocally in favour of the Jesuits, both as to their purity of character and the practical effects of their influence: || and with regard to nunneries, although he states that he never knew 'souls more polluted than those of some of the professed vestals of the Church of Rome,' ¶ yet he represents the opposite case to be the rule:—

'The greater part of the nuns whom I have known were beings of a much higher description—females whose purity owed nothing to the strong gates and high walls of the cloister.' \*\*

When we turn to Mr. Blanco White's evidence upon the state of religion and of the clergy in England, we must of course make liberal allowance with regard to so much as he said at a time

\* *Practical and Internal Evidence*, p. 8. † *Ibid.*, p. 28. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 60.

§ *Doblado*, p. 475. || *Ib.*, pp. 86, 87, and 474. ¶ *Life*, I. p. 70.

\*\* *Practical and Internal Evidence*, p. 135.

when his mind was, as he subsequently considered, carried away by the returning tide of religious sympathies. Indeed, for some time he had no eye for our faults and shortcomings: and in the very unqualified praises that were bestowed upon his works by some persons of authority,\* we cannot but trace the reciprocal operation of a principle analogous to that of the proverb that forbids us 'to look a gift horse in the mouth.' The members of all Christian communities must be conscious of the temptation not to scrutinize over-rigidly the pretensions of a convert from a rival persuasion. Otherwise, we cannot but think that, in the works which Mr. White published while he was ostensibly of the Church of England, there were ominous indications, and a vagueness which now in retrospect tends to warrant the impression that he never at any period recovered an intelligent and firm hold even of the great Catholic dogmas concerning the nature of God.

It is consolatory, however, to find that his final lapse could not have been owing to any of his associates among our clergy. For in his 'Observations on Heresy and Orthodoxy,' † published in 1835, he says, with regard to his friends of that order,—

'Without exception, all and every one of them are, to my knowledge, conscientious believers in the divinity of Christ.'

He writes, indeed, in year 1829,‡—

'In England unbelief has made a rapid progress, both among the higher and the lower classes.'

In 1835 he states that 'the days of orthodoxy are certainly gone by,' § and 'artificial belief' || is 'easier and more powerful in complete popery than in mixed,' by which he means Athanasian, 'Protestantism.'

And again, ¶—

'What is called the Protestant religion is nothing but a mutilated system of popery; groundless, incongruous, and full of contradictions. I am not at all surprised when I hear that the number of Roman Catholics is increasing.'

In short, he repeatedly indicates the opinion that, if there is to be fixed dogmatic faith, it will be most naturally sought in the system of the Church of Rome.\*\* Such is his theory: but he bears very important testimony to the fact that dogmatic faith is most extensively and most tenaciously held in England, and that too among classes who seem to have surrendered many of its support. Of course it would be expected that he would regard with horror any assertion of the authority of the Church or of the spiritual gifts of the sacred ministry: yet he recognises the power

\* Life, I. pp. 415, 419, 424, 433, 440.

† Preface, p. ix. ‡ Life, I. p. 458. § II. p. 139. || Ib., p. 126.

¶ In 1835, Life, II. p. 140.

\*\* Ib., III. p. 106.

even of these principles with alarm. He writes, in 1836, to Professor Norton, in America,—

‘We are, unfortunately, retrograde in this country. The grossest spirit of mysticism and popery has revived at Oxford; not without persecution against those who, though feebly, venture to oppose it.’\*

So he had written to Mr. Armstrong, in 1835,†—

‘Orthodoxy poisons every man more or less (in this country perhaps more than where it is merely a name) from the cradle.’

And to another person,‡—

‘I deeply lament that England, a land I love and admire, my second country, should be the spot in Europe most deeply sunk into that refined intolerance which attributes opinions to moral depravity.’

And to Mr. Mill,—

‘I am convinced that no country in the world suffers more from false notions of religion than England. Spain and Italy are indeed ruined by an established superstition of the grossest kind; but they have the advantage that the subject is treated as a mere concession to be made to ignorance till some more favourable moment may arrive for dislodging the abettors of the nuisance from their ruinous strongholds. But in England the most mischievous, because the most intolerant, superstition has succeeded in disguising itself into something like knowledge and system. It exists in the garb of philosophy, meddling with everything, not as a mere matter of fact, but as reason and right.’§

We could fill whole pages with extracts expressing his most bitter complaints against the universal spirit of ‘Bibliolatry’ in England.¶ He finds the attempt to maintain an authoritative revelation, which he thinks so mischievous, to be common to Christian persuasions generally.¶ The ordinary idea of God, he says, is anthropomorphic, it is gross idolatry.\*\* Nay, he repeatedly laments the prevalence and power of superstition even among the Unitarians.†† All this affords ground for thankfulness; and tends to support the hope that, although the prevalent notions in this country may on several points of religion be inexact—although a dangerous licence is assumed of distinguishing between different articles of faith according to their supposed importance to the individual mind—although even schism and heresy be too manifest among us—still those habits of mind are deeply rooted in the people which are the fundamental conditions of Catholic faith—the view, namely, of revelation as something fixed and immutable, and the conviction of the ethical character of Christian dogmas, and of their indissoluble connection with the conduct of life. While this is the case, even though the walls should be thrown down,

\* *Life*, II., p. 192.

† *Ib.*, II. p. 101.

‡ *Ib.*, p. 109.

§ *Ib.*, p. 137.

¶ For instance, II. pp. 18, 136, 191, 344; III. p. 380.

¶¶ III. p. 66.

\*\* III. p. 78.

†† I. pp. 228, 264, 275, 276.

and the foundations laid bare, still their seat in the heart and mind of man is unassailed.

So much for Mr. Blanco White as a witness to facts. When we turn to the consideration of his claims as a teacher in divine philosophy, we are alike baffled by the weakness, the incongruity, and the perpetual defluxion of his doctrines. He was indeed, during the last ten years of his life, in a kind of moral atrophy, incessantly employed upon mental speculation, but quite incapable of deriving nourishment from that which he devoured with an appetite so ravenous. So that he pined more and more, from year to year: and we can scarcely measure the miserable intensity of his disease when we find him sunk so far below the Unitarian heresy as to write to Mr. Norton, the Unitarian professor, that they differ on essentials;\* and when the same Mr. Norton, himself a Christian in the Unitarian sense, 'in his controversy with Mr. Ripley, had completely excluded him (Mr. Blanco White) from the class of Christians,'† under the influence of the spirit of orthodoxy. It was indeed no great wonder that any one should have done so, with whom human language was other than a mockery and a fraud; for about the same time Mr. Blanco White was surely preparing himself for emancipation from the last of his fetters, the name of our religion, or he could hardly have written thus:‡—

'How superior, in various respects, is Islamism to superstitious Christianity! It may shock many, but I must express my expectation that both the corrupt church Christianity and Islamism itself will disappear in the course of ages, and that the two religions will return to their primitive source—the pure patriarchal and primitive view, the true Christian view, of God and man!'§

And a little further on he institutes a contrast between Paganism and Christianity, in direct disparagement of the latter.

The contradictions with which his work abounds are indescribable. He indeed wonders at his own intellectual consistency||—probably because he had forgotten many of the opinions he had renounced, and because of the remarkable positiveness with which he in most cases adopted for the moment the successive modifications of his views. Even the phenomena of his own mind, which seem to have been latterly his only remaining realities, are stated by him in modes quite irreconcilable with each other. For example, during his later life the constant tenor of his representation is, that his return to what he terms orthodoxy, and what we should call partial belief, for some years between

\* *Life*, II. p. 361. † *Ib.*, III. p. 207. ‡ *Ib.*, III. 277, note.

§ *Ib.*, III. p. 280. || *Ib.*, III. p. 29.

1812 and 1818, and again between 1825 and 1832, was the effect of his religious sympathies, obtaining for the time the mastery over his understanding.\* But at the first of these periods he had taken a directly opposite view; for he embodied his sentiments in the prayer which follows:†—

‘O Lord, my heavenly Father, who knowest how much of sin still remains in my heart, root out of my mind, I beseech thee, *the habits of unbelief* which I often feel in myself, stirring against *the full persuasion of my understanding on the truth of thy revelation*, and the strong desire of my heart after that perfect and tranquil assurance in the promises of thy Gospel; of which, through the impious conduct of my youth, I have made myself absolutely unworthy.’

He expresses the same sentiments in his ‘Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism.’‡ Now, upon the whole, we believe that there not only may, but must be, very considerable truth in these earlier statements. Because the fact stands upon record that he had passed (between Spain and England) at least ten years in total unbelief. Was it possible that in so long a period he could fail to form sceptical habits of mind; and had they not time to become to a considerable degree inveterate? It must be borne in mind that our intellectual as well as our moral nature is liable to be powerfully affected by habits previously formed. We know, for instance, that a statesman, a divine, and a lawyer, each fairly representing his class, will usually take different views of a subject even where they agree in their conclusion: that they must approach it with distinct predispositions. These predispositions are the results of their several employments, which propose to them the several ends of policy, law, and divine truth, and modify their common mental acts accordingly. Much more must this be the case where the operative cause cuts so deep, lies so close to the very root of our moral being, as in a case of total unbelief combined with the exterior acts of the sacerdotal profession. But Mr. Blanco White, so far from seeing in these facts of his history any disqualification, whether total or partial, for his philosophical investigations on moral subjects, rather pleads the tenor of his whole life as his grand claim to credit. Thus he writes to Miss L——, in 1836:§—

‘Having gone through almost every modification of the spirit of devotion, except those which bear the stamp of gross extravagance, I must possess a practical knowledge of the artful disguises of superstition, which no natural talent, no powers of thought, can give by means of study and meditation. It is the results of that individual experience, and not any new doctrine or theoretical system, which I have thought it a duty of Christian friendship to give you without disguise.’

\* Life, I., pp. 320, 340, 363; III. 128.

† Ib., I. p. 319.

‡ p. 17.

§ Life, II. p. 262.

It is true he speaks of experience, not of opinions; but, in point of fact, thought is mental experience: and if the distinction can be drawn, it is quite irrelevant here, for the very letter from which the citation is taken is one of pure theory.

We say, therefore, that when we find Mr. Blanco White systematically ignoring the effect which ten years of unbelief not only might but must have had upon the habits of his mind, we are driven to conclude that he was, however quick and inquisitive, yet a careless, and therefore a bad psychologist.

His writings do not indeed present a system of belief or of unbelief sufficiently definite to be the subject of methodical argument throughout; and they are not less irregular and incongruous in substance than they are in form. They are constant to nothing but to mutability. They present, however, a remarkable number of curious phenomena, and among them that of an intense satisfaction, an ardour of delight, in the Unitarian creed and worship at the period when he formally joined their societies in Liverpool:—

‘The service at the Unitarian chapel, Paradise Street, has given me the most unmixed delight.’ (Sunday, Feb. 1st, 1835.)

Previously to this he—

‘had no conception of the power which sacred poetry, full of real religious sentiment, and free from the mawkish mysticism which so much abounds in some collections, can exert over the heart and mind. . . . If Christianity is to become a living power in the civilized parts of the world, it must be under the Unitarian form. . . . What strikes me most of all is, what I might call the *reality*, the true connection with life, which this worship possesses. All that I had practised before seemed to lie in a region scarcely within view. . . . Here the prayers, the whole worship, is a part of my real life. “I pray with my spirit, I pray with my understanding also.” May I not say, that suffering every hour from the bleeding wounds of my heart, those wounds that even my friends touch roughly, I have been already rewarded for acting in conformity with principle?’

And there is much more to the same effect. Shall we offer our explanation of the enigma which this outburst of devout gratification in connection with the freezing system of the Socinian worship appears to present? It is this: the wave-tossed swimmer, gasping for breath, had been cast upon a shore; he had not had time to perceive that it was a barren one, and he did not know that another billow would soon bear him back to sea. His mind had rest and satisfaction when he exchanged interminable doubts and the disgusts of a false and abstractedly dishonest position for the definite view, and with the view the confession, of two

\* Life, II. p. 92; see also pp. 86, 101, 121, 123, 124.

essential parts of the Catholic faith, the unity of God and the mission of Christ. Thus he exulted in Unitarianism as a starving garrison make a banquet upon a supply of garbage. But this did not and could not last. The narrow measure even of Unitarian dogma was soon felt to be too broad for him. 'Blank misgivings, questionings,' returned upon him. Scepticism was gorged for the moment; but its appetite too soon revived. Only two years after these raptures\* he was so perplexed in his view of the being of God, that he said, man could only turn to the light within him and follow it, forgetting the dark mystery of his existence. Then he ceased to realize Christianity as an historical revelation.† He ceased to perceive the duty of prayer.‡ He lost his view of the personal immortality of the soul.§ He placed the idea of the Deity somewhere between the Christian belief and Pantheism,|| and declared the latter to be the lesser evil. He reminds us of the long descent in the Inferno, from stage to stage, and circle to circle, each lower and each narrower than the last, until it ends in the eternal ice of Giudecca. The accompaniments, as regarded his own peace, of this process of destruction, he has feelingly described in these lines¶ (1837):—

' Brother, or sister, whosoe'er thou art!  
 Couldst thou but see the fang that gnaws my heart,  
 Thou wouldst forgive this transient gush of scorn,  
 Would shed a tear, in pity wouldst thou mourn  
 For one who, 'spite the wrongs that lacerate  
 His weary soul, has never learnt to hate.'

And we trust that his appeal to pity will meet with a universal response. The claim made on his behalf,\*\* that he should be regarded as a standard-bearer of mankind, calls for firm resistance: many of his opinions warrant, and indeed demand from us, a sentiment nothing short of horror: but the man himself, who, if he erred terribly, suffered not less deeply, and who, amidst bewildering error and acute and protracted pain, still cherished many of the sentiments that belong to duty and to piety; *he* has a right to receive at our hands sympathy and tenderness, and we should leave the dark questions of his destiny there, where alone there is skill to solve them, in

' The bosom of his Father and his God.'

There were, it is evident, many signs of nobleness, both in fragments of his opinions, and in his conduct to the last. After he had become a Unitarian, he could still discern†† 'the essential mistake which lies at the bottom of Paley's system;' and when

\* Life, II. p. 283.

|| Ib., II. p. 361.

† Ib., II. p. 318.

¶ Ib., II. p. 334.

‡ Ib., II.

\*\* Introduction, p. x.

§ Ib., III. p. 63.

†† II. p. 87.

he was sinking yet lower, he did not cease (in 1837) to appreciate the excellence of Bishop Butler's theory\* of human nature. He recommended that in philosophical inquiries we should be on our guard against selfishness, and rule points in opposition to our inclinations.† He held (1838) that our nature‡ was unable to comprehend moral truth beyond its own degree of purity. He contended that virtue has an authority and obligation§ independently of the ideas of our indefinite existence, and of its securing our happiness; and even after he had ceased to retain any determinate belief in our future life, he still clung with happy inconsistency to the idea that in the hands of his Maker he should be safe,|| and that God would certainly reward the disinterested generosity of a friend.¶ He cherished, with whatever associations, the love of God,\*\* and maintained resignation to His will, even when it seems almost impossible to see how he could have had a dogmatic belief in the existence of a Divine will at all. There was, in short, a disposition to resist the tyranny of self, to recognise the rule of duty, to maintain the supremacy of the higher over the lower parts of our nature, which is not always equally observable in less heterodox writers, and which imparts some tinge of consolation to the melancholy and painful retrospect of his life and opinions.

There are also circumstances connected with the discharge of active duty, which should not be forgotten on his behalf. We cannot banish all sentiments of respect for one who twice in his life, for the sake even of erroneous conviction, and after much lingering and hesitation, severed himself from almost every worldly good. There may be persons who are entitled to condemn and upbraid him: but such a voice should not come from among those who live in the lap of bodily and mental ease, who have never experienced his trials, and upon whom God has never laid the weight of his afflictions. When he was bedridden, in his old age and in the solitude of his lodging—solitude not the less sensible because he dwelt in one of the streets of busy Liverpool—his son, who bears the Queen's commission, returned from service in India to visit him. It is evident that this period was one of great enjoyment and relief. However, keeping in view his son's professional prospects, he writes to a friend that he has advised him to return to India; †† and, he adds,

‘but as I shook him by the hand on Saturday evening, knowing that I should in all probability never see him again, I could hardly contain my

\* *Life*, II. p. 282. † *Ib.*, II. p. 270. ‡ *Ib.*, III. p. 25.  
 § *Ib.*, II. p. 300. || *Ib.*, III. p. 107. ¶ *Ib.*, III. p. 107.  
 \*\* *Ib.*, III. p. 107. †† *Ib.*, III. p. 65.

anguish within my bosom. Fortunately I was going to bed, where I could give way to my sorrow.'

And he enters in his journal, June 15th, 1839 :—

'Took my last leave of Ferdinand, and felt as if my heart was breaking.'

He indeed ascribes this paternal act, so tenderly and delicately performed, to his philosophy : we must take leave rather to set it down to the genial instincts of a nature which, speaking according to ordinary usage, we should call evidently an unselfish one, and full of kindly affections.

We have stated that these volumes do not contain any regular system of unbelief; but their author has presented to us very distinctly the particular stumbling-block which first, and also latterly, overthrew his faith, and which appears to have been the disposition to demand an amount, or rather a kind, of evidence in favour of revealed religion different from that which the nature of the subject matter and the analogies of our human state entitles us to expect.

Let us then advert to the original form of the delusion to which Mr. Blanco White became a prey on the two greatest occasions of his falling away, separated as they were by an interval of some thirty-five years\*—a circumstance which he conceives to be confirmatory of the justice of his course—as indeed it is, if the argument itself be a sound one, but which has a significancy of quite an opposite nature if it be intrinsically and radically bad. Here then we will give the *πρῶτον ψεύδος*, as he himself, and that apparently with no small complacency, has stated it, and as he applied it—first, to the authority of the Church—secondly, to the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and the authenticity of its component parts—the two pillars, in his view, of the system of Catholicity and orthodoxy.†

'I will grant as much as possible to the defenders of the authenticity of the Gospels: I will acknowledge that what is alleged against that authenticity does not rise above conjecture. But, premising that the authenticity would not prove the inspiration of those writings, I ask, have the arguments any higher character than *probability* in regard to authenticity? Can anything but hypothetical *fitness* be pleaded for inspiration? Now the orthodox probabilities have very high probabilities against them: the hypothesis is all conjectural. And is it upon such grounds that Heaven can have demanded an *absolute certainty* of belief in the authenticity and divine authority of the whole Bible? The demand would be monstrous; belief, according to the immutable laws of the human mind, cannot be stronger than its grounds. God, who gave such laws to our souls, could not make it a moral *duty* for man to act against them.'

\* Life, III. p. 136.

† Ib., III. p. 145.

This was written in 1839. He had, however, placed upon record some similar reasoning several years before, and with reference to his first inquiries in England soon after the year 1814. The Scriptures, he there says, are

‘the highest authority in matters directly connected with Christianity. But even that authority is not entitled to implicit and blind obedience. Why? Because the *authenticity* of those writings is only an *historical probability*.\* . . .

‘The case is exactly parallel to that of the Roman Catholic divines when defending the supremacy and infallibility of Peter and his pretended successors.† . . .

‘The foundation of certainty must be *certain*. Divines would make the Eternal Fountain of Reason more illogical than the weakest man. If God had intended to dwell *miraculously* among men in a *book*, as in an oracle, from which we might obtain *infallible* answers, he would not have left that first foundation of the intended certainty to probability and conjecture.’

These quotations, we believe, are sufficient to convey the form and the force of his argument; so that we may at once proceed to state our objections to it.

We are surprised at the cool and almost contemptuous manner in which Mr. Blanco White speaks of the most celebrated work of Bishop Butler. After commending the sermons of that great writer, he proceeds:—

‘Butler’s Analogy is an inferior work. The argument of analogy, especially when applied to the Christianity of churches, is totally unsatisfactory.’ ‡

Now we must venture to hazard the conjecture that he had never adequately studied this ‘inferior’ work: of which it appears to us that even the several members, apart from the general argument, are so many distinct and permanent contributions to that philosophy which will endure as long as the dispensation of our mortal state.

In his Introduction Bishop Butler has given a brief view of probable evidence, its nature, scope, and obligatory power, which we think affords materials in abundance for the confutation of the sophistry of the argument before us. Philosophising upon human action, we must collect its laws from a legitimate induction; and we cordially subscribe to the principle, that ‘God who has given certain laws to our souls could not make it a moral duty for man to act against them.’

Now the argument of Mr. Blanco White appears, firstly, to confound belief with knowledge; and, secondly, to assume that

\* Life, I. 279.

† Compare Practical and Internal Evidence, p. 109.

‡ Life, II. p. 282.

orthodoxy, or the Catholic faith, is connected with belief rather than with action, or with belief apart from action. As to the first: 'your evidences,' says he, 'are not demonstrative; therefore I cannot believe.' This is a gross inconsequence. We must entreat the reader to remember that in the language of metaphysics the term probability includes everything short of absolute and infallible, or properly scientific certainty; and with this single caution we proceed to reply, demonstration is the appropriate foundation of knowledge, but probability of belief.

Assuredly, we are not about to take refuge from the adversary in pleading the majesty of faith as against reason, in an appeal to theology against experience, in inventing a new law of credibility for religious purposes, which shall be inapplicable to common life. There is indeed a *dictum* in vogue with some, 'where mystery begins religion ends;' which almost provokes the parody, 'where antithesis begins common sense ends.' But our intention is to charge upon the theory of Mr. Blanco White this intelligible and capital offence; that it, like all the tribe to which it belongs, errs against reason, against experience, against the principles on which the ordinary and uniform practice of mankind in ordinary life is founded; which ordinary and uniform practice, and not the crotchets of a disorderly and unstable understanding, may suffice to show us with some tolerable clearness what really are those laws which God has given to our souls, and which it is not only not a duty to infringe, but the very first and highest duty to observe in act, and to maintain in undisputed authority.

First, we hold that it is only by a licence of speech that the term knowledge can be applied to any of our human perceptions. For as nothing can in the nature of things, properly speaking, be known, except that which exists, or known in any manner other than that exact manner in which it exists, it follows that knowledge can properly be predicated only of those perceptions which are absolutely and exactly true; and further, that it can be so predicated only by those who infallibly know them to be true. In strictness, therefore, knowledge is not predicable by us of any one of our own perceptions; whatever number of them may be true, we do not infallibly know of any one of them that it is true. Of all the steps in the operations of our mental faculties, there is not one at which it is abstractedly impossible that error should intervene; and as this is not impossible, *knowledge*, the certain and precise correspondence of the percipient and the thing perceived, cannot be categorically asserted. If, therefore, without knowledge in its scientific sense there can be no legitimate belief, this wide universe is a blank, and nothing can be believed: nothing theological, nothing moral, nothing social, nothing physical. In a

word, abstract certainty, in this dispensation, we scarcely can possess, though we may come indefinitely near it: and knowledge and certainty, and all similar expressions as practical terms must be understood not absolutely but relatively—relatively that is to the limit imposed by the nature of our faculties, and this not with regard to revelation only, but throughout the whole circle of our experience.

Next to this abstract certainty, comes that kind of assent to propositions which, according to the constitution of our minds, is such as to exclude all doubt. Human language applies the denomination of knowledge to such assent, in cases where this exclusion is entire and peremptory in the highest degree. Between that point and the point at which a proposition becomes improbable, and a just understanding inclines to its rejection, an infinity of shades of likelihood intervene. For example: where the exclusion of doubt is after consideration entire, but yet not peremptory and immediate; where it depends upon the comprehensive and continuous view of many particulars; where it rests upon the recollection of a demonstration, of which the detail has escaped from the memory; where it proceeds from some strong original instinct, incapable of analysis in the last resort: these are all cases in which doubt might be entirely banished, but we should scarcely know whether to say our assent was founded on knowledge or upon belief, the shades of the two, as they are commonly understood, passing into one another; but generally this distinction would be taken between them; that we should call knowledge what does not to our perceptions admit of degree, and what does admit of it we should call belief, although we might in the particular case possess it in the highest degree, so that it should have all the certainty of knowledge; just as we can readily conceive two stations, the one at the head of a pillar, and the other of a stair, yet of equal altitude.

Now the fundamental proposition on which we rest, and for the proof of which we appeal, without fear of a disputed reply, to the universal practice of mankind, is this: that the whole system of our moral conduct, and much also of our conduct that is not directly moral, rests upon belief as contradistinguished from knowledge, and not always upon belief in the very highest degree which utterly extinguishes doubt, but in every diversity of degree so long as any appreciable portion of comparative likelihood remains, although many of these degrees may be hampered with very considerable doubt as they actually subsist in the mind, and many more cases would be open to serious doubts if they were subjected to speculative examination. And further, that this, which is indisputable in point of fact, is not less irrefragable in point of reason;

son ; and that any other rule for the guidance of human life would be not irreligious, but irrational in the extreme. We take first a case of the highest practical certainty. How do we know that the persons who purport to be our parents, brothers and sisters, really are what they pass for ? It is manifest that the positive evidence producible in each case falls far short of a demonstrative character ; nay more, it is perfectly well known that in many cases these relations have been pretended where they did not exist, and the delusion long maintained. And yet every man carries in his mind a conviction upon the subject, as it regards himself, utterly exclusive of doubt. And those who should raise doubts upon it, in consequence of the want of mathematical certainty, would be deemed fitter for Bedlam than for the pursuit of philosophical inquiries. Here then is an absolute contradiction, supplied by that universal conviction and practice of mankind, from whence by a legitimate induction we infer the true laws of our nature, to the theorems of Mr. Blanco White, or perhaps rather to his grand inference from them, namely, that the demand made upon men for the reception of Christianity is greater than can be warranted by the reasons on which it purports to rest. But again, there are numberless instances in which a very great practical uncertainty prevails, and yet where we must act just as we should if there were no doubt at all. A man with many children will prepare them all for after-life, though probably one or more will die before attaining maturity. A tells B that his house is on fire ; A may have motives for deceiving him, but B, if he be a rational man, quits the most interesting occupation, and goes to see. But there is no end to the multiplication of instances ; let any man examine his own daily experience, and he will find that its whole tissue is made up of them ; or, in the words of that 'inferior' work of Bishop Butler, 'to us probability is the very guide of life.'\* Mr. Blanco White might indeed have received very useful lessons on this subject from an ingenious and really philosophical *brochure* of Archbishop Whately's, entitled 'Historic Doubts concerning the Existence of Napoleon Buonaparte,' in which he shows how open to abstract objections are the grounds upon which, as individuals, we receive facts even of common notoriety.

Now it will not be enough for the opponent to retort that probability will do for small matters, but that in great ones, and especially in what regards the salvation of the soul, we must have demonstration. For the law of credibility, upon which our common and indeed universal practice is founded, has no more

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\* Introduction to the Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion, p. 4.

dependence upon the magnitude of the objects to which it is applied than have the numbers of the arithmetical scale, which embrace motes and mountains with exactly the same propriety. It is not the greatness or minuteness of the proposition, but the balance between likelihood and unlikelihood, which we have to regard whenever we are called to determine upon assent or rejection. It is true, indeed, that when the matter is very small, the evil of acting against probability will be small also. But this shows that in a practical view the obligation of the law becomes not less but more stringent as the rank of the subject in question rises; because the best and most rational method of avoiding a very great evil, or of realizing a very great good, has a much higher degree of claim upon our consideration and acceptance in proportion to the degree of the greatness of the object in view.

But, next, is Mr. Blanco White correct in saying that the Christianity of Churches demands from all its disciples, at all stages of their progress, an absolute and mathematical conviction? Where did he learn so severe a theology? Hooker\* has shown in his sermon on the certainty and perpetuity of faith in the elect, of which the doctrine is by no means lax, that true faith does not imply the exclusion of all doubt whatever. He even says, speaking of revealed truths, 'of them at some time who doubteth not?' Bishop Pearson defines Christian belief to be an assent to that which is credible, as credible. But clearly, much that is on the whole credible is open to a degree of doubt; although it could not be credible unless the doubt were outweighed upon a comparison by the evidences in its favour. What, again, is the meaning of 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief?' There is in such a case a conflict within the mind; it is divided, though unequally divided. This however is the exception, not the rule. In general we do not imagine that even the nascent belief of Christians is seriously troubled with substantive doubts; but it clearly has not, and cannot have, nor have the great majority of our most rational acts in common life, a foundation in that philosophical completeness of conviction, which is an essential condition of the permanent and absolute freedom from doubt. But in point of fact, the formation of this mature belief, the mode of dealing with temptation when it arises in the form of doubt, is a high portion of the discipline of the soul; all that we need here lay down is this: to hold that an absolute intellectual certainty belongs of necessity to the reception of Christianity, is a proposition altogether erroneous.

We shall note one other and gross error, as it appears to us, in this part of the philosophy of Mr. Blanco White. The stages

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\* Works, III. p. 585, ed. Keble, 1836.

of mental assent and dissent are almost innumerable; but the alternatives of action proposed by the Catholic faith are two only. There is a narrow way and a broad one; in the one or the other of these every man, according to its testimony, *must* walk. It will not do to say, I see this difficulty about the Christian theory, so I cannot adopt it; and that difficulty about the Anti-Christian theory, so I cannot embrace that; I will wait and attach myself to neither. Could our whole being, except the sheer intellect, be laid in abeyance, such a notion would at least be intelligible; but in the mean time, life and its acts proceed:

*È mangia, e bee, e dorme, e veste panni:\**

and not only as to these functions, but also our moral habits are in the course of formation or destruction; character receives its bias; there are appetites to be governed, powers to be employed; and these matters cannot be wholly nor at all adjourned. The discharge of the daily duties of our position absolutely *must* be adapted either to the supposition that we have a Creator and a Redeemer, or to the supposition that we have not. There is no intermediate verdict of 'not proven,' which leaves the question open: the question to us is, Is there such proof as to demand obedience? and there are no possible replies in act, whatever there may be in word, except *aye* and *no*. The lines of conduct are but two, and our liberty is limited to the choice between them. Here it is, therefore, that we perceive the stringent obligation of the law of credibility, as applied to the belief of Christianity, upon man. On a subject purely abstract or not entailing moral responsibilities, upon the generation of the present structure of the world by fire or water, upon the theory of vibrations in optics, upon the system of Copernicus or of Descartes, we might have taken refuge in a philosophical suspense, while the evidence fell short of demonstration; and even after the proof has been completed, the error of withholding assent is not a fatal one; but the belief which Christianity enforces, it enforces as the foundation of daily conduct, as the framework into which all acts, all thoughts, all hopes, affections, and desires, are to be cast, and by which they must be moulded. Whatever it teaches, for example, concerning the work and the person of our Lord, it teaches not in the abstract, but as holding forth Him whose steps we are to follow, in whom our whole trust is to be reposed, with whom we are to be vitally incorporated, and whom accordingly we must needs know even though 'in a glass darkly,' for how can we imitate, or how love, without some kind of vision, and how can definite vision be transmitted from man to man without language; and what are the Creeds but

\* *Inferno*, xxxiii. 141.

the vision of God as He is, transferred into language? So again, whatever the Catholic faith teaches concerning the Church, it teaches as concerning the organ by which these operations are to be effected in us, even as the schoolboy is taught the rules of school in which he is to learn, and the workman those of the art which he is to practise. Now, singular as it is, considering that we have before us the case of a person of such a character and such a position, we find in Mr. Blanco White's system no recognition of the fact, we do not say that the Catholic faith is actually connected with Christian practice (which would be begging the question from him), but that the Catholic faith is taught by the Church as being so connected, as being the proper and exclusive foundation of Christian practice: so that her demand is by no means that of an assent to a scheme of abstract dogmas; it is the demand for our conforming to a new law of heart and life, which new law (as she says) can only take effect under the influence of the faith and by the agency which it provides; it is the old charter of the Gospel 'testifying repentance towards God, and' therewith, but only in indissoluble conjunction therewith, also 'faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.' In discussing therefore the reception or rejection of Christianity, according to its credibility or incredibility, we must remember that it purports to be a system of belief and action inseparably combined, and therefore that if it be credible it entails the obligation not of a speculation but of a practical question, a question to be decided here and now, which cannot be relegated to the region of indifference, but which, even if our understanding refuse to act, our conduct must either recognise as true, or else repudiate as false.

Against this part, then, of Mr. White's doctrine, we contend, that Christianity does not require the highest degree of intellectual certainty in order to be honestly and obediently received; and that the very same principles which govern our action in common life, cognisable by common sense, are those which, fortified through God's mercy with a singular accumulation and diversity of evidence, demand our reception of the word and our implicit obedience to it; and that we cannot refuse this demand upon the plea that the evidence is only probable and not demonstrative, without rebellion against the fundamental laws of our earthly state, as they are established by a truly Catholic consent in the perpetual and universal practice of mankind.

And it is well worthy of remark, that Mr. Blanco White did not deny that probability was in favour of the Christian Revelation. This is plain, from the passages on which we have been arguing. But even at a later time he allowed that the Christian revelation was proved up to 'a certain—perhaps a slight—degree  
of

of probability.\* Upon his own statement, therefore, it stands that he followed the improbable; and as the evidence was conclusive neither way, he chose that side upon which the lack was greatest; and his doctrine is overturned by the very argument which he has taken for its foundation.

From this subject we pass on to observe, that Mr. Blanco White entertained the notion, common with those in his unhappy condition, that the moral part of the Gospel could be separated from its dogmatical part. This we shall show from his own words, and we shall also endeavour to point out the steps by which he arrived at the position, and to glance at its consequences. He originally rejected Christianity in Spain, because he could not find the proof of a living infallible judge in questions of religion, because he found that the Roman Church, which claimed that character, had not sustained it in practice.† When he came to England, the theory of religion presented to him, on which his reviving affections fastened, was one very different from that of the formularies or of the theologians of the English Church, but which has nevertheless, from time to time since the Reformation, obtained various degrees of currency in the popular mind. We cannot describe it more shortly, than by saying, it is a theory which attaches no meaning to those words of the Twentieth Article: 'the Church hath authority in controversies of faith;' and which rightly asserting the supremacy of Scripture, wrongly subjoins to it the supremacy of the individual next to Scripture. But he does not appear, either at that or at any subsequent time, to have examined that view of religion, according to which, without the prominent assertion, or even without the assertion at all, of an abstract infallibility, the Church, distributed in her regular organization through the earth, is divinely charged with the functions of a moral guide, and instructs the individual believer with a weight of authority varying according to the solemnity of the subject matter, the particular organ from which the judgment proceeds, and its title to represent her universal and continual sense. He went therefore to the study of Holy Scripture, in the year 1814, with the expectation that he could find, firstly, a mathematical demonstration of the canon, and, secondly, the limits and definitions of faith so laid down upon its sacred pages as (if we may so speak) almost mechanically to preclude mistake in every case of pious and upright intention. He was naturally much disappointed to find that the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible were themselves questions, like that of the character of the Church, and as we have said, like most other questions, to be

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\* *Life*, III. p. 406; and II. p. 235.† *Ib.*, I. p. 111.

examined by the light of probable evidence. As in the case of the Church, when he failed to find that sort of infallible teaching which would go far to supersede faith and moral discipline, he lost, and never recovered, the very idea of her functions as a spiritual mother; so he first imagined, apparently, that Scripture would be to him all that the Church had proposed to be; and when this expectation was falsified, he very speedily lost his hold upon Scripture, as an authoritative document, altogether. Then doctrinal doubts at once began to assault him; his understanding wavered, and he had none of the extrinsic support which he would have derived from the Divines and the Reformers of the English Church, if it had been his lot to recommence his studies in their school, and if, like them, he had been content to receive, as the legitimate witness to the sense of Holy Scripture, the voice of the universal Church. So that he very soon lost any portion of dogmatic faith that he had recovered. But having, as we see from his whole works, much more of affection than of conviction, he naturally clung to the moral teaching of Scripture as long as any strength remained. He found the evidence on most controverted doctrines so equal, as he thought, that he conceived it best to have no opinion upon them (1818);\* he imagined the purpose of Scripture was to teach the spirit of Christian morality,† not to fix a code of opinions; he placed before himself God's will as a rule of life (1821);‡ having doubts on the subject of particular and general providence, he put that question, as an abstract one! into the catalogue of non-essentials (1822);§ and in one year more (1823) he concluded that|| Christianity had no letter, and that the Spirit of which it testifies could not be distinguished from conscientious reason. But he does not appear, during that period of declension, to have been shaken as to the morality of the New Testament. Most true indeed it is, that as the Church is the bulwark of the canon of the Scripture and the doctrine it contains, so that doctrine is the bulwark of the whole of its moral law; and there is usually silence for a little space between the enemy's surmounting one of these inclosures and the attempt to scale the next. But in the period of his second and final lapse from the Christian faith, which followed the year 1830, and became rapid from 1833, it is quite evident that, following the natural order of things, he became less and less firm by degrees as to the morality of the Bible. He began by holding that our duty was to receive Christ as our moral king,¶ and to believe in God, and exercise the religious affections towards Him apart

\* *Life*, I. p. 344. † *Ib.*, p. 368. ‡ *Ib.*, p. 378. § *Ib.*, p. 398. || *Ib.*, p. 405.

¶ *Ib.*, II. p. 4.

from all dogmas as to His objective nature.\* But in 1836 he said—

‘ Dr. Whately has endeavoured to gloss over the false political economy of the Gospels, and indeed of the New Testament altogether, in regard to almsgiving: but the thing cannot be fairly done. Christ and his Apostles thought that to give away everything a man possessed was one of the highest acts of virtue.’†

Next he defined prayer to be, properly speaking, ‘ a longing or desire,’ an ‘ act of the heart ;’ and he adds

‘ To make it an act also of the lips, in regard to God, may be *excusable*, under certain circumstances.’ ‡

Then he established, incredible as it may appear that such should be the result of almost a whole life of criticism in one form or other, as a rule for judging of the *genuineness* of passages in the New Testament, the moral consequences which they had produced,§ and their conformity to that reason which he defined to be the voice of God within us. ||

‘ I approve in them what I find worthy of approval, and reject what I see no reason to believe or follow.’ ¶

On this ground we presume, as he does not name any other, he repudiates (in 1834) the narrative of the woman taken in adultery.\*\* With the lapse of time the evil proceeds. In 1838 he says Socrates would have been a very different, evidently meaning an inferior, person if he had had bodily ill-health to bear; and he proceeds,†† in words which we will not quote (they simply express the thought), to the blasphemous remark that the same would probably have been the case with our Lord. This is, indeed, a sentiment quite within the creed of regular Unitarianism: but it is Unitarianism practically applied, Unitarianism (so to speak) in *motion*, and thus it strikes more forcibly upon the eye. Some time later, however, he struck at the very foundation of the moral code of Him who inaugurated His great discourse with the text that ‘ blessed are the poor in spirit.’ ‡‡ For Mr. Blanco White writes thus concerning humility in 1840:—

‘ Humility could not be raised to the catalogue of *virtues*, except in a society chiefly composed of men degraded by personal slavery, such as history exhibits the early Church. Slaves alone could find such a sanctified cloak for cowardice as humility; for it is not a dignified endurance of unavoidable evil, but such a cringing as may allay the anger of an insolent oppressor. Such submission cannot find acceptance in thine eyes, O God! for it classes Thee with the despots of this earth. . . .

‘ If he (our Saviour) ever uttered the rule of offering the cheek for a

\* Life, p. 276.

† Ib. p. 200.

‡ Ib., II. p. 263. § Ib., p. 287. || Ib., III. p. 155. ¶ Compare II. 235.

\*\* Life, I. p. 231.

†† Ib., III. p. 36.

‡‡ St. Matt. v. 3.

second insult, he must have done it under the conviction that the Oriental style he was using could not be misunderstood but by idiots. . . . In the multitude of slaves who flocked to the Church is to be found the source of that humility which has lowered the standard of modern virtue.\*

Then, becoming rabid in his infatuation, he proceeds to stigmatize † 'the mean ambition, the low and degraded character, and the worldly views' of the Martyrs of that Lord who is 'to be glorified in His Saints and admired in them that believe: ‡ and as if it had been written in heaven that the man who uttered this impiety should not be suffered to do it without at the same time exposing himself to ridicule, while he has thus the Christian Church and her achievements in his eye, he proceeds to complain that thus

'To create in us a habit of distrust and timidity, is to deprive us of that confidence which is the foundation of all high enterprise.§

Yet he knew something of the power of that system which is thus enfeebled and degraded by the doctrine of humility; for among the many causes that embittered his last days and made his life a torment, was the belief which he has recorded that, during his latter days, contrary to the hopes he had once entertained, orthodoxy was on the advance in the land which he had hoped would be its grave.

Lastly, we are obliged to observe, before quitting this part of the subject, Mr. Blanco White appears to have had most feeble ideas of the nature and heinousness of sin as a contravention of the Divine will. Of the sins of his own early life he sometimes speaks in the terms of penitence, but we do not perceive that the idea of sin as such ever raised in him the horror which belongs to it. In his later life, we must say that his vehemence against the Christian doctrine of original sin consorts but too well with his faint impressions upon actual sin. Of the former he does not scruple to say that those who can believe in it are beyond the reach of reasoning.|| Upon the latter, besides a scoff in an earlier passage,¶ he says—

'There is nothing like pure joy among us. Pleasure constantly assumes the appearance of sin—a word which perverts every mind among us. The Hebrew had a sounder notion of the state of man upon earth. See the opinions and sentiments expressed in the book of Solomon.'\*\*

We esteem these parts of his history as of the highest importance; because they powerfully illustrate the inseparable connexion be-

\* Life, III. p. 272-4.

|| Ib., III. p. 77.

† 273, note.

¶ Ib., II. p. 298.

‡ 2 Thess. i. 10.

§ p. 275.

\*\* Ib., III. p. 173.

tween the morality of the Gospel and the rest of its doctrine, and support the belief that the man who abandons the latter puts a period, whether consciously or unconsciously, to his possession of the former, even although it may often happen that life is too short and impediments too many to permit him to pursue the dreary process to its close. Faith, then, with him was already shipwrecked; and the theory of morals must soon have foundered: but what are we to say to his practical virtues?

There are several dangers of a most serious kind with which the contemplation of a mind and a history like those of Mr. Blanco White is attended. It may tempt us to deny the reality of those virtues which are presented to us apart from their natural and proper accompaniment of Christian belief, and in this way many, as we think, find an unworthy defence for their orthodoxy at the cost of their justice and brotherly kindness; for there are those among us who, if any evidences were laid before them of piety on the part of a misbeliever, would think themselves obliged beforehand to reject them on account of his heresy. Or again, admitting the reality of the virtues, and unable to deny the absence of all true perception of the Catholic faith, we may fall into that most fatal error of regarding Christian dogma as a thing separable from the moral operation which generates the Christian character, and of holding that a man \* 'may be saved *by* the law or sect which he professeth;' that there is a basis of human conduct, adequate to the ends of virtue, and yet other than that of the Gospel and the Church. Such a view as this we take to be, not indeed in every individual, but in every school professing it, the sure precursor of infidelity. Or again, if we escape this pitfall, and still cling to the idea that the powers necessary for our moral renovation are linked by Divine order to Christian doctrines, still when we are pressed with cases in which heretical opinion appears to have co-existed with personal piety—such as those of Firmin, of Courayer (in his last years), and of others whose denials, though heretical, have not so obviously touched the foundation—we may be tempted into some classification of the several truths which make up the deposit of faith; and, setting down as unessential whatever we find to have been rejected by persons apparently living under the influences of religion, we may draw a new catalogue of fundamentals which we shall too surely find in the course of time to be subject to unlimited reduction. It is surprising how many grave and pious men have been induced to commit themselves, in one degree or another, to this most shallow and slippery theory. The process, indeed,

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\* Art. XVIII.

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which it requires, as it begins in an act of sheer presumption—for what are we that we shall analyze the faith of the perpetual and universal Church, and separate its organic parts?—so it naturally terminates in exhaustion and inanition. But, fourthly and lastly, supposing we grant that Mr. Blanco White exhibits to our human view the marks of a true surrender of the will, and of its surrender to a loved and loving God; and that we likewise steadily maintain the Catholic faith to be the only covenanted source of spiritual blessings; and that we also understand that faith as it was understood at Nice and at Constantinople, and when the note of unity was upon the Church, and she bare a universal and consistent witness to herself in her whole office: still we have before us the juxtaposition of what we cannot deny to be true though morbid and mutilated piety, with what we must assert to be in itself rank unbelief, not many degrees removed from speculative pantheism: and how then are we to deal with the distinct promise of our Lord—‘If a man wishes to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God?’ In the endeavour—thus we may be challenged—to frame such an explanation of a particular case as will pass current among men, are we not stumbling against the adamant rock of Holy Scripture?

We cannot pretend to give a complete answer to the objection; because it is not to be done without that knowledge of the secrets of the heart which we cannot possess and will not pretend. But the aspect in which Mr. Blanco White’s case presents itself to us is not so perplexing as at first sight it appears. He supplies us in part at least with the keys to the comprehension of it when he says that\* ‘an indiscriminate warmth of the social affections often took the lead of his judgment;’ that he had always had † much more practical belief than logical conviction: that he had long struggled against the intellectual notions which at last led him captive; and especially that, after his understanding was utterly disturbed with regard to fundamental articles of belief, he read the New Testament daily to foster his religious feelings and habits,‡ cherished the constant desire to follow God’s will, and even attended the Holy Eucharist.§ In fact, the religious tempers and sympathies which had taken root in his mind survived, at least in part, the dogmatic faith of which they were the proper fruits and accompaniments. How long they would have so continued to subsist in isolation from their trunk we do not presume to judge; but from some of the indications of his later life, it would appear that they did derive, indeed they could derive, but very little positive sustenance from his later creed.

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\* Life, I. p. 393.    † Ib., II. p. 32.    ‡ Ib., I. p. 367.    § Ib., I. p. 378.

But although this explanation may serve to solve, or at least to relieve from some of its complications, one portion of the problem, namely the co-existence of religious affections with departure from the faith, and with sentiments of an almost blasphemous character, still it rather aggravates the other side of the difficulty, which stands thus: if his will was so truly set upon doing the will of God, how came he to lose the fruit of the promise that the willing shall be taught aright, that truth in intention shall be a guide to truth in knowledge?

Now Mr. Blanco White himself tells us of his own 'restlessness of character.'\* Again, it is natural to suppose that he had all along a resentment towards the Roman Church, as the original cause of his calamities, which could not be favourable to the maintenance of a really dispassionate tone of mind with regard to any matter of doctrine held by her: and such an antipathy, we have learned, he actually did entertain. This work also bears evidence of a peculiar and morbid sensitiveness;† and, on the other hand, we see no reason to suppose that his character had at any time arrived at that high elevation and thorough discipline which would warrant the immediate and peremptory application of the promise to his peculiar case. Still the case stands thus: here was a man who sought, and sought, humanly speaking, with integrity, for truth, and yet almost wholly missed it. We are disposed to look for the solution of this dilemma chiefly in the fact that the mind of Mr. Blanco White had in his early years suffered a wrench from which it never recovered; that the natural relation between his speculative and his practical life was then violently and fundamentally disturbed; and that any promise of Scripture which describes the influence to be produced by one part of our human constitution upon the other, by the will upon the intellect, must be understood with regard to those cases in which the laws of nature are left fundamentally undisturbed. But, as the arrow truly shot misses the target if this be moved during its flight, such a promise must necessarily fail to operate in cases where, both before the period of anything like full free agency is attained and after it, the orderly connexion ordained to subsist between conviction and conduct has been not only impaired, but deliberately and systematically severed. Now so it was in Mr. Blanco White's devotion to the ecclesiastical career, and in the fatal necessities subsequently entailed upon him by that false position. He accepted that calling, as we have seen, because it was the key which alone could unlock to him the golden stores of literature that he panted to enjoy. The

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\* *Life*, III, p. 346.† *Ib.*, II. 107, 123, 165; III. 347.

artful piety of his mother, or her advisers, instead of proceeding by the rude method of sheer force, applied to him the principle of the common curb which becomes tighter as the horse pulls harder. It was determined to conquer him through himself. He was not obliged to become a priest; oh, no: there was the counting-house open to him; and it was well known that his abhorrence of this latter calling would stand instead of an attachment to the former, especially when it was backed by an enthusiastic love of his mother, and a disposition strongly sympathetic. It is not for us to condemn those who thus drove him into holy orders. There is every proof that his mother's motives were pure and high. The error of a want of due respect to natural bent is too common to excite surprise; but the case before us is one that loudly calls upon us to mark its fatal operation.

It was not merely that his judgment was thus taken by storm, but it was in a matter where the decision was irrevocable: for the day that made him a sub-deacon cut him off for ever from domestic life, which appears, we should say, to have been an essential part of his natural vocation; and so he was placed in a course of daily and continual action, which had no support in the convictions of his interior mind: he had indeed called in the aid of powerful religious excitement—yet, as we have seen above, he records that even at the time he never overcame an inward sentiment of loathing for the peculiar exercises of devotion which produced it. Nature had been expelled with a pitchfork, and she took her revenge on her return. The knowledge of physical truth had placed the youth in collision with his ecclesiastical preceptors at the age of fourteen or fifteen; and as all instruction was delivered to him in the same tone and under the same seal of authority, it was natural and consequent that when a part had exploded he should vehemently question the rest. Upon the single issue whether the Church—that is to say, the Church of Rome—had ever been mistaken, there was ventured the whole fabric of his belief. No assimilating process had mixed it with the courses of his nature: the internal and experimental evidences which familiarity supplies, and the rooted persuasion which it thus engenders, had no existence for him; and when we recollect that he appears to have stood well, while he was an unbeliever, as a theologian, confessor, and preacher—and that he maintained, for some period after his receiving holy orders, purity of conduct—all this opens to us clearly the yawning chasm within him, the total want of moral choice in the determining action of his life, and the fundamental discord between himself and his position that ensued.

Yet that which was fundamental for the time, needed not therefore have been perpetual and incurable. But, as is usual, error  
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bred error. He found himself at once a priest and an atheist. When, in this awful state, he began to seek guidance and relief by touching timidly the minds of other priests, his friends, he found that

‘ With him in dreadful harmony they joined ;’ they re-echoed the note of total unbelief. We assent, of course, to the proposition that he ought to have quitted his position in the Church at all hazards: but we shall plead in mitigation of judgment that we believe few, perhaps even of those who may say so, would, under all the circumstances of his time and place, have done it. In the first place, a man cannot justifiably overturn the whole structure of his life, and violently disturb the society in which he lives, except upon a full and mature conviction—and this can only be tested by time: and it is not easy to mark the moment, so bewildering becomes the work of introspection, when a conviction entailing such terrible results has been sufficiently ascertained. But let it have arrived: to testify to a positive truth, to a living principle, is not only a duty, but an animating and ennobling idea: it is not the same thing when a man has to bear witness to a blank, a void, an universal negative—when he is to deprive all his fellow-creatures, as to their moral being, of the clothing that covers them, the house that shelters them, the food that sustains them, and to present to them the great *Nil* in exchange. Such was the case of Mr. Blanco White: and although others may not have reached the very same extremes yet upon the whole he had, as we have seen, but too ample countenance from example. Nor was his case simply that of following a multitude to do evil. He saw, as he conceived, two classes in the priesthood: of these, one taught what they believed to be false; but the others held and taught the same things upon an authority which he had satisfied himself was worthless, and would not suffer any to teach otherwise: besides the preachers of what they did not believe, and those who believed only in deference to the Church of Rome, there was no third class:—there were none with whom he could take refuge. The great men of heathen antiquity, too, who might present themselves as models to one in his circumstances, had, as he knew, dissembled more or less with regard to religion. And we must recollect that that duty of testifying to our own personal convictions, which is taught among us sometimes even to the disparagement of other duties, occupied no such place in the system under which he lived. It may nevertheless remain true that he ought to have braved the Inquisition—and, what was still more, that he ought to have placed his parents on the rack of mental agony by the disclosure of his unbelief: but we must think that his breach of

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duty in dissembling was one which comparatively few among those, whose minds might be crude enough to have fallen into his error, could have avoided. Making all these admissions, however, the grave, the vast evil of the case remains clear. The moral consequences of maintaining a Christian profession for ten years upon a basis of Atheism—the Breviary \* on the table, and the Anti-Christian writers of France in the closet—must have been fatal to the solidity and consistency of his inward life thereafter. At the very time when the mind may be said to have the last hand put to the formation of its determinate character—namely, from about twenty-five to thirty-five—it was his unhappy condition to be at first exercising all the offices, and to the last maintaining the profession, of a Priest, while he knew that he had inwardly ceased to be a Christian. And surely it is not too much to say, while we sedulously disclaim the office of the judge, that after so long a period of contrast the most violent and unnatural—after the habits of mind belonging to such a position have been contracted, and hardened, as in so considerable a tract of time they must needs have been hardened—after the purposes and the general conduct of life have been so long and so entirely dissociated from inward convictions—it is too late to re-establish their natural relations to one other. We cannot with impunity thus tamper with the fearful and wonderful composition of our spiritual being—sincerity of intention after this *can* only subsist in a qualified and imperfect sense: it may be sincere so far as depends upon the contemporaneous action of the will, but it is clogged and hampered by the encumbering remains of former insincerity, and it can only reap a scanty share of the blessings that attend upon a virgin rectitude: and thus, as the promises to the penitent become ambiguous, and at length barren, in the progress of the hardening of the heart, so the promises of guidance to the willing must be understood with reference not to the mere inclination of the moment, but to the bent of the character modified as it is by former conduct, and to those *ὑψίποδες νόμοι*, those laws of moral retribution, which by the structure of our minds we are made, every one of us, to administer against ourselves.

Sometimes in reading this work we have been reminded, by the intensity of the sufferings which the writer describes, and of the prostration they produced, of the religious melancholy or madness of Cowper, who was 'borne away by a rapid torrent into a strong sea.'† We know not whether it be irrational to indulge the hope that bodily disease may have been in a greater or less degree the source of Mr. Blanco White's morbid speculations, and that

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\* Doblado, p. 134.

† Southey's Life, p. 115.

the severity of its pressure may at least at times have placed his free agency in abeyance. With regard to all such possibilities, let us leave them to Him who knows and judges: only they may be useful in aiding us to check that impatience of the understanding, which so often leads us into premature and incompetent conclusions upon the personal merits of our fellow-creatures.

But however much or however little foundation there may be for a supposition of this kind, we confess we find in the long protracted contradictions between conscience and conduct of his early career, quite enough to account for the fact that, notwithstanding his subsequent anxiety to attain the truth, his foot should have missed the narrow path which leads to her lofty palaces.

There may, however, perhaps be persons inclined to the opinions of Mr. Blanco White, who may contend that we do to him, and still more to those opinions, an injustice, when we represent the latter periods of his life as essentially and deeply unhappy: and it may be argued, that all symptoms of that character are fairly ascribable to the protracted and wearing, and sometimes acute maladies, under which he suffered, and to his frequent loneliness. But those of us who have ever witnessed the triumphs of faith upon the bed of sickness, and indeed probably every candid observer, will not, we think, find in his circumstances any sufficient ground for that remarkable prevalence of gloomy recollections which marks his journal. There are, indeed, occasionally passages indicating comfort, and sometimes more than comfort, when the momentary transports of intellectual activity were upon him. But his record is like that 'harp of Innisfail,' which ever and anon

'Was tuned to notes of gladness; —

But yet it oftener told a tale

Of more prevailing sadness.'

Whenever he describes the general colour of his life, he describes it as miserable. So early as in the end of 1831, he says \*—'For the last eighteen years he has not enjoyed one day of tolerable existence.' In 1835 he had, if we may so speak, the honeymoon of his Unitarianism. But, in 1836, he began † to wish habitually for death—and death with him had a terrible meaning. Latterly his greatest comfort appears to have been found in literature ‡—'My only enjoyment of life arises from my books.' In the year 1838 his complainings become almost incessant—and sometimes from being piteous they grow frightful. In the mean time, he says, his religious convictions, as they were fewer, were firmer than ever. This is generally the feeling of those who have just dis-

\* Life, I. p. 477. † Ib., II. p. 244. ‡ Ib., II. 275, 342.

carded what they think a falsehood, with regard to all they continue to hold; and he was always in this very predicament: but we could easily prove from his pages, with a redundancy of dark detail, that these convictions were totally incapable of giving cheerfulness or even tranquillity to his life, and that his closing years were years of habitual misery, mitigated only by intervals of partial relief.\*

We have seen, then, how slender, in the later life of this unhappy man, were the relics of what once at least had been, in some sense, the majestic form of the Christian Faith. As when a single stone remains upon the ground, the solitary memorial of some mighty temple, in which it once had its appointed place, but it is now shifted from its base,—sustaining nothing, and itself unsustained,—wasting away beneath the elements. Wasting, we fear, but too rapidly, unless the process should have been arrested by some dispensation from above. He seems, indeed, to have been nearly stationary during the last three or four years of his life: to have been withheld, when he had arrived within a single stage of utter vacuity and desolation, from making that last advance. So large a share of this last portion of his life was occupied by weariness and torpor, or by acute and agonising pains, that the continuity of the action of his mind appears to have been broken, and his efforts at speculation to have been like the ineffectual attempts of a man who has lost his limbs to rise, and what he would have called progress thereby rendered impossible. Hence perhaps it was, that the rapid and precipitous descent of many years became a sort of plain at the last. For let no man say that the reason of his remaining stationary was that he had attained the haven of his speculative rest—a simple, consistent, solid, indestructible philosophy of religion. The disjointed fragments of belief that remained were of necessity much more liable to further disruption, in proportion as their principle of cohesion had been progressively relaxed. This sounds, however, it will be said, too much like the assumptions that the slaves of creeds are apt to make. We will therefore say, and endeavour to prove, that his scheme, or view, or notion, or whatever be the name of that by which he had replaced the repudiated form of ‘religion,’ had not even that unity and freedom from intrinsic causes of disturbance, which its cold, naked, passionless form, and the paucity of its propositions, should, if they could have secured any thing, not have failed to secure.

The being of God was the dogma about which his intellect

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\* See *Life*, III. 34, 13–15, 17, 22, 23, 35, 45, 55, 67, 70, 72, 89, 163, 183, 192, 198, 227.

still hovered, and upon which, as we believe, his affections, less insecurely, clung. The present was miserable, the future intolerable: intolerable (so he says) as connected with the idea of a continued personal existence: and only mitigated in part by the fact that it lay in utter darkness—and hope might thus vaguely and feebly wander amidst ‘unconditioned possibility.’ That hope was ‘without form and void;’ it did not embrace personality; on the other hand it had not absolutely realized the contrary doctrine of absorption: it was, if any where, in some region more void and dreamy, and by far less joyous, than that of the song of Ariel: \*

‘Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange.’

And the ‘rich,’ if it existed at all, was not anything within his intelligent desires, nor the ‘strange’ anything perceptibly related to his sympathies. He therefore had endured the test of his own searching doctrine—that virtue to be truly loved must be loved for its own sake, not for the hope of reward,† and that the foundations of morality are independent of the hope of a future life. Thus he had removed from about his belief in the existence of God every secondary prop: the resignation which he declared, is entitled to the more honour because he professed it at an awful disadvantage. A little before his death he used these touching words, which however are much above the ordinary tone of his later life:—

‘I am going, my dear friend: I am leaving you very fast. I have not formed such definite views of the nature of a future life as many have—but I trust Him who has taken care of me thus far. I should trust a friend, and can I not trust *Him*? There is not in my mind the possibility of a doubt.’‡

And again, in extreme anguish—

‘Oh my God! Oh my God! But I know thou dost not overlook any of Thy creatures: Thou dost not overlook me. So much torture—to kill a worm! Have mercy upon me, O God! have mercy upon me! I cry to Thee, knowing I cannot alter Thy ways. I cannot if I would—and I would not if I could. *If a word could remove these sufferings, I would not utter it.*’

But could this, unless by some inconsistency, some merciful error, have continued? Was the disastrous course of his so-called inquiry at an end? Would the restlessness of his discursive understanding, unless paralyzed by pain and exhaustion, have suffered him, after reducing his standing ground from the ‘large room’ of the believer to a foot-span, there to maintain his position? On

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\* *Tempest*, i. 2.    † *Life*, III. p. 253.    ‡ *Ib.*, III. 302.

the contrary, it appears to us that there are recorded in the pages of his life dilemmas, which he had constructed, but had not disposed of, on which his view of primary duty must again have driven him to speculate, and of which, from the premisses he had assumed, he never could have found an affirmative solution.

The ultimate form which his doctrine concerning the existence of God assumed was this:—That revelation there was not, and could not be:\* that although miracles might have really taken place, there was no medium for their conveyance to our perceptions, such as could render the belief of them rational:† that, however weighty, no evidence could establish one:‡ that

‘it is a vain attempt to seek for knowledge of the Deity anywhere but within ourselves. To define God is to deny him: for *definition* is limitation, and he is unlimited. Useless, or worse than useless, are all the arguments of natural theology, unless we have previously found the proof of the being of God in our own souls. The idea of the eternal and unlimited spirit must proceed from the consciousness of the temporal and limited spirit; we know ourselves as this limited spirit, and we are conscious that we have not made ourselves to exist; another spirit must consequently exist, from whom the nature and limitation of our own depend. The limited proves the unlimited: else what could have set the limits?’§

Now he lays down elsewhere the canon that ‘religion does not consist in history, criticism, or metaphysics,’|| and that it cannot depend upon any inquiry not fitted for the mass of men:¶ and, strange as it may seem, he says that only ‘a *small* degree of reflection’ is requisite in order to enable the mind to frame that notion of the Deity which flows out of the perception ‘that the limited proves the unlimited: else what could have set the limits?’ On various occasions he declaims against corrupting the minds of children by religious prejudices: he would have had them wait until they could perceive that ‘the limited proves the unlimited: else what could have set the limits?’ This would have been the sole instrument, according to him, of showing to the young, to the heart of woman, to the poor, to the sick, to the perplexed, the God in whom they live and move and have their being. We do not indeed object to his raising an argument for the being of God from the internal view of our own souls, though we protest against his exclusion of other arguments, and with yet more vehemence against gratuitously founding the structure of religion upon any resort to metaphysical reasoning, of which a large portion of mankind are by habit quite incapable. But what we wish now to point out is, that even upon the lean and impoverished remains

\* Life, III., 252.

† Ib., 246.

‡ Ib., 207.

§ Ib., III., p. 147.

|| Ib., p. 227.

¶ Ib., p. 318.

of his belief, he was hopelessly at issue with himself. In the passage we have quoted the essential characteristic of God is, unlimited being.\* But he likewise instructs us as follows:—

‘According to the constitution of our minds, the knowledge which we have of ourselves and of the external world leads us *with absolute necessity* to conclude that, if the world was created by the free act of a conscious Being, that Being must either be limited in power or in goodness. Out of this dilemma neither philosophy nor theology can extricate the thinking and unsuperstitious mind.’†

Thus he had declared, as truths of the very highest certainty—1st. That the Creator of this universe must be limited in goodness or in power: 2nd. That, to be God, he could not be otherwise than unlimited. It was a mercy, and a marvel, that under these circumstances even the glimmering of light that remained to him was not extinguished.

But again, he had used the argument, while he continued to recognise a Revelation, that as the Divinity of our Lord was contested among His followers, it could not be essential to His religion.‡ Afterwards he came clearly and fully to the conviction that all those who received a fixed Revelation, of whatever kind, were bibliolaters, idolaters, buried in darkness, and slaves of gross superstition: that Christianity consisted in the renunciation of positive creeds.§ But that enlightened portion of mankind, who satisfy this singular definition, are divided among themselves upon the question of the being of a God. Let us take his own statement of the case:—

‘Many philosophers, and almost all divines, have positively asserted that the human mind discovers the existence of God by a law of its own nature. I have attentively examined this assertion, and am convinced that, on the contrary, there are few men who believe in the true, the spiritual God. This belief, on the contrary, is one of the highest attainments of our developed mental existence.’||

How then could that be in any way, according to his principles, necessary to the human race, which was only received by a very few among them? And which, though capable (as he says), when once discovered, of being imparted with ease, even to children, was only originally to be discovered by the efforts of the highest mental development, and therefore must have remained utterly unknown until the period when the acme of that development was first attained? The argument, from consent therefore, of which he felt the force, though he mistook the application, told against the only remaining dogma by which he held: and whenever he had come to enforce with consistency his canon, that

\* See also Life, III. p. 13. † Ib., III. p. 283. ‡ Ib., II. p. 20.

§ Ib., pp. 38 and 39, and p. 267. || Life, III. 452.

what is contested must be judged indifferent, he must have lost his grasp of the last plank of his shattered vessel.

Again, is it possible to conceive a paradox more untenable than for the man who says no evidence, whatever its amount, can prove a miracle, to hold at the same time that from an inward view of our own minds we ought certainly to believe in the existence of a Being of infinite uncontrollable power? If the power be infinite, can it not suffice for the performance of a miracle? Is not Saint Augustine right when he teaches, that the establishment and maintenance of the ordinary laws of nature required a greater and more wonderful exercise of power, than most of those deviations from them, which we designate by the name of miracles? Cannot the power which is sufficient to create us, and sufficient (for this he does not deny) to perform the miracles, avail to convey its own acts to the perceptions of its own creatures?

We cannot then entertain the smallest confidence that, if he had been permitted a few more years of mental activity, he would not have crushed into dust the fragments of belief, which at the period of his death had not yet been decomposed. In that case, the warning which he has left behind him, written by the dispensation of Providence for our learning, would have been even more forcible, but the picture itself would have been in proportion more grievous. And truly, as it is, it has abundant power both to convey instruction and to excite pity. As to the last, what can be more deeply moving than to see one who was endowed from birth upwards with more than an ordinary share of the best worldly goods, and dedicated to the immediate service of God, after he has once fallen into atheism and has been recovered from it, again loosened from his hold, tossed about by every wind of doctrine, pursuing in turn a series of idle phantoms, each more shadowy than that which it succeeds, and terminating his course in a spiritual solitude and darkness absolutely unrelieved but for one single star, and that too of flickering and waning light? And all this under the dismal delusion that he has been a discoverer of truth—that he has been elected from among men to this nakedness and destitution—that with the multitude of his accumulating errors he has acquired a weight of authority, increasing in proportion to the years which he has consumed in weaving the meshes that entangle him. Horror, indeed, and not pity, is the appropriate sentiment which, in most cases, the view of that dreadful process, by which faith is eaten out from the soul, would excite. But when we recollect that there is no evidence before us warranting us at least to impute the dark results in this instance to deliberate or habitual perversion of the will, and that he has himself recorded the deep sorrows of his life, though he could not see  
their

their cause, it is manifest that the sentiments which this examination should leave upon our minds are those of profound commiseration.

As to instruction, we may receive it here, with much pain indeed, but with little danger. When we recollect how often unbelief allies itself with licentiousness of every kind, and thus makes its appearance under the most seductive aspect, we feel a respect for the honesty of such opponents of the Christian faith as do not disguise the bitterness of the fruits which they have reaped from the poisoned seed of their false imaginations. We have a comparative gratitude to those who place before us cases like that of Shelley, and the not wholly dissimilar instance now before us, where the records themselves, prepared by the parties or their friends for the public eye, bear demonstrative testimony to the incapacity of anti-Christian theories, when entertained in subtle and ever-questioning minds, to supply any stable resting-place to the understanding, or any adequate support under the sorrows and the cares of life. Shelley tells us of himself, in those beautiful Verses written, in Dejection, near Naples,—

‘Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,  
Nor peace within, nor calm around.’

And he indicates in the ‘Alastor’ that the utmost he hoped to realize was—

‘Not sobs nor groans,  
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope,  
But pale despair and cold tranquillity.’

Mr. Blanco White was happily distinguished from Shelley in so far that, with his understanding in part, and with his heart less equivocally, he even to the last embraced the idea of a personal or quasi-personal God, whom he could regard with reverence and love, and to whom he could apply, with whatever restriction of the signification of the words, that sublimest sentiment of the Christian soul—

‘In la Sua volontade è nostra pace.’\*

Yet the only element of positive consolation which, so far as we can discover, cheered his later days, was the notion that there was something† ‘ennobling,’ something ‘very dignified in a human being awaiting his dissolution with firmness!’ But neither had he joy on this side of the grave, nor any hope that would bear his own scrutiny on the other. For, of the first, he repeatedly tells us that to live was torment,‡ that he dreaded the idea of any improvement in his health, that nothing but the conviction of the criminality

\* Paradiso, c. iv. † Life, III., p. 36.

‡ Ib., pp. 3, 4, 45, 35, 47, 53, 163 and *alibi*, 192.

of the act kept him from self-destruction. Of the second, again, it is indeed true that his affections still struggled against the devouring scepticism of his understanding; and, as he had formerly tried to persuade himself of the doctrine of the Trinity, so he tries to persuade himself to the last that he will in some way exist after death.\* 'God cannot,' he says, 'have formed his intellectual creatures to break like bubbles and be no more.' But others, as far advanced as himself in the destruction of faith, have made efforts as vigorous to keep some hold of some notion of immortality. Thus Shelley has written with great force:—

'Nought we know dies. Shall that alone which knows,  
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath  
By sightless lightning?'†

And from other passages of the work before us it is too plain that Mr. Blanco White did not believe in his own personal immortality. Indeed, that is an idea which he selects for ridicule from his sick-bed:—'P. P., clerk of the parish, must be the same identical individual throughout eternity; the same are every one of his neighbour's wishes; against which wishes there are difficulties which every reflecting man must find insuperable.'‡ And we must observe in passing, that this is one of very many instances in which he states the most startling opinions as certainly true in the view of the illuminated portion of mankind, without having anywhere attempted any substantive exposition of their grounds. So again he declares, 'there is not one philosophical principle upon which the immortality of Mr. A. and Mrs. B. can be established.'§ So much for his expectation: and as to his desire, he says (April, 1839)—

'Most of my thoughts are melancholy forebodings, which I cannot entirely dispel, but am obliged to let them pass like dark clouds over my mind.'||

So early, indeed, as in 1837, he had written with a more fearful clearness,—

'I feel as if an eternal existence was already an insupportable burden laid upon my soul.'¶

And he says again, in 1840,—

'I feel oppressed by the notion of eternal existence, even when the absence of evil is made one of its conditions.'\*\*\*

It is true, indeed, as we have already said, that he retained his resignation; and it was not altogether that of Stoic pride—it had also features of a Christian tenderness: so much the more is it remarkable, so much the more is his example useful for our

\* Life, p. 36.

† Adonais, an Elegy.

‡ Life, III. p. 38.

§ 1b., p. 63.

|| 1b., p. 55.

¶ 11., p. 323.

\*\*\* 111., 289.

warning,

warning, when we find that resignation itself had lost the power which it never fails to exert on behalf of the Christian: it could not take the sting from death, nor the victory from the grave; it could not engender hope. Little, then, as we have to fear from the posthumous influence of Mr. Blanco White, through the medium of his arguments, if they be carefully and calmly sifted, we have as little to apprehend from any appeals which his history may make to our passions and our grosser nature. To a blinded pride, doubtless, it may offer incense; but it brings with it no small correction in the mental oppression and misery which it discloses.

Upon the whole, we are very deeply impressed with the value and importance of the lessons which this history of a sceptical mind imparts and enforces. We have indeed exhibited only a few of the incongruities of its philosophy; but as they stand in the original, if not as they appear in our pages, they afford a strong collateral witness to the truth by showing the self-destructive character of infidel speculations. It may well increase our humility to mark the fall of a man to whom many of us will be ready to own themselves morally inferior; and the letters of that golden text, 'Be not high-minded, but fear,' seem as if they stood forth from every page. It may well fortify our faith, when we observe the desolating and exhausting power with which unbelief lays waste the mind of its victim, and the utter shipwreck that it made of happiness along with faith. It is not, however, only in favour of the general notion of Christianity, as against those who deny it, that Mr. Blanco White bears his strong though negative and involuntary witness: it is in favour of Christianity unmutated and entire, as against the generalised and enfeebled notion of it; of that Christianity in which the Word and the Church, the supreme law and the living witness and keeper of that law, apply to the one inveterate malady of the race of Adam its one divine unfailing remedy. For thus much we conceive is clearly proved, with regard to his life in this country, by the work before us, if it were previously in doubt: the faith of the English Church he never left, for he had never held it. He joined himself indeed, and we doubt not with sincere intention, to her communion, and he subscribed her formularies; but he never mastered the idea which *they* at least represent, if it be more faintly discernible in the practice of her children—the idea of a Reformed Catholic Christianity.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Esprit des Institutions Militaires*. Par le Maréchal Marmont, Duc de Raguse. Paris. 1845.  
 2. *History of the War in France and Belgium in 1815*. By Capt. W. Siborne. 2 Vols. 8vo. (with Plans). London. 1844.  
 3. *The Fall of Napoleon: an Historical Memoir*. By Lieut.-Col. Mitchell. 3 Vols. post 8vo. London. 1845.

‘THE work which I publish is the last contribution I can offer, at the close of my life, to the profit of a science which I have cultivated always with ardour, and a profession I have pursued with passion.’—*Marmont—Preface*, p. vi.

These are the words of one whose name occupies a place in the military history of the age sufficiently conspicuous to entitle the work they announce to high consideration. Of the Marshal's professional career we have heard nothing which can diminish the respect due to the twenty campaigns which he proudly refers to as the groundwork of his present lucubrations. In a national point of view we have no recollections to disturb the satisfaction with which we can

‘Smile to see reflection's genial ray  
 Gild the calm close of valour's various day.’

If in the eyes of some of his countrymen three days of unmerited misfortune are to be balanced against years of unquestioned devotion, we can only wish to recognize in that stormy sunset the light of a soldier's fidelity to the standard to which he had pledged the *sacramentum militare*. It is therefore in no hostile or wrangling spirit, and, as we trust we shall show, on no idle grounds, that in the course of observations which the authority of his name and the literary merits of his work invite from us, and which will be consistent with the respect due to that authority in matters of opinion, we shall give an unceremonious contradiction to one misstatement of fact which disfigures the volume.

The work opens with a brief essay on the subject of military literature, in which the Marshal disposes of the ancients as profound, indeed, but utterly inapplicable to the purposes of modern instruction, and of the moderns as, with few exceptions, superficial and deficient. It would appear that in France at least military Boyles and Temples are still to be found, who are fond enough of classical antiquity to indulge in the reveries of Folard and other military antiquarians of the reign of Louis XIV. We must ourselves plead guilty to a boyish affection for the illustrated edition of Folard, with its pictured legions and elephants, and Cannæ's crescent, and the paraphernalia of Punic war. We admit, however,

ever, that these are ruminations for boys or professors, and that men of action will hardly now go farther back than to Frederick the Great, or at most to Turenne, Marlborough, and Eugene for practical purposes. The classical antiquarian is more likely to obtain from the present some light which he may reflect upon the past, as Gibbon brought the experience of a militia drill to bear upon the formation of the legion.

Marshal Marmont specifies but few exceptions to his general condemnation of the modern writers on the art of war. The *Mémoires de Montholon*, dictated by Napoleon, Gouvion St. Cyr, Segur's Russian campaign, and the Strategy of the Archduke Charles, compose his list. Of the Royal Austrian's treatise he speaks, as do all the qualified judges we have ever met with, as a work 'qu'on ne saurait trop étudier.' Of the Marquis de Segur he says:—

'I have read on the ground the three well-known narratives of Segur, de Chambray, and Bouturlin; in my opinion it is the first alone which gives an exact account of the manner in which things must have passed.' A high tribute from a soldier to the merits of a civilian's work. No mention whatever is made of Jomini—pronounced by Mr. Alison to be the first military writer of the age that produced the Archduke Charles. The Marshal, we suppose, has, like ourselves, the misfortune to differ from Mr. Alison. Cleared of the pompous charlatanerie of Jomini, and of the profound but useless disquisitions of the school which would take us back with the Baron of Bradwardine to the *prælium equestre* of Titus Livius, and the army regulations of Vegetius, the soldier's library is thus reduced to a narrow compass. We incline to the opinion that the present volume will be considered an addition of some value. It is a condensed summary of the experience of twenty campaigns, free from verbiage and the parade of science, which may be perused in an hour, but is suggestive of much meditation, and in some instances throws the light of a competent opinion on points of character interesting to the biographer and the historian. An example of this is to be found in the author's remarks upon Moreau and Napoleon. After ascribing to the latter the very highest pre-eminence as a strategist, he says—

'Moreau, on the contrary, whose talents have been so much extolled, knew nothing of strategy. His skill displayed itself in tactics. Personally very brave, he handled well, in the presence of the enemy, troops occupying a ground within the limits of his vision; but he delivered his principal battles with a portion only of his force.'—p. 15.

Marshal Marmont cites Hohenlinden as a case in point. No better illustration is to be found of the military character and resources of the two men than may be derived from a studious  
comparison

comparison of the simultaneous operations of the two French armies of the Rhine and Italy in 1800.

In the chapter on *Tactics*, p. 20, the Marshal proceeds:—

‘This kind of merit was incomplete with Napoleon, which is accounted for by the circumstances of his early career. Simple officer of artillery, up to the moment when he arrived at the command of armies, he never commanded either regiment, brigade, division, or corps d’armée. He had not been able to acquire that facility of moving troops in a given space, which is developed by daily habit and the perpetual variety of combinations. The wars of Italy afforded him scarcely any application of this nature, their habitual actions reducing themselves in general to affairs of posts, the attack and defence of defiles, and to operations in the mountains. Later, when he had attained to supreme power, the force of the armies he conducted requiring their organization in corps d’armée, rendered less necessary the habit of manœuvring. A general at the head of 80,000, 100,000, or 150,000 men, gives merely the impulsion. The generals who manœuvre and fight are those who command 30,000 men, and their subordinates. They should be familiar with tactics. If I have enjoyed some reputation in this particular, I owe it to my long residence in the camp of Zeist, where for more than a year I was constantly occupied in instructing excellent troops and myself.’

We have no doubt of the accuracy of this distinctive criticism. It leads us to reflect on our good fortune, in the fact that the gradations of our service and the campaign of Holland gave our own great captain the means of laying deep the foundation of his knowledge in the practice of inferior but responsible command. To such practice as that of the Colonelcy of the 33rd in Holland we may attribute the fact that the same head which planned the advance on Vittoria could preserve its self-possession in the parallel march of the two armies which preceded Salamanca,—that three days’ agony of tactical skill to which his antagonist now justly refers as the most remarkable instance of its display, and which we know the victor in that trial of fence considers as unique, at least since the time of Frederick.

The chapter on marches and countermarches brings us to the ground on which, with respect to no matter of opinion, but one of fact, we are compelled to do battle with the Marshal. Speaking of marches in the presence of an enemy, he says:—

‘The army of Portugal, in 1812, under my command, made such a march with success. The French and English armies were encamped on the two sides of the Duero: *the first was inferior to the latter by 6000 infantry and 4000 horse.* Despite this disproportion of force, I had found fit to resume the offensive. . . . The passage of the Duero was therefore resolved upon and executed.’

The Marshal then describes an operation on Tordesillas, in which the English retired before his attack, and escaped destruction

tion by one of those miracles which alone ever saved from it an army opposed to the French. In this instance the interposing cause was the superiority of the British in cavalry, and we may add that the French were roughly handled. He proceeds :—

‘The two armies found themselves on the evening of this pursuit in face of each other, and separated by the Guarena, a marshy stream. July 20th, the French army, all formed in order of battle, *rompue par pelotons*, made a flank manœuvre by its left to remount the stream; arrived at a ford reconnoitered beforehand and rapidly improved, it transferred its head to the left bank, seized, at its commencement, a table-land which extends itself indefinitely in a direction which menaced the retreat of the enemy, and debouched upon it under the protection of a powerful battery which covered its movements. The Duke of Wellington at first thought himself able to oppose this offensive march, but it was executed so briskly and with so much *ensemble*, that he soon gave up the idea of attacking us. He then put in motion the English army, marching it along a table-land parallel to the one we occupied. The two armies continued their march, separated by a narrow valley, always ready to accept battle; several hundred cannon shots were exchanged, according to the circumstances more or less favourable arising from the sinuosities of the table-land, for each of the generals wished to accept battle and not to give it. They arrived thus after a march of five leagues at the respective positions which they wished to occupy, the French on the heights of Aldea Rubia, the English on those of St. Christoval. This remarkable march is, it remains to say, the only fact of the kind which to my knowledge has occurred in our time.’—p. 153.

With the exception of the one passage marked in italics we have nothing to say against the general tenor of this description. We could carry it a little further; but as it conveys by obvious and necessary implication an equal share of the credit to those who equally deserved it, we say nothing now of the ensuing day’s continuance of this trial of skill and its result. The Marshal’s statement of the relative numbers of the two armies we cannot so pass over. The intention of it is sufficiently obvious. It is put forward as the solution of a fact ever inexplicable to the understandings of the Marshal’s countrymen, but in this instance incontrovertible in itself, the defeat of a French army. The loss of eagles, guns, and prisoners, the rapid conversion of an orderly and menacing pursuit to more than retreat, to hurried and tumultuous flight, the loss of a capital, and the published strictures of Buonaparte, have left no room for cavil as to the fact. Toulouse may be claimed as a victory; French biographers may insert in the Life of Masséna such sentences as ‘*battit le général Anglais Wellington à Busaco* ;’ but no French arch of triumph will have the name of Salamanca inscribed on it. We object to the explanation now attempted on several grounds. In the first place it is not fair with respect

to

to the manner in which it is brought forward—in the second it is not true. We cannot expect in modern times that either common consent or the chances of recruiting should bring two armies to that precise condition of equality which, by the assistance of the blacksmith of Perth, was realized in the strife of the clans described by Sir Walter. No action in Mr. James's six volumes of Naval History presents a mathematical equiponderance of pounds of metal, size of scantling, or number of men. Blades of grass, armies, and frigates are never exact counterparts of each other. It has, however, hitherto been considered that, if any action of the later wars of Europe by sea or land presented more than another the unusual feature of an approximation to numerical equality, it was the battle of Salamanca. As far as our knowledge extends, this fact is now controverted for the first time since the occurrence. We find in the Marshal's *own* narrative of 1812, which is neither more nor less than a laboured apology addressed to a rigid task-master—a narrative into which every conceivable ground of excuse has been introduced—no mention whatever of any disparity but that which existed in the one article of cavalry. We could point out more than one instance of the *suppressio veri* in this same document of 1812—as to the attack of Bock's German horse, for instance, in mentioning which the Marshal totally suppresses the fact that the two squares of infantry on which they fell were broken and cut to pieces by those intrepid swordsmen. But can we believe that the writer of this elaborate and not very scrupulous apology, dated nine days after the battle, could have failed to ascertain, or would have forborne to allege the grand arithmetical *fact* which he now, after a lapse of thirty-three years, discloses? It is not, in our opinion, fair to endeavour, in any matter of history, to disturb its accepted version of important facts by sudden, tardy, and incidental assertion unsupported by other evidence than the authority of the assertor. The reputation of individuals or of nations won in fair fight is their property, and once acquired should be sacred, unless they can be deprived of it by legal process, which implies due notice to the defendant, and something like evidence, for which the *ipse dixit* of the party above all others interested in the cause will hardly be accepted.

On the second head of our indictment we should, till the Marshal brings forward something in the shape of evidence, be perfectly justified in resting on the general acceptance of our own view of the facts, but we have no objection to substantiate it by document. The process in this instance is very simple, but we take the opportunity of cautioning military authors on the other side of the water that the Peninsula in general is dangerous ground. With their theories and lucubrations in matters of opinion we have nothing

thing to do ; but with regard to questions of fact and detail they will do wisely to remember that the French armies in that country possessed nothing beyond the line of their camp fires, that their communications were constantly interrupted, their messengers waylaid, and their despatches of all descriptions, including military returns, deciphered, read, and digested at the British headquarters. *Litera scripta manet*, and some of these documents preserved in the British archives are now before us, and will be at the service of truth and fair-dealing whenever required. For our present purpose we require no assistance from recondite sources. The Marshal ascribes to the British a superiority of force to the amount of 10,000 men, 6000 infantry and 4000 cavalry. The French return of the strength of Marshal Marmont's army for the 15th June gives a rough total of 54,500 men under arms ; but it is added that when the necessary deductions are made for artillery, engineers, non-combatants, and losses in the course of the five weeks intervening between that period and the 22nd July, the result will be about 42,000 sabres and bayonets for the battle. This return has been published, without being questioned, by the French translator of Colonel Napier's work. We have before us the morning state of the Anglo-Portuguese army under the Duke's command on July 12th. It gives a total of 44,500 sabres and bayonets—a superiority therefore of just 2500 men, instead of the 10,000 *now* claimed by the Marshal. Of this excess more than three-fourths were Spanish, whose commander, Carlos d'España, performed the memorable feat of abandoning the castle of Alba de Tormes, and of concealing the fact from the Duke, thereby saving the French army from a destruction, which, in all human probability, would have thrown the rout of Vittoria into the shade. We know of no other service performed on the occasion by Don Carlos and his division. We admit, then, a general superiority to the above amount. It has never been disputed that we were superior in cavalry ; we probably had 2000 more horse in the field, instead of the 4000 claimed by the Marshal, and we used them well. The French, on the other hand, had 74 guns opposed to 60 of ours—six of which were Spanish—under circumstances which brought that arm into as formidable and continued employment as in any affair of the Peninsular war. These relative numbers are, we trust, sufficient to show that there were no such unequal weights in the balance as could account for the event, and thus confirm the insinuation intended by the Marshal's paragraph. As the question is one of numbers, we forbear to notice the moral points of comparison between an army of one brave and military nation, speaking one language, and moving under its master's eye, as he justly boasts, like a regiment, and

the heterogeneous compound of four nations wielded by his rival. 10,000 men, where such numbers as 40,000 are concerned, might probably have been sufficient to neutralize the obvious advantages on the French side; 2500, principally Spanish, were quite inadequate to do so. In the absence of all documentary evidence in support of the Marshal's assertion, we at first almost entertained the conjecture that he had forgotten that his force had been increased since the commencement of active operations by the arrival of General Bonet's corps from the Asturias; but as that junction took place so long before as the 8th June, and as General Bonet's corps was distinguished by its services at Salamanca, it is hardly possible that the Marshal can have been misled by hasty reference to some older return. We have not provoked the controversy, and here we must leave it—certainly with unimpaired admiration for the valour and tenacity with which in this bloody field the French army endeavoured to retrieve its fortunes.

On the subject of the equipment of cavalry the Marshal gives his adhesion to an opinion which, we think, has gained ground of late years, but which has not yet been submitted to the test of warlike experience, that the lance should be the weapon of heavy, but by no means of light cavalry. 'All things equal,' he says, p. 48, 'it is certain that a hussar or a chasseur will beat a lancer.' If by '*toutes choses égales*' it be meant that the parties opposed shall have had nothing but the usual regimental instruction in the use of their respective weapons, we have no doubt that the Marshal is right; but we also believe that the lance is by far the superior weapon in the hands of a horseman bred and trained to its use. We believe that by a recent regulation the lance is now the weapon of the heavy cavalry in the Russian service.

Among other speculative views of the Marshal, we may cite as deserving attention his notions as to the eventual application of the Congreve rocket, which he thinks is destined to effect in the field and in infantry contests an alteration as extensive as that which in naval warfare and coast defence may be expected from hollow shot and the Paixhans gun. The first campaign in which Austria may be engaged is likely to exhibit an extensive application of the rocket.

The Marshal's chapter on fortifications is perhaps more interesting to continental readers than ourselves, for, as far as England is concerned, the subject is limited, or nearly so, to the protection of our principal arsenals. We see no chance of a detached fort on Primrose Hill. The Marshal treats it principally with reference to those great works which in France and Austria have been constructed, not for the mere defence of insulated points, but for the purpose of influencing the decision of contingent campaigns and

and the fate of conflicting empires. In France we know that this mode of defence has been applied, certainly with a brave disregard of economy, to the capital itself. It is less notorious that in Austria the same great object—the protection of the capital—has been provided for by the more distant intrenched camp of Lintz, which receives the unqualified approbation of the Marshal (p. 88) as a good and grand military conception. If, as he supposes, this work will effectually prevent the march of a French invading army on Vienna, and thus serve both as a protection from the storm and a conductor to divert it from that capital, it deserves his praise, for a rigid system of fortification is always a nuisance to the town it embraces. We may observe that the Marshal's approbation of the great works for the defence of Paris is confined to the detached forts, and that he condemns the *enceinte continue* as an useless superfluity.

In a chapter headed 'General Considerations on Wars, offensive and defensive,' the Marshal bestows a due meed of admiration on the operations of the Archduke Charles in 1796, as

'the first example of operations systematically combined on a vast scale. All the great principles of war are deduced in that prince's work on the subject, while at the same time their application is found in the facts which are related.'—p. 130.

The Italian campaigns of Buonaparte, in 1796 and 1797, are however the Marshal's favourites:—

'Never,' he says, 'was war so admirable—so profound. It was art reduced to practice in a fashion the most sublime.'—p. 131.

His admiration follows Buonaparte to the close of 1809. From that period he considers that the spell of success was broken, because the magician violated the conditions of its efficacy. He excepts only Lutzen and Bautzen, and the unequal but energetic struggle of 1814. We fully believe, with respect to the great cause of his fall, the Russian expedition, that from Smolensko at least that campaign was the greatest military mistake on record. Up to that period of his operations he had a military chance of success, but even this chance was confined to the bare possibility of inducing the Russians to accept battle at the outset, either in the field or in the intrenched camp of Drissa—that miserable imitation of Torres Vedras, which so nearly made the example of the Duke of Wellington fatal to his northern admirers. Better counsels, however, prevailed. Barclay declined to play the part of Mack. After Smolensko success became impossible, and the advance on Moscow was a measure which no calculation could justify. Nothing but what we short-sighted mortals call chance could have prevented the failure which ensued; and that failure was not due to chance, either in the

shape of Moscow's conflagration or any premature severity of winter, but was the natural and clearly calculable consequence of the misapplication of vast means, and the misdirection of irresponsible power. We doubt, however, whether the genius of the man or the moral influence of his name was ever more conspicuous than in the passage of the Beresina. With these views on the Russian campaign, we nevertheless hesitate before we quite concur in the Marshal's comparative estimate of Napoleon's earlier and later military career. Does he not somewhat overlook the fact that the earlier successes of Italy were in the nature of a surprise, in which the old equilibrium of numerical force was suddenly upset by the application of a new and unprecedented system? Is it not fair to Napoleon to remember that in later years he was in fact fighting his own pupils, upon whom, by many a bloody lesson, he had inculcated his own method, and whom, like Captain Bobadil, he had taught to play nearly or altogether as well as himself?

Upon the subject of *reconnaissances* the Marshal says but little, and merely illustrates, by a failure of his own at El Bodon, the expediency, in the case of *les grandes reconnaissances*, of providing for circumstances under which the process of feeling a sensitive enemy may be converted into a general action. He might have added that throughout the period of Buonaparte's career, the French armies were notoriously negligent with respect to this particular service. It has been supposed by the Germans, who are more punctilious in these matters, that this defect sprung from a certain contempt for the pedantry of minutiae, of which the example was set at head-quarters, and which was exaggerated by its imitators in separate and inferior commands. In the German campaign of 1813, some excuse was to be found in Napoleon's deficiency in cavalry. So far back, however, as Marengo, we find the French commanders neglecting to ascertain the all-important fact that the Austrians had means of passing the Borinida, and debouching on the famous plain afterwards so fiercely contested. It may seem scarcely credible, but it is known and confessed, that after the success of Ligny no rational precaution was adopted to ascertain Blücher's line of retreat, which might have been certified by a squadron of light horse, but, if otherwise, was worth ascertaining at any expense of detachment. In this particular we doubt if so great a game was ever played in so slovenly a fashion.

On the reputation of Generals the Marshal thus delivers himself:—

'I shall arrange Generals in four categories. In the first I place the Generals who have gained all the battles they ever fought, but their number is so small that I can scarcely find names for the list. . . .

In

In modern times I can discover none but Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Condé, Luxemburg, and Napoleon down to 1812.'—p. 222.

This is rather an odd list—four Frenchmen and one Swede—of which we have to remark that two of the Frenchmen had an unfortunate habit of beating one another :—

'Le sort de Turenne et de Condé fut d'être toujours vainqueurs quand ils combattirent ensemble à la tête des Français, et d'être battus quand ils commandèrent les Espagnols.'—*Voltaire, Siècle de Louis XIV.*

We have no wish to enter into any controversy on the subject, but we cannot help asking whether any one of the worthies above-mentioned, at an advanced period of their military career, could have written such a passage as that which we find in a letter of a certain English General :—

'I feel very unwilling to draw the attention of the Secretary of State again to the loss of the guns in the Puerto de Maya. I was very sorry to have lost them, as they are the only guns ever lost by troops acting under my command.'—*Lesaca, Sept. 13, 1813.*

We beg leave to remark that the guns which this letter designates were not taken by the enemy, but only abandoned in a bad road, flung down a precipice, and *recovered*; and that the writer, after having had the good fortune to capture and keep about three thousand pieces of artillery, principally French, closed his military career without ever having left a single piece of cannon in an enemy's possession. Guns are great facts, and their loss or gain, in modern times, is usually strongly indicative of defeat or victory. If the Duke of Wellington should turn out to have been the writer of the above letter, the fact it records would go some way to corroborate the opinion which we find put forward by one who, though a civilian, was no ordinary judge of the value of historical evidence, and no contemptible discriminator of any class of merit. Niebuhr, in one of his 'Lectures on Roman History,' says—

'The greatest Generals of the eighteenth century committed enormous blunders. Frederick the Great and Napoleon made great mistakes, and the Duke of Wellington is, I believe, the only General in whose conduct I cannot find any important mistake.'—*Lectures on the History of Rome*, by B. G. Niebuhr, edited by Leonhard Schmitz, vol. ii. p. 6.

Without, however, suspicion of contemporary partialities, we may suggest that, as we learn from M. Thiers, when Napoleon fitted up the *Salle de Diane* at the Tuileries for his own reception, with the busts of the great men he aspired to rival, one Englishman's image was among the favoured few; and it is just possible that the Emperor remembered a passage in Voltaire's *Life of Charles XII.*, which designates 'le fameux Jean Duc de Marlborough'

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as 'cet homme qui n'a jamais assiégé de ville qu'il n'ait prise, ni donné de bataille qu'il n'ait gagnée.'

It is true that when we have established Marlborough's claim we shall have taken little by our motion, for France would instantly act on the hint to be found elsewhere in Voltaire, and claim him for a Frenchman, on the score that his military apprenticeship was passed under Turenne. We have no doubt indeed that, should the time ever arrive when any sort of merit shall be conceded by French writers to the Duke of Wellington, a similar claim will be preferred on the ground of his education at Angiers. Meanwhile the name of Niebuhr is sufficient to show that where patriotic prejudices do not intervene, and for such we must make allowance, the verdict of wise and acute men can even already make amends for the silence of interested antagonists. We have indeed no wish to give undue weight in these matters to unprofessional authority, but general results and comparative criticism we do consider fair ground for the historian who can tread it with caution, and a due sense of his own deficiencies. Of all the men in modern times worthy of that name, it is probable that Gibbon was the only one who could, at any period of his life, have told off a company, or marched it round a barrack-yard; yet we suspect that many a grizzled moustache is by this time pleasurably and profitably engaged in M. Thiers' narrative of Moreau's cautious career on the Danube, and Napoleon's dazzling exploits on the Bormida. A great follower of Niebuhr (Dr. Arnold) has, in his 'Lectures on Modern History,' some remarks on the privileges of unprofessional writers in this matter, and their limits, which we think it worth while to quote:—

'The writer of history,' he says, 'must speak of wars, of legislation, of religious disputes, of political economy, yet he cannot be at once soldier, seaman, &c. Clearly then there is a distinction to be drawn somewhere: there must be a point up to which an unprofessional judgment of a professional subject may be not only competent but of high authority, although beyond that point it cannot venture without presumption and folly. The distinction seems to lie originally in the difference between the power of doing a thing and that of perceiving whether it be well done or not. . . . It would appear that what we understand least in the profession of another is the detail of the practice. Applying this to the art of war, we shall see, I think, that the part which unprofessional men can least understand is what is technically called tactics. Let a man be as versed as he will in military history, he must well know that in these essential points of the last resort he is helpless; and the commonest serjeant, or the commonest soldier, knows infinitely more of the matter than he does. But in proportion as we recede from these details to more general points—first to what is technically called strategy, that is to say the directing of the movements of

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an army with a view to the accomplishment of the object of a campaign, and next to the whole conduct of the war, as political or moral questions may affect it—in that proportion general knowledge and powers of mind come into play; and an unprofessional person may, without blame, speak and write on military subjects, and may judge of them sufficiently.’

So far Dr. Arnold, whose authority we are unwilling on this subject to dispute. His readers will, however, do well to remember that in this passage the Doctor is pleading his own cause, for it is well known that military transactions had for him the attraction which they often exercise on studious men. He might have added that the cases must after all be very few in which the strategical lucubrations of lawyers or divines can deserve or meet with from the initiated more than the indulgence which amateur actors receive from a polite audience. It is probably not often that unprofessional men are so unconscious of their own deficiencies as seriously to infringe on the limits traced out by this judicious guide. The late Rev. Sydney Smith, indeed, once informed us that he had been occupied with the perusal of a technical military work; and we found on inquiry that the attraction consisted not certainly in the subject or its treatment, but in the circumstance that it was written by a brother clergyman. If our memory be faithful—would it were more so for the convivial dicta of our departed friend—the title of the work was ‘*Dealtry on the Pike Exercise*.’ It was composed, we believe, at that period of expected invasion when curates were corporals and Oxford tutors exercised in Christ Church meadow, and was described to us as bristling with such terms as ‘to the left, push,’ &c. Such works are rare; but details of all kinds are dangerous; and when the unprofessional historian crowds his pages with attempts at vivid description of scenes in the like of which he never mingled, the result is very usually bulk without value and minuteness without accuracy. The sphere of action and scope of judgment which is claimed by such men as Arnold and Niebuhr, we nevertheless cheerfully concede to another writer with whom we are reluctantly compelled to renew a controversy commenced in a former number of this Journal. We are far from complaining of Mr. Alison for the unrestrained and frank expression of his opinions in matters of war and strategy. We do not object to him as a strategist. On this point we only reserve to ourselves the liberty of proving that he is a very bad one, and that he has totally misunderstood the subject which he has treated. We do complain of him as a historian. As such we have before objected to him the careless, rash, and credulous acceptance of statements which he ought to have suspected, and which we knew to be untrue: we now accuse him of inexcusable perseverance in error  
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and other minor delinquencies, which, *pace tanti viri*, we shall by-and-bye venture to specify.

But before we do so, the work of Captain Siborne demands a portion of our space. This officer's acquirements in a scientific branch of his profession, of which he has given evidence in his models of the ground of Waterloo, entitle his views of that conflict to much higher consideration than those of Mr. Alison. With great respect, however, for his zeal and honesty in the search for truth, and admitting that professional knowledge has saved him from the presumptuous blunders which disfigure Mr. Alison's chapters on Waterloo, still we must say that, viewed as a history, and not as a collection of anecdotes, his work is defective in one important particular. It seems to us, as far as the British operations are concerned, drawn from every source except from the commander-in-chief and the few officers attached at the time to head-quarters who really knew or could know anything of value about the great features of the business. This imperfection is in our opinion very observable in one or two passages, which we shall shortly have occasion to quote.

We have, however, in the first instance to thank Captain Siborne for some passages in a note to his fifth chapter, page 164, suggestive of a point of one of the main questions at issue between Mr. Alison and ourselves, which in our former remarks on that learned magistrate's Waterloo lucubrations we omitted to notice. If anything could add to the credit which the Duke deserves for those arrangements for the collection and movement of the force under his own command, which were calculated to meet every contingency and overcome every difficulty of his defensive position, it would be that in a matter entirely beyond his control these essential and unavoidable difficulties should have been aggravated by one of those accidents to which all military operations, but especially those of allied armies, are exposed. At five o'clock in the morning of the 15th it was apparent to the Prussians that the attack upon the advanced corps of General Ziethen was a serious one, a *bonâ fide* movement of Napoleon by Charleroi. This certainty was the one thing needful in the eyes of the Duke of Wellington; with it his course was clear, and without it he was, as we have seen, determined not to move a regiment from its cantonments. We cannot explain how it happened, but we are certain that it was by no fault of the British commander-in-chief, that no Prussian report of the transaction reached Brussels till five in the afternoon. The distance being about forty miles, there can be no question that the intelligence on which he acted might and ought to have reached him by 10 A.M. As it was, the Prince of Orange, as we have stated in our former article, was the first to  
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bring the news, soon after three o'clock, p.m., having ridden in from the advanced posts at Binche to dine with the Duke. The latter was well aware by accounts received from the direction of Mons that the enemy was in motion, and for that reason had taken care to remain during the day at his head-quarters, or within a few yards of them, having declined a proposal to accompany His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland on a visit to the Duchess of Richmond, without, however, spreading premature alarm by assigning the true reason. Orders for the movement of the troops were issued on the receipt of these first accounts from the Prince of Orange, and further orders were issued at about five, after an interview with the Prussian General Muffling, who was stationed at Brussels, and had at length received his reports from General Ziethen. It is clear that—if a circumstance over which the Duke had no control had not thus operated to his disadvantage, and directly in favour of his adversary—the orders which were issued at 5 p.m. might have been given out at 10 in the morning. We shall not follow the example of Mr. Alison and others, by indulging in worthless speculations as to what might then have occurred. It is sufficient to know that in spite of adverse accidents the Duke's arrangements for the collection of his troops were such as to enable him to inflict the next day a bloody defeat upon the force in his front. The accident in itself was a *purely* Prussian one; for the intelligence to be received was to come, not from Sir H. Hardinge and Blücher's head-quarters to the Duke, but from General Ziethen at the advanced posts of the Prussian lines to General Muffling; and the Duke is to be blamed for it precisely as much as he is for the more famous failure of the dispatch to General Bulow von Dennewitz, which led to the absence of the 4th Prussian corps from the field of Ligny. After all, it is desirable to see whether after this failure of communication there was cause for blame on account of delay in collecting the troops, or indeed at all, considering that the French army was not itself collected—that is to say, its columns closed up and in a state to commence an operation—till late in the day of the 16th, as is stated by Captain Siborne, writing from information from the French staff; and that even Marshal Ney had not joined the army and had not his horses and equipages, and had been under the necessity of purchasing horses from Marshal the Duc de Treviso, who was sick.

We find in chap. vii. vol. i. p. 247, a passage which indicates the defect we have noticed as pervading the volumes of Captain Siborne. It represents the Duke on the morning of the 17th as sharing the ignorance which probably prevailed in his army as to the condition, prospects, and intentions of his allies consequent  
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on the affair of Ligny, and as obtaining after all very imperfect information on material points.

‘The Duke had received *no intelligence of Blucher*, and probably judging from the advanced position of the (French) vedette in question, that *whatever might have been the result of the battle of Ligny*, the Prussians could not have made any forward movement likely to endanger Ney’s right, he came to the conclusion that it was quite possible that on the other hand Napoleon might have crossed the Namur road and cut off his communication with Blucher. His Grace therefore desired Vivian to send a strong patrol along the Namur road to gain intelligence respecting the Prussian army. A troop of the 10th Hussars under Captain Grey was accordingly dispatched on this duty, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Alexander Gordon, one of the Duke’s aides-de-camp. As the patrol advanced along the road, the vedette before mentioned began to circle, evidently to give notice of the approach of an enemy. This induced the patrol to move forward with great caution, so as to guard against the possibility of being cut off. Nevertheless, it advanced four or five miles along the road, and Sir A. Gordon brought back word that the Prussians had retreated towards Wavre; that the French occupied the ground on which the battle had been fought; but that they had neither crossed nor even possessed themselves of the high road, along which the patrol had proceeded almost into the immediate vicinity of their advanced posts.’

It is a mistake to suppose, as Captain Siborne does, that on the morning of the 17th (or even on the night of the 16th) the Duke was uninformed of what had occurred on the Prussian field of battle. He had at the Prussian head-quarters a staff-officer, the present Governor-General of India, then Colonel Sir Henry Hardinge, who sent him repeated reports during the battle. He had written one after he was himself severely wounded, which was brought to the Duke by his brother, Captain Hardinge of the Artillery, with a verbal message given after nightfall. Till nightfall, moreover, the Duke could see; and, need it be added, did see with his own eyes from Quatre Bras what passed on the Prussian field of battle. With his glass he saw the charge and failure of the Prussian cavalry, Blucher’s disaster, and the retreat of the Prussian army from the field of battle. Captain Wood of the 10th Hussars, then at the outposts, pushed a patrol towards the Prussian field of battle at daylight, and ascertained and immediately reported to the Duke that the Prussians were no longer in possession of it. The Duke then sent, as Captain Siborne narrates, with another squadron of the 10th under Captain Grey, Sir A. Gordon, who had been with his Grace on the Prussian field of battle the preceding day, and therefore knew the ground, in order to communicate with the rear-guard of the Prussian army, and to ascertain their position and designs. Sir

A. Gordon

A. Gordon found the field of battle deserted, except by a few French vedettes: these were driven in, and Gordon with his squadrons crossed the field of battle unmolested, and communicated verbally with General Ziethen, commanding the Prussian rear-guard, at Sombref, on the road to Namur, where the Prussian left had rested in the battle of the preceding day. Having accomplished this service, the Duke's aide-de-camp returned as he had gone, unmolested, to Quatre Bras. If Sir A. Gordon had lived, probably Captain Siborne might have learned the real account of the transaction from him, and would then have known that the patrol moved the whole way to Sombref, and brought back, not a vague report that the Prussians had retreated towards Wavre, but the most positive accounts of their movements and intentions.

As soon as Gordon returned with his patrol the Duke gave orders for the army to occupy the position in front of Waterloo, of which he had a perfect knowledge, having seen it frequently, and of which no knowledge could have been had by any other officer in the army. The road to and through the village of Genappes having been cleared of all hospital and store carriages, and of every impediment, the infantry and artillery were put in motion in broad daylight in different columns, to cross the different bridges over the Dyle. These movements were as regular as on a parade. The outposts, particularly those of the riflemen, were kept standing, and movements were made by the British cavalry so as to attract the enemy's attention, and conceal the retrograde movement of the infantry. The cavalry remained on the ground, and the commander-in-chief with them, till between three and four of the afternoon. In this position he saw more than Captain Siborne appears to be aware of. He saw all that was done on and near the lately-contested ground of Ligny, the detachment of Grouchy's corps towards Wavre, following the retreat of Blücher, and the march of the main mass of the French army along the great road from Sombref. No movement was made in his front, and he did not order the retreat of his cavalry till the advanced patrols of the enemy had touched the vedettes on the high road on his left. The retreat of our cavalry was undoubtedly facilitated by a storm, which made it difficult for either party to manœuvre off the main roads. With the single exception, however, of the affair at Genappes with the French lancers, it was conducted with as much security as that of the infantry, and the army found itself in the evening collected from every quarter on that famous and well-chosen ground, with every feature of which the Duke was familiar. The Duke was on the field at daybreak, in spite of weather, after having written some letters to the King of France and others. He visited the posts in Hougomont, and gave

gave orders for the defensive works for musketry, which were formed in the garden. He rode thence to La Haye Sainte, and on to the extreme left of his position. It is a curious circumstance, not mentioned by the historians, that having throughout the night, from the 17th to the 18th, communicated by patrols, through Ohain, with the Prussian corps d'armée on its march from Wavre, he saw the Prussian cavalry collected in a mass on the high ground on the Waterloo side of the defile of St. Lambert at an early hour of the day, at least an hour before the commencement of the battle—the very cavalry that is represented to have been seen from the French head-quarters in a letter written by Maréchal Soult to Maréchal Grouchy, dated at half-past one, which letter is printed by Grouchy in a pamphlet published in the United States, and given in a note to page 400 of Captain Siborne's first volume.

The course of our observations, which have insensibly almost degenerated into narrative, has brought us to a critical period of the drama. If we look back through the preceding acts we shall see that no passage of the Duke's campaigns is more pregnant with evidence of the omnipresent, indefatigable, personal activity, and imperturbable coolness which distinguished him, than the period which has come under our notice. We have seen that on the morning of the 16th, while Ney was preparing his attack and closing up his columns, which, when he took their command, extended for some twelve miles to his rear, the Duke found time for an interview with the Prussian General at Ligny. He returned to Quatre Bras in time for the opening of that conflict. He reconnoitred in person the wood of Bossu, and was indeed the first to discover that the attack was about to be made by a very large body of troops. A straggling fire had been going on since morning, but the officers whom he found on the spot still doubted whether a serious attack was impending. The Duke's quick eye, however, detected an officer of high rank reviewing a strong body, and his ear caught the sound, familiar to it as the precursor of such scenes, '*L'Empereur récompensera celui qui s'avancera.*' He instantly recommended the Prince of Orange to withdraw his advanced parties, and the few Belgian guns, which were in an advanced and exposed position. The attack instantly ensued, not to cease till nightfall. According to his uniform practice, and certainly with not less than his usual care, the Duke posted all the troops himself, and no movement was made but by his order. He was on the field till after dark, as long as any contest lasted. When at the close of that weary day others were sinking to rest on the ground they had so bravely maintained, and while the

the chain of British outposts was being formed for the night, far in advance of the ground originally occupied, one of the cavalry regiments, which were then arriving in rapid succession, reached the spot where the Duke was sitting. It was commanded by an intimate friend of the Duke—by one of the gentlest, the bravest, and most accomplished soldiers who ever sat in an English saddle, the late General Sir Frederick Ponsonby. He found the Duke reading some English newspapers which had just reached him, joking over their contents, and making merry with the lucubrations of London politicians and speculators on events.

The condition meanwhile of the said politicians at home, including the cabinet, was past a joke. It was one which the profundity of their ignorance alone made endurable. If hostilities were now in progress in Belgium and a British army in the field, steamers would be plying between Ostend and London or Dover, frequent and punctual as those which crowd the river from London-bridge to Greenwich in Whitsun week. A fresh lie and a new exaggeration would reach the Stock Exchange at intervals of a quarter of an hour. With such means of communication Blücher's losses on the 16th would have been operating on the funds within a few hours of their report at Brussels, and the Prussian retreat from Ligny would have more than counterbalanced, in public opinion, the maintenance of our position at Quatre Bras. To a late hour of the 20th of June, however, the smuggler had been the only organ of intelligence to the English cabinet, and nothing but vague accounts that the French army was in motion had been conveyed by these lugsailed messengers. It was thus that the first authentic intelligence, though it contained the bane of a serious disaster to the Prussian arms, was qualified not merely by the antidote of the Duke's success at Quatre Bras, but by the following additional facts;—that the Duke was at the head of his own army collected in a position of his own choice, in high confidence and spirits, in military communication with Blücher, and on the point of engaging with Napoleon. The bearer of this stirring intelligence, which the nerves of Lord Castlereagh were better strung to receive than those of Lord Liverpool, was the Right Honourable Maurice Fitzgerald, the Knight of Kerry. Like many other civilians he had been attracted by the interest of the scene and hour to Brussels about a fortnight previous to the commencement of hostilities. As an old and valued friend of his illustrious countryman, he had been a constant guest at headquarters; among other adventures of some interest, had visited the ground of Quatre Bras on the 17th, and had remained there till the commencement of the retreat of the cavalry, when he had returned to Brussels. Having been favoured by him with a memo-

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random of his recollections, we can now present, in words better than our own, the circumstances under which he became entrusted with such a communication, and the effect it produced on those who received it. Not being able, with reference to our limits, to insert the memorandum *in extenso*, we must premise that our friend had been induced by circumstances to leave Brussels at a very early hour on the 18th with the intention, not of returning to England, but of endeavouring to reach the head-quarters of General Sir C. Colville, whose division was on the right of the British army. Ghent was his first object, but being advised that the direct route was encumbered, he proceeded thither by Antwerp. The Knight was accompanied by the late Marquis of Ormonde: and he says—

‘We arrived at Antwerp about five in the morning, and after refreshing ourselves and looking at the cathedral for about an hour, we proceeded to Ghent as fast as we could, and arrived there about two o’clock. We dined with the commanding officer of the 29th regiment, who had been an old acquaintance of Lord Ormonde. We engaged a carriage and arranged to proceed after midnight for the division of the army under General Colville. I was just entering the hotel between six and seven in order to go to bed, when Sir P. Malcolm drove up from Brussels. I told him our plan, when he earnestly entreated me to wait till he had returned from the King of France, then at Ghent, to whom he was going to convey a message from the Duke of Wellington. I waited accordingly; on his return he pressed me in the most earnest manner to proceed to London and communicate to the Government what had occurred. He argued the necessity of such a course, from the Duke of Wellington having declared to him that morning that he would not write a line until he had fought a battle, and from the false and mischievous rumours which had circulated and gone to England, and the total ignorance of the English Government as to what had taken place. He said that he was desirous of writing to the First Lord of the Admiralty, but that etiquette precluded his entering into any details on military subjects when the General had not written: that if I consented I would greatly relieve the Government and do essential public service, as, independent of the Prussian case, of which I knew more than any other individual could communicate to the Government, there were subjects of a most confidential nature which he would entrust to me to be told to Lord Castlereagh, our Foreign Minister; that he would put me into a sloop of war at Ostend and send me across at once. I, however, rather reluctantly assented. He then told me he had left the Duke at half-past ten that morning with the army in position on ground which he had already examined, determined to give battle, and confident of success, and that he was in military communication with Marshal Blucher.

‘We accordingly changed our route and proceeded at once to Ostend, where the Admiral wrote a few lines, merely saying that Buonaparte had defeated the Prussians with great loss, that the Duke was in position as described before; that he had prevailed on the Knight of Kerry to convey  
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that despatch, who also could furnish all particulars which were as yet known, for the information of the Government. We had rather a slow passage. After we were under weigh a gendarme, with some mail bags in a boat, overtook the vessel, and said reports had just arrived that the Duke of Wellington was driving the French at all points. We proceeded at once, after landing at Deal, to town, and arrived at the Admiralty at half-past four (Tuesday, June 20th). Lord Melville had gone to the House of Lords, whither I followed him; and on presenting the despatch he immediately summoned the Cabinet Ministers from both Houses to meet in the Chancellor's room, which they did instantly.

'I was requested to communicate the particulars referred to in Admiral Malcolm's letter; I said (in order to avoid anything unnecessary) I wished to know how far the Cabinet was already informed of what had occurred; Lord Liverpool said that they knew nothing. I asked if they had not heard of the battle with the Prussians. He said "No." I then asked had they not heard that Napoleon had moved his army? He said that reports by smugglers to that effect had come across, but that nothing was certain. I then gave a detail of all the circumstances that had come to my knowledge, and endeavoured to impress on them the utmost confidence in the success of the Duke of Wellington in any battle that should take place. I stated the nature of the driving in of the Prussians on the 15th, as explained to me by the Commandant at Mons. I was enabled to describe very particularly the glorious battle at Quatre Bras, as given to me by a gallant officer of the Rifle Brigade, who was near the Duke during its continuance, and who was wounded there; he gave me a very clear account of the action, and affirmed that he had never seen his Grace expose himself so much personally, or so thoroughly direct every part of the operations, in any of the Peninsular fights with which he was familiar. I explained, on Sir Colin Campbell's authority, the Duke's thorough knowledge of the ground which he had occupied on the morning of Sunday (the 18th).

'Ministers expressed their great relief and gratification at the intelligence I had furnished, as the town had been inundated with the most alarming and dangerous rumours, and that from the length of time since they had received any positive communication from the Duke of Wellington, considerable anxiety undoubtedly existed, but that I had effectually removed it. On the following morning early I called on Lord Castlereagh before he went to his office. I asked him whether he thought I had impressed upon the Cabinet the perfect confidence which I myself felt as to the Duke's success. He said I had, but that he wished for a good deal of conversation with me. I then explained to him those particulars which Admiral Malcolm had desired me confidentially to convey, particularly as to what concerned the position and personal safety of the French king, and other points which it is unnecessary to recapitulate. We had a most interesting discussion on the whole state of the two countries as relating to the war. It was certainly gratifying to me to have relieved the anxiety of Ministers, and through them of the public, but Sir P. Malcolm lost me the march to Paris.'

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To return to Captain Siborne. He criticises the conduct of the Emperor Napoleon for not following up with sufficient activity, on the 16th, the movement which he had made with so much success on the 15th; but a little reflection upon the information which he has obtained on the movements of the French army must have convinced him that the troops which had been on their extreme left in French Flanders, and which formed the rear of the column of which the head was engaged on the Sambre on the 15th, could not be closed up till a late hour on the 16th. It is easy to speculate on possible consequences of supposed circumstances. Those who indulge in such speculations would do well to consider that rapidity is purchased by exhaustion.

Of the numerous critics of the Belgian campaign, some have been disposed to consider that the Prussians on the 18th were slow in bringing their columns to bear effectively on the French right. We have reason to believe that the individual who would have had most cause for complaint on this score would be the last to entertain this charge. We feel very certain that if the Duke could have exchanged commands with Blucher or Bulow on that day, he would have been very cautious how he brought into action by dribblets even that portion of the Prussian troops which had not actually shared the discomfiture of Ligny. Captain Siborne judiciously avoids casting any reflection on the Prussians, though at pages 144 and 150 of volume ii. he states the fact that General Ziethen refused to detach any portion of his troops for the purpose of strengthening, by their partial aid, the British line of battle at a moment certainly of great pressure. We doubt not that Ziethen's orders on this head were strict. We believe them to have been dictated by a wise caution, and we look upon the conduct of the Prussians and their commander on the 18th with no feeling but that of admiration for the energy with which they had rallied after discomfiture, and the boldness with which they left General Thielman to make the best he could of it against Grouchy's superior force at Wavre. Before the retreat on the morning of the 17th speculation was busy among our officers on the outposts at Quatre Bras as to the probable results of the affair of the previous day to the Prussian force. A party of them was joined by Captain, now Colonel, Wood, who had just returned from the patrol service mentioned above. Will they stop before they reach the Rhine? was a question started by one. Captain Wood, who had seen much service with the Prussians, having been on the staff of Sir C. Stewart (now Lord Londonderry) in 1813 and 1814, replied, 'If Blucher or Bulow be alive, you may depend upon it they will stop at no great distance.' The young officer was right, as Napoleon found to his cost. We know that, whatever incompetent critics may

may say, the highest testimony to the co-operation of the Prussians in every particular, that of the Duke, has been ever since unvaried and uncompromising ; nor has he ever stopped or stooped to consider whether by doing justice to the fame of his allies he might give a handle to his enemies to detract from his own.

We do not on this occasion choose to enter upon any formal criticism of Napoleon as a general. We must, however, say that if English writers were as much disposed to detract from his reputation as they are to cavil at the conduct of the Duke and Blücher, some documents under his own hand would afford them matter for animadversion. Take, for instance, Napoleon's two letters to Marshal Ney written early on the 16th from Charleroi. They are addressed to a man who had just been placed at the head of some forty thousand men so much *à l'improviste* that he did not even know the names of his officers, or what the Germans call the dislocation of his troops, much less the nature of the country, or the amount of the force in his front ; and who was so unprovided with staff-officers that he was obliged to select them at the moment from regiments of the line ; yet this man, in the first of these letters, received at about eleven o'clock of the 16th, is directed to be at Brussels by seven o'clock the next morning, and in the second it is assumed as matter of high probability that the English had already retired from Brussels and Nivelles. Let it not be forgotten that Napoleon's means of learning or guessing at the Duke's dispositions were far greater than any which the Duke possessed of learning what passed within the French lines. We will venture, without blaming Napoleon in our ignorance of his grounds for belief, to say that if at any one period of the Duke's career he had given orders so impracticable to execute, or displayed ignorance so complete as is indicated in these two letters to Ney, his Dispatches would have been reprinted by the Radical press, and quoted in the House of Commons as evidence of his incapacity for command. With Mr. Alison, indeed, for an adviser, he might have rendered a *coup de main* on Brussels an easy exploit. As it was, and in the absence of such a good genius, his reply might have been that of Marmion to King James's proposal of a visit to Tamworth :—

' Much honour'd were my humble home,  
If in its halls King James should come ;  
But Nottingham has archers good,  
And Yorkshire men are stern of mood.  
And many a banner shall be torn,  
And many a knight to ground be borne,  
And many a sheaf of shafts be spent  
Ere Scotland's king shall cross the Trent.'

Marmion's reply, by the way, reminds us of one of General Alava's to an aide-de-camp of Junot who, under a flag of truce we believe, was dining at the Duke's table in Portugal at a period when Lisbon was in our possession. The Frenchman took occasion to observe that the Duchesse d'Abrantes, then at Ciudad Rodrigo, *comptait faire ses couches* at Lisbon in the autumn. '*Prevenez la,*' said General Alava, '*qu'elle prenne bien garde de ces trente mille diables d'accoucheurs en rouge qu'elle trouvera en chemin.*' However, Napoleon had not long to wait for an opportunity of estimating, in his own person, the difficulty of the task which in his off-hand manner he had suggested to his lieutenant. Numerically superior to his antagonist in cavalry and artillery, morally superior in the homogeneous composition and warlike experience of his army, he yet found himself unable, with the single exception of the capture of the farm of La Haye Sainte, to gain an inch of ground from some thirty thousand English and German infantry. Of this very body, which bore the brunt of the whole contest, be it remembered that not above six or seven thousand had seen a shot fired before. It was composed of second battalions to so great an extent that we cannot but imagine that this disadvantage would have been felt had the Duke attacked the French army, as he would have attacked it, at Quatre Bras on the 17th, if the Prussians had maintained their position at Ligny—as he would have attacked it on the 18th at Waterloo if the army with which he entered the south of France had been at his disposal. For purposes of resistance the fact is unquestionable that these raw British battalions were found as effective as the veterans of the Peninsula; but it might have been hazardous to manœuvre under fire, and over all contingencies of ground, with some of the very regiments which, while in position, never flinched from the cannonade or cavalry charges through the live-long day of Waterloo.

We find little occasion for remark on Captain Siborne's minute narrative of that conflict. His positive additions of any importance to the facts stated by former writers consist chiefly in evidences of the incapacity of the greater part of the Dutch and Belgian, and some of the Hanoverian contingents, to face the storm of fire to which our line was exposed, or even to make a decent show of support to those engaged. Truth has demanded of Captain Siborne that these evidences should not be suppressed; but, with Captain Siborne, we are disposed to make every allowance for men whose introduction to such scenes had not been gradual, for regiments which, in many instances, were little better than militia, and who could not be expected to share that moral confidence in the skill and fortune of their commander-in-chief, which never for an instant forsook those who had served under

under him in the Peninsula—and which the electricity of patriotic pride conveyed entire to the British soldiers who first fleshed their steel at Waterloo.

It would be difficult to imagine a more varied test than that to which the resolution of those troops was subjected who really played their part in the action. Throughout the day the fire of the French batteries was only interrupted to give place to the most desperate attacks of infantry and cavalry. The great attack of thirty-seven squadrons of the latter force, described in page 77 of Captain Siborne's second volume, was unquestionably the least murderous, but perhaps, in the first instance, the most formidable; for it succeeded so far as to place the French squadrons in actual possession of the whole line of our advanced batteries, from where our right rested on Hougomont to our left centre. Much blame was afterwards thrown on Marshal Ney by Napoleon for the failure of this great and gallant attempt. We are not competent to settle the question between such litigants. It is possible that Napoleon may have been justified in repudiating its responsibility. It is certain that the French cavalry was sacrificed; and it may be true, as the Emperor asserts, that it was sent forward without his direct sanction. It is certain, however, that this great mass of horsemen was employed in a manner which had often, under Napoleon, decided the fate of battles,—nay, that it actually effected an object which had hitherto, in the Imperial campaigning, been considered equivalent to the gain of a victory. The operation was one which neither in intention nor execution should be confounded with the sudden and rapid exertions of cavalry, which are the inspiration of the moment, descending at some critical instant upon bodies of men unprepared for the shock—such as the charge of the 23rd and German dragoons at Talavera—of Le Marchant, under Lord Combermere, at Salamanca—or of the heavy brigades at Waterloo. The operation we allude to is the steady, the organized, and not very rapid advance of a large mass of cavalry for the physical purpose of establishing itself on an important portion of an enemy's position, and with the moral object, in English phrase, of bullying its defenders into retiring to a sufficient distance to enable troops of other arms to come up, and maintain the ground so acquired. As there is no surprise in the case, the latter and essential part of the operation clearly becomes a question of nerve and discipline, and both must be good in the first instance to enable even experienced troops to face such an array of lance and cuirass as succeeded in establishing itself on the ridge of our position at Waterloo. The English squares, however, were so far from retiring, that they were advanced by the Duke against the

cavalry, which they slaughtered with their cross fire. Captain Siborne mentions one instance of a hasty discharge; and it may well have happened that, when that first long wave of battle burst upon the ridge, some of our raw recruits felt anxious. After a little experience, however, these attacks, during which the French batteries were necessarily as silent as our own, were felt as a positive relief. Our men came to look upon them with a coolness amounting to contempt, and the only anxiety of the officers was to check any natural impatience in the ranks, so as to allow the French squadrons to come near enough to feel the fire.

The only real gleam of success to the French arms was that occupation of the farm of La Haye Sainte, to which we have adverted. From Captain Siborne's narrative it is easy to infer the absurdity of the proposition maintained by some writers, that the loss of this post was one of small importance and little injury to the British army. It was a serious annoyance; it led to some additional loss of life and limb in our ranks—Lord Fitzroy Somerset's right arm is an instance—it gave facilities to the French for their repeated attacks on our centre; and in the event of our being compelled to retire, it would have been of great advantage to them. It might have been avoided, for it was occasioned by nothing but exhaustion of the ammunition for its garrison. There was but one communication with the farm, by a gateway on the road from Brussels to Genappes, and this was commanded by the French artillery. An easy remedy might have been, but unfortunately was not, adopted—namely, to break out a communication through the back wall of the farm-house, which would have been available not only for the introduction of ammunition, but for the relief and reinforcement, if necessary, of the garrison. We doubt whether in any continental service the neglect of so minute a feature in a general action (whatever its eventual importance) would be laid to the account of a commander-in-chief. We have reason, however, to believe that the Duke has often volunteered to bear its responsibility; and, as it is the only confession he has had to make, we shall not dispute the point with his Grace.

After the repulse of the various attacks made upon our centre, first by cavalry, then by infantry, and thirdly by the two combined, it was expected that the next would be made by cavalry, infantry, and artillery combined. It was obvious that our troops would require extension of line to engage with the infantry, and solidity to engage with the cavalry; but they could not have the necessary extension if formed in squares as before, nor the necessary solidity if formed in line in the usual order, two-deep. They  
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were therefore formed four deep. With this formation they crushed with their fire, or scattered with the bayonet, every description of force which came against them: and yet some tacticians have been found to censure this feature also in the Duke's dispositions. When at last their long endurance was rewarded by their finding themselves in possession of the enemy's position, and of every gun of that artillery which had decimated their ranks, a singular, and we believe novel, feature of the scene served to disclose the sudden and complete nature of the rout of their antagonists. Where the French reserves had been posted in rear of the front line, the muskets of considerable bodies of men were found piled and abandoned; a circumstance which shows how rapid may be the contagion of despair even in the ranks of a nation never excelled for exploits either of collective or individual bravery. The British troops soon made over the task of pursuit to their less exhausted allies. Very forward among the British horsemen at this period, riding with a slack rein and somewhat of a Leicestershire seat, might be seen an English gentleman in the ordinary attire of that respectable but unmilitary character: this was Lord Apsley, the present Earl Bathurst, who had assisted at the battle as an amateur from its commencement, and who followed its fortunes to the last. Before the first shot was fired his Lordship had fallen in at the right of our line with Lord Hill, who in his own quiet and comfortable manner addressed him, 'Well, my Lord, I think your Lordship will see a great battle to-day.' 'Indeed!' 'Yes, indeed, my Lord; and I think the French will get such a thrashing as they have seldom had.' A fair specimen of the spirit in which our old campaigners met the *prestige* of Napoleon's presence. It was the simple confession of faith and conviction founded on experience; for who ever heard boast or bravado from the lips of the Shropshire farmer? Lord Apsley, having ultimately ridden to the extreme of the English pursuit, was, we believe, on returning to head-quarters, the first to communicate to the Duke that the whole of the French artillery was in our possession.

The illustrative plates which accompany Captain Siborne's volumes are agreeable specimens of the anaglyptographic process; but we miss their assistance at one or two important periods of the transaction. An engraving of which Genappes should be the centre, is much wanted to illustrate the retreat of the 17th; and it would be well to mark distinctly the bridges and fords of the Dyle which were used in that operation. It might be more difficult to bring within compass the ground over which Blücher brought the three corps of his army to our assistance on the 18th, and their various routes might require more than one engraving.

for the purpose; but these additions, if attainable, would add much to the value of the work.

In matters of criminal legislation we are no advocates of the principle that the main object of punishment is the reformation of the offender. In the case of Mr. Alison, whom we have now to consider as coming before us, in French legal phraseology, *en récidive*, it is a satisfaction to us to reflect that, for special reasons, we never dreamt of such a result as that. Throughout his ten volumes there runs a serene satisfaction with his own dicta on military matters—an entire reliance on the dignity of an office held by self-appointment—and a more than Thucydidean conviction of the value of a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰεὶ* collected from such sources as 'Fouché's Memoirs,' which forbade the slightest apprehension of disturbing his complacency, or extracting from him any tardy confession of fallibility in matters of opinion. In this respect we have suffered no disappointment. Where demonstrable errors of fact were concerned, we might, however, have expected that Mr. Alison would have pursued, in a revised edition, a course different in some particulars from that which he has adopted. Several were open to him, with regard to the observations on his narrative of the Belgian campaign, contained in the 140th number of this Journal. Intrenched in the dignity of his high functions, he might have refused to read, or neglected to notice, the remarks of an anonymous, and, as he seems to believe, a youthful censor. He might have adopted our corrections where he found them valid, with a due acknowledgment of his obligations to the quarter from which they proceeded. Lastly, where he still found room for doubt, he might have applied ordinary industry and accuracy to the verification of the points in question, and thus have avoided a perseverance in certain errors—one of them, at least, not unimportant—which still deface the record. We regret for Mr. Alison's own sake that he has followed none of these modes. In most instances he has *silently* adopted our corrections; in the remainder he has persevered in his errors for want of information, which he might have had from ourselves for the asking, or, by common diligence, might have procured elsewhere.

We are unwilling to trouble our readers with a detailed comparison of the several passages in the two editions, in establishment of our assertion that Mr. Alison has borrowed our corrections without acknowledgment. We can easily anticipate the apology, that the incidents so treated are minutiae; and, as such, of no great importance. Such an apology would be quite conclusive, if Mr. Alison's pretensions to accuracy and minuteness of detail, as a narrator of battles, were less ostentatiously put forward. If he had dealt with his subject-matter more in the style  
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of Thucydides, and less in that of Captain Siborne, in the manner of that which he assumes to be, a contributor to general history, rather than of a contributor to the 'United Service Gazette,' he would probably have avoided liability to correction, and certainly would have escaped our censure. When Titian painted flowers in his foreground he took the trouble to design them with Linnean accuracy. The author who cites Captain this and Major that for the *res gestæ* of individual regiments, ought to have known that, in the cavalry affair of the 17th, the 7th British hussars were engaged not with cuirassiers, but with lancers. The distinction may appear trifling, but the novelty and peculiarity of the circumstances make it of interest to a large class of readers, for whose special edification Mr. Alison has laboured. That we no longer hear of the Duke flinging himself occasionally into a square, is an amendment of small consequence on our credit side of the account; but it is of some importance to find Lord Hill restored to his functions as commander of the second corps in the action, and no longer detached, by the learned Sheriff's special order, to Hal, in charge of a body of 7000 men. We are happy also to find that Mr. Alison has seen reason to qualify his eulogies of the Prussian position at Ligny, and to appreciate the distinction between its strategical and tactical merits. For these, and one or two other rectifications of small moment, having received no thanks from Mr. Alison, we respectfully claim those of his innumerable readers.

We now proceed to a case in which Mr. Alison, after due warning, has acknowledged, indeed, our notice of his error, but only to repeat it and insist upon it. As it is one which involves gross injustice to a Prussian officer of great merit, we make no apology for dwelling upon it. In Mr. Alison's former edition he describes Marshal Grouchy as probably matched in force by the Prussians under Thielman, when he combated at Wavre. We took the liberty of telling him in our remarks, that he was mistaken to the amount of some 15,000 men; for that, in fact, Thielman had but 16,000 to oppose to Grouchy's 32,000. In Mr. Alison's revised edition he repeats his statement, with the appendage of the following note:—

'This has been denied as to the over-matching; and it has been said, the third Prussian corps, instead of rising, as Mr. Alison says, to 33,000, did not exceed 16,000 (Quart. Rev. lxx. 469, 470). In answer to this it is only necessary to give the official return of the Prussian corps under Thielman, as given by Plötho:—Third corps d'armée, Thielman, 33,000 men, 96 guns. Thielman, it is true, was engaged at Ligny, but so was Grouchy, and the loss there could not have materially altered their relative proportions.—Plötho, iv. 55, Appendix.'

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What has been said we now say again ; and the only excuse we can suggest for Mr. Alison's perseverance in so gross a misstatement is, that having been helped by us to the existence of Plotho's work, he has by some sad accident stumbled on a defective copy thereof. Whatever was the original force of the third corps, it would have been worth while for Mr. Alison, before he contradicted his guardian angel, the 'Quarterly,' in this matter, to have inquired whether Thielman, when in position at Wavre, retained that corps in its integrity. We prefer to state the circumstances, with their explanation, in Captain Siborne's language. Speaking of Thielman's position at Wavre on the 18th he says (vol. ii. p. 278) :—

'Thielman intended that the 9th brigade should be posted in rear of this general position of his troops, so that its services might be made available according as circumstances might require ; but through some misunderstanding in the transmission of the order, General von Boreke was induced, after having moved along the Brussels road until near La Bavette, thence to turn off to his left, and continue his march, according to his original instructions, in the direction of Fromont, Bourgeois, and St. Lambert, towards Couture ; being under the impression that the whole corps had already commenced this march in pursuance of the general plan, and that his brigade was destined to cover the movement. The departure of this brigade was not immediately discovered, and thus by this misunderstanding Thielman's force suffered an unexpected reduction of six battalions and the foot battery No. 18, and consisted therefore of only 15,200 men, with which number he had now to contend against Marshal Grouchy's force, amounting altogether to 32,000 men.'

When we recollect that, under such circumstances of disproportion as these, Thielman maintained his position through the 18th, repelling thirteen different assaults on the town of Wavre, and that he did not retire until ten o'clock on the following morning, effecting his retreat with order and deliberation, and consoled by the knowledge of the result at Waterloo, we shall not fear contradiction when we reassert that no passage of the campaign did greater honour to the general and troops concerned than this defence of Wavre. If Mr. Alison's statement of numbers were correct, few on the other hand would have been less creditable, because the position was strong and the Prussian was at last forced to retire. That statement therefore being, as it is, absolutely unfounded, involves a palpable injustice to a meritorious officer.

In a note to page 932 Mr. Alison writes :—

'It has been said (Quart. Rev. lxx. 466) that the Prussian loss at Waterloo is to be found in Plotho, and that the statement in the text on this point is erroneous ; but this is a mistake. Plotho gives no separate account of the loss on the 18th, but the *whole loss* of each corps from the 15th of June to the 3rd of July, and it amounts to,' &c.

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It is no mistake. We have the tables before us as we write. Our copy of *Plötho* is dated Berlin, 1818. We are quite ready to lend it to Mr. Alison if he desires it, for his 4th or 40th edition. Facing pages 116 and 117 of the Appendix to the 4th volume, he will find tabular statements of the loss of the three Prussian corps, the first, second, and fourth, not only for the whole campaign, but distinguishing that incurred in their several actions, among them 'the loss on the 18th.' These tables are very minute, as they specify not only non-commissioned officers and privates, but the *spielleute* or musicians of the regiments, and horses. The only list wanting is that of the third corps, which, as even Mr. Alison probably knows, was not engaged at Waterloo. We may as well add that, though Mr. Alison's courtesy forbids him to substitute the word falsehood for mistake in this instance, we can hardly accept his indulgence. Our assertion, past or present, that the returns exist in *Plötho's* Appendix, might be a falsehood—it could hardly be a mistake. In such dry matters of fact at least, a reviewer asserting the existence of a document which he had not seen, and which should turn out not to exist, would deserve harder language than that of Mr. Alison.

It would have been easy for Mr. Alison to have done full historical justice to the Duke of Brunswick, by the simple statement that he fell gallantly fighting at the head of his troops. Mr. Alison's passion for particulars has, however, again led him astray in saying that 'he nobly fell while heading a charge of his death's-head hussars in the latter part of the day.' If there is truth in Captain Siborne, the facts are these:—'The Duke had personally superintended a change of position, not a charge, of his hussars. He had then headed a charge of his lancers which failed, and was accompanying a movement in retreat of the guard battalion of his infantry, and endeavouring to rally it when hard pressed, when the fatal shot struck him from his horse.' (Siborne, vol. i. p. 116.) The 'death's-head hussars' sounds better. Having dismissed these matters, of small account perhaps, but some of them of importance to us, for our own vindication from something worse than inaccuracy, we arrive at a topic which compels us to inflict on our readers a collation of certain passages as they stand in the second and third editions of his work. In the second (that formerly handled by us) Mr. Alison's language is this:—

'Wellington and Blücher, at this critical period, were relying almost entirely upon secret intelligence, which *was to be forwarded to them by Fouché*. This extraordinary delay in collecting the troops, when the enemy was close at hand, cannot be altogether vindicated, and it was well nigh attended with fatal consequences; but the secret cause which led to it is explained in *Fouché's Memoirs*. That unparalleled intriguer,' &c. He

He then goes on to cite that authentic and veracious compilation in the manner we have before noticed. In the third and revised edition of Mr. Alison's 'History,' we read:—

‘Wellington and Blücher, at this critical period, were either without correct information as to the enemy's real designs, or relying upon secret intelligence, which was to be forwarded to them from Paris, as to his movements. This delay in collecting the troops, &c. would furnish ground for a serious imputation on the Duke's military conduct, were it not that it is now apparent he had been misled by false information, perfidiously furnished, or as perfidiously withheld, *by his correspondents at Paris, who, unknown to him, had been gained by Fouché.*’

A juxtaposition of these two passages will show that Mr. Alison has retired before our attack from one position, as quietly as possible, in order to take up another. The manner in which this manœuvre is executed is further illustrated by a note to p. 881. After re quoting the story of the female spy from the production impudently called Fouché's Memoirs, Mr. Alison then proceeds:

‘Extraordinary as this story is, it derives confirmation from the following statement of Sir Walter Scott, who had access to the best sources of information, which he obtained at Paris a few weeks after the battle. “I have understood,” says he, “on good authority, that a person, bearing for Lord Wellington's information a detailed and authentic account of Buonaparte's plan for the campaign, was actually dispatched from Paris in time to have reached Brussels before the commencement of hostilities. This communication was entrusted to a female, who was furnished with a pass from Fouché himself, and who travelled with all dispatch in order to accomplish her mission; but, being stopped for two days on the frontiers of France, did not arrive till after the battle of the 16th. This fact, *for such I believe it to be*, seems to countenance the opinion that Fouché maintained a correspondence with the allies, and may lead, on the other hand, to the suspicion that, though he dispatched the intelligence in question, he contrived so to manage that its arrival should be too late for the purpose which it was calculated to serve. At all events, the appearance of the French on the Sambre was at Brussels an unexpected piece of intelligence.” (*Paul's Letters.*) It is remarkable that Scott's sagacity had in this instance divined the very solution of the question which Fouché afterwards stated in his Memoirs as a fact. On the other hand, Wellington says: “*Avant mon arrivée à Paris au mois de Juillet, je n'avais jamais vu Fouché, ni eu avec lui communication quelconque, ni avec aucun de ceux qui sont liés avec lui.*” (Letter to Dumouriez, Gurwood, vol. xii. p. 649.) If this statement was inconsistent with the former, the Duke's high character for truth and accuracy would have rendered it decisive of the point; but in reality it is not so. It only proves that the English general had had no communication with Fouché, or those whom he knew to be his agents.’

Mr. Alison then goes on to show, from various passages of the Duke's

Duke's letters, that he was in communication at various periods with persons at Paris, and cites one letter to a Mr. Henoul, in which a lady is mentioned.

It will appear from all the above that Mr. Alison has, in one of his tacit corrections, borrowed without acknowledgment from the Quarterly, withdrawn from his assertion that the Duke was knowingly in correspondence with Fouché. He now shapes his imputation in another form. He asserts that the Duke was not only in communication with certain puppets of Fouché's at Paris, but that he actually governed his own military schemes, the position and movements of his army, and rested the fate of Europe on the expectation or possession of intelligence from such quarters. If, as Burke said, a man cannot live down these contemptible calumnies, he must put up with them. If the Duke's life and exploits cannot acquit him of such miserable simplicity in the eyes of Englishmen, we can give him little assistance. Because the Duke says, on the 13th of June, 'I have accounts from Paris of the 10th, on which day Buonaparte was still there,' it is seriously argued that he was very likely to believe that parties who supplied intelligence of a circumstance so recondite as the presence of Buonaparte at the Tuileries, could and would also supply the programme of Buonaparte's intended campaign. Mr. Alison, however, still resting the weight of his structure on Fouché's Memoirs, props up the rubbish of such a foundation by the authority of '*Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*.' What does the extract from such a work as '*Paul's Letters*' prove? It proves that when occupied in the agreeable pastime of picking up anecdotes for a volume of slight structure and momentary interest, Sir W. Scott gave a rash credence to one then current at Paris, which was afterwards elaborated by the literary forger of Fouché's name. It is on such authorities as these that the author of a *work of twenty years* fastens on the Duke of Wellington a charge of credulous imbecility. Whatever be the probabilities of the case, we have one sufficient answer, which we can give on authority—it is totally and absolutely false. We repeat, and are enabled and bound to say that we repeat on authority, that not one single passage of the Duke's conduct at this period was in the remotest degree influenced by such causes as those invented at Paris, and adopted by Mr. Alison. But the Duke had communications with Paris. To be sure he had. Common sense would indicate, if the dispatches did not, that the Duke used what means the iron frontier in his front permitted to obtain all obtainable intelligence from Paris. He would have been wanting in his duty if he had neglected such precaution. Such facts as the Emperor's continued presence in Paris, the strength

of mustering corps, their reputed destination,—these, and a thousand such particulars, he doubtless endeavoured to get at, when he could, through channels more rapid, if not more to be relied on, than the ‘*Moniteur*.’ It could strike nobody as improbable that in some of these transactions an agent of the softer sex might have been employed; though we happen to know for certain that none such played a part of importance enough to secure her services a place in the recollection of any Englishman at head-quarters. Even for obtaining such information as this, the Duke was placed in a position which must have contrasted singularly with the advantages he had in these respects enjoyed in the Peninsula. It were but common fairness to scan for a moment the points of difference, and to observe how completely the relative positions of the two antagonists were reversed. The grounds of comparison are, however, pretty obvious, and an illustration may serve the purpose better than a disquisition.

On the night which preceded Sir Arthur Wellesley’s first passage of arms in Portugal, the affair of Roliça, he was roused from his sleep in his tent by an urgent request for admittance on the part of a stranger. The request was granted, and a monk was introduced. ‘I am come,’ he said, ‘to give you intelligence that General Thomière, who commands the French corps in your front, intends to retire before daylight; and if you wish to catch him you must be quick.’ Such news, if true, justified the intrusion; and it occurred to Sir Arthur, who had not then attained the degree of drivelling which the Duke of Wellington had reached in 1815, to inquire ‘How do you know the fact you acquaint me with?’ The monk replied, ‘When Junot’s army first entered Portugal, he was quartered in our convent, that of Alcobaça, and one of his staff shared my cell. The same officer is again my lodger; we are on intimate terms. This evening he was busily engaged in writing. I stole behind him and placed my hands over his eyes, as boys do in play, while he struggled to get loose, and held them there till I had read the contents of the paper he was writing. It was an order to General Thomière to move his column at such an hour, and in such a direction. I have stolen from the convent, and made my way to your quarters, to tell you my discovery.’ We have sometimes thought that this incident would have made a good subject for Wilkie. For our purpose, it is not an inapt illustration of the facilities for information at the command of a general moving in a country where the peasantry and priesthood are heart and soul with the cause he serves. Such at least are not at the disposal of a commander compelled by circumstances to remain rooted for a period in the face of a hostile nation, fenced by a triple line of fortresses, and their place is ill supplied

supplied by padded petticoats and the gossip of a metropolis. The plan of Buonaparte's campaign? Can anything be more childish than to suppose that the Duke could have relied, for this is the question, on French traitors for such a document? When a fleet is about to sail on a secret expedition, a thousand circumstances are open to the inquiries of active agents. The very nature of the stores embarked, the name of some officer ordered to join, will often indicate its destination. The consequence generally is, that by the time the sealed orders are opened in a specified latitude, the enemy has enjoyed for weeks a full knowledge of the object of the expedition. We well remember, in the summer of 1840, hearing that certain intrenching tools were to be embarked for the Mediterranean, and that a certain officer, famous for his application of such materials at St. Sebastian and elsewhere, was to be picked up at Gibraltar. We wanted no paid spy or treacherous clerk to tell us that Acre, or possibly Alexandria, would feel the effect of these preparations. With respect to the general plan and scheme of the Duke's operations, as far as they depended on himself, they were open enough to discovery, if missed by conjecture. They were necessarily subjects of communication and concert with a dozen friendly powers mustering their forces on different points from Ostend to the confines of Switzerland. It so happened that the plan of Buonaparte's campaign, which could consist in nothing else but a choice of roads, was one which it was unnecessary for him to communicate to a single human being till he gave his orders from head-quarters for its prompt execution. We have, however, to apologize to our readers for delaying them so long on such a subject, for endeavouring to show the probability of a negative, which, probable or not, we assert without reserve, and with the confidence of positive knowledge.

Since the above was written we have found reason to believe that we can trace to its source the absurd figment of the Fouché correspondence. In our former article we avowed our belief, founded on a passage in the dispatches, that a female had at some period or other been employed as a messenger. We have now learned that some ten days or more before the commencement of hostilities the Knight of Kerry, on his way to Brussels, fell in with an acquaintance of his own country who had just left Paris, and obtained from him some information as to the amount of Napoleon's force, especially in cavalry, which, on arriving at Brussels, he reported to the Duke. We may remark that the information in this instance was precisely of the description which may be obtained by clever agents, mercenary or other. It stated that at this period Napoleon had collected about 90,000 infantry, and that he had dismounted some 12,000 gendarmes in order to mount his regular

regular cavalry. There was more difficulty perhaps in conveying than in collecting such intelligence as this. Nothing short of Mesmerism could have obtained a plan of Napoleon's campaign. The Duke avowed that the information of the Knight of Kerry's acquaintance tallied with some he had lately received. The Knight states that he understood at the time that the Duke alluded to some intelligence which had been conveyed over the frontier by a female. Having less to remember, he has thus preserved the record of a fact which had been forgotten by those who were more busily occupied at the time. We have little doubt that this is the trifling incident which has been magnified into a circumstance decisive of the Duke's movements,—the petticoat which amused *Paul*, and obfuscated the solemn judgment of Mr. Alison.

It requires some knowledge of human nature to believe that a respectable man, in possession of his senses, can, on a review of the facts, continue to entertain the notion that *surprise* is a term applicable to the position and conduct of the Duke. Let us suppose the case of a country house in Tipperary, a period of Rockite disturbance, and a family which has received intelligence that an attack is to be made upon it. The windows are barricaded as well as circumstances will admit, but the premises are extensive, and the hall door, the kitchen, and the pantry remain weak and assailable. The trampling of footsteps is heard in the shrubbery. There would be advisers enough, and confusion enough in consequence, if the head of the family were a man who invited advice, but he is an old soldier whom few would venture to approach with suggestions. His nerves are absolutely impassive to the fact that the assault is conducted by Rock in person, but he knows that Rock has the initiative and the choice of at least three eligible points of attack. He makes such disposition of his force as leaves no point unwatched; he keeps it well in hand and refuses to move a man till the sledge-hammer is heard at the point selected. The attack is repulsed—all the objects of the defence are accomplished, not a silver spoon is missing—most of the assailants are killed, the gang dispersed, and its leader, who had escaped down the avenue, is ultimately captured, and transported for life—tranquillity is restored to the Barony—the master of the house is knighted for his gallant defence, and made a chief inspector of Police by the Government, but is deprived of his office when the Whigs come into power. Thirty years afterwards, an attorney of the county town, who has lived in the main street all his life, and has never handled a blunderbuss, writes an account of the transaction, collected from some surviving under-servants, to show, first that the master was surprised, and next that his  
force

force ought from the first to have been concentrated in the pantry, because it was there that the main assault was ultimately made. His informers have also succeeded in bamboozling him with an absurd tale of an old woman who had been hired to deceive the master by making him believe that the attack was postponed.

It is not matter of theory and speculation, but of absolute demonstration, that whatever were the merits or demerits of the Duke's proceedings, they were not an accident of the moment, the offspring of haste and surprise, but strictly in accordance with and part of a preconceived system of action, adopted, in concert with his allies, on deep study and full knowledge of every circumstance of his position. Mr. Alison has formed and persists in the opinion that he could have managed the whole thing a great deal better. We do not believe that any officer exists in her Majesty's service who will not rate that opinion at its proper value. It is not for such readers that, in spite of virtuous resolutions, we have been tempted to notice it further than will be thought justifiable by those whose duty it has often been in the field to check and restrain an unnecessary waste of powder and shot. Such men will perhaps have less patience with an *article* which they must think superfluous, than with the History which provokes it. By others, however, and especially by those who are willing to believe any nonsense which can tend to lower the hard-won reputation of the Duke and elevate that of Napoleon, this English Historian's theories and visions will be caught up and quoted—just as the testimony of a reluctant, and only so far an important witness is made the most of by an Old Bailey counsel. If Mr. Alison were a foreigner, or, being our countryman, were anything less respectable than he is—if we had less faith in his good intentions, and more distaste for his politics—if we could have traced his detraction to any source more disreputable than a desire laudable in itself, but morbid in its excess, for the credit of impartiality, we should not have taken the trouble to point out his errors and rebuke his stolid perseverance in their support.

The duty of vindicating our own accuracy in particulars in which it has been directly impugned has led us to this renewed notice of Mr. Alison's statements of fact. On matters of opinion and inference we shall be more brief. We are sensible that our conclusions on strategics are worth, as ours, no more than Mr. Alison's, and such arguments as we can venture on such a subject have been set forth in a former article at some length. We shall, therefore, now content ourselves with one more quotation from Mr. Alison. It seems to us to embody the pervading fallacy which he has so rashly adopted and pertinaciously maintained.

' It

‘It results from these considerations that in the outset of the Waterloo campaign, Napoleon, by the secrecy and rapidity of his movements, gained the advantage of Wellington and Blücher.’—p. 939.

We have but one objection to the language of this passage: the word *gained* obviously implies that the advantage specified was one not ready made to Napoleon's hands, and one of which human precaution on the part of his adversaries could have deprived him. It must not be forgotten, though we shall look in vain through Mr. Alison's and other superficial narratives for any distinct notice of the fact, that paramount political considerations had condemned the Duke to a position which, in a military point of view, no one but an idiot would have chosen, and no one but a master of his art could have maintained. The history of the wars of the French Revolution perhaps presents no instance in which so many circumstances, beyond the control of the one party, combined in favour of the other, to compensate for the single though important deficiency in numerical force. No man perhaps ever lived whose nervous system was less likely to be affected by the mere prestige of Napoleon's name than the Duke's; but we have reason to believe that in one attribute the Duke considered him pre-eminent over every one who could by possibility come under any comparison—that of promptitude and dexterity in taking advantage of a false move. We may be permitted to doubt whether this quality was ever, in any single instance, more brilliantly exemplified by Napoleon than by Wellington at Salamanca; but at all events we know that it was considered by the English commander to be the leading characteristic of his opponent of 1815. The man to whom the Duke attributed this particular pre-eminence had collected an army of veterans on the frontier of the department of the North, one bristling with fortresses in which he might cover and protect, and through which he might in safety and secrecy move hundreds of thousands of troops; while the allies, whether to correct or improve a position erroneously taken up, must have moved along the front of this formidable position, no part of which could have been attacked by them. Up to a given moment at least—the moment when the allied powers on the Rhine should be ready to move off in concert, and keep the step—Napoleon had the indisputable advantage of the first move. Secrecy, rapidity, and choice of direction on vulnerable points, were equally at his command with priority of movement. \* To rush at the centre, or to throw himself on the communications of a force which leant not on the country in its rear, but on Namur on the one hand, and Ostend on the other, were modes of action equally practicable. We are inclined

inclined to think that if by any magic the Duke could suddenly, with his own knowledge of his own difficulties, have been transformed into the adviser of Napoleon, he would have suggested an attack by the line of Hal on his own right. It is very certain that he considered such an operation as one which, from its advantages, might well have attracted his opponent's choice. We know this from the caution with which, even at Waterloo, he provided against such a contingency. With a view to this danger, also, every possible exertion had been made to put into a condition of defence Mons, Ath, Tournay, Ypres, Ostend, Nieuport, and Ghent. The state in which the Duke found these places had been such as to make it impossible, in the time allowed him, to complete their defences. Still such progress had been made as to justify him in endeavouring to compass the great object of the preservation of the Belgian capital by occupying a position in advance of it, which without the support of those places he would, as we have reason to believe, not have ventured to take up. The Duke and Blücher certainly agreed to occupy this outpost of the armies of coalized Europe on a system of their own—one which they thought best calculated to meet the impending storm in each and every of its possible directions. In the moment of impending conflict the Duke certainly did not depart from it. The first breathless courier—who might perhaps have brought intelligence of a false attack—did not shake his calm and settled purpose.

It is Mr. Alison's decision that a different system altogether should have been adopted—that the Duke and Blücher might have neutralised all the advantages on the side of Napoleon by a concentration of their forces at a certain point or points, which Mr. Alison, if consulted, would doubtless have cheerfully undertaken to select at the time. It was the opinion of the two inexperienced men charged with the responsibility of the transaction, that by doing this, while the precise point of attack was yet uncertain, defeat and disaster would have been hazarded. Mr. Alison was not at hand; and they were obliged to do as well as they could without him.

It may well be, and we believe it, that no other man living could have retained the imperturbable coolness which the Duke exhibited during the 15th at Brussels, and still less could have put off to the last the moment of general alarm by going to a ball after having given his orders. Nothing was more likely at the moment to generate the idea of a surprise than the circumstance of this ball, from which so many dancers adjourned to that supper of Hamlet, not where men eat, but where they are eaten. The

delusion, however, fades before the facts of the General Orders to be found in Colonel Gurwood's volume, and is not now worth further notice for purposes of refutation. The details of the case, however, are but partially known, and they are worth recording. The late Duke of Richmond, an attached and intimate friend of the Commander-in-chief, was at Brussels. He was himself a general officer; had one son, the present Duke of Richmond, on the staff of the Prince of Orange, one on that of the Duke, and another in the Blues, and was at the battle of Waterloo, but not in any military capacity.\* The brother of the Duchess, the late (and last) Duke of Gordon, was colonel of the 92nd or Gordon Highlanders, which, with the 42nd and 79th Highland regiments, formed part of the reserve corps stationed at Brussels. The Duchess had issued invitations for a ball for the 15th. Among other preparations for the evening she had engaged the attendance of some of the non-commissioned officers and privates of her brother's regiment and the 42nd, wishing to show her continental guests the real Highland dances in perfection. When the news of the French advance reached head-quarters, it became matter of discussion whether or not the ball should be allowed to proceed. The deliberate judgment of the Duke decided that it should. There were reasons good for this decision. It is sufficient on this head to say that the state of public feeling in the Netherlands generally, and in Brussels in particular, was more than questionable. It was a thing desirable in itself to postpone to the last the inevitable moment of alarm—to shorten so far as possible that critical interval which must occur between the acting of a dreadful thing and the first motion, between the public announcement of actual hostilities and their decision in the field. Every necessary order had been issued; and such was that state of preparation and arrangement which wise men have since questioned and criticised, that this operation had been the work of minutes, and before the festal lamps were lighted the fiery cross was on its way through the cantonments. The general officers then in Brussels had their instructions to attend and to drop off singly and without *éclat*, and join their divisions on the march. The Duke himself remained later, occupied the place of honour at the supper, and returned thanks for the toast to himself and the allied army, which was proposed by General Alava. At about eleven a dispatch arrived from the Prince of Orange,

\* The Duke of Richmond was seen, riding about the field, sometimes in situations of imminent danger, in plain clothes, with his groom behind him, exactly as if taking an airing in Hyde Park. His Grace's appearance at one remarkable moment is picturesquely enough described by Captain Siborne.

shortly

shortly after reading which the Duke retired, saluting the company graciously. On that countenance, cheerful and disengaged as usual, none could read the workings of the calm but busy mind beneath. The state of things, however, most awful to those who could least distinctly be informed of it, had partially transpired, and the fête had assumed that complexion which has been perpetuated on the canvas of Byron. The bugle had sounded before the orchestra had ceased. Before the evening of the following day some of the Duchess's kilted corps de ballet were stretched in the rye of Quatre Bras, never to dance again. Rough transitions these—moralists may sigh—poets may sing—but they are the Rembrandt lights and shadows of the existence of the soldier, whose philosophy must always be that of Wolfe's favourite song—

‘Why, soldiers, why,  
Should we be melancholy then  
Whose trade it is to die?’

In this instance they were results of a cool self-possession and control, for a parallel instance of which biography may be searched in vain. And yet this ball was a symptom and remains evidence of surprise.

We remember some years ago finding ourselves in company with General Alava and a very distinguished naval officer who had borne high command in the Tagus at the period of the occupation of the lines of Torres Vedras. The latter had been a guest at a ball which was given by Lord Wellington at Mafra in November, 1810, and he described the surprise with which the gentlemen of the navy witnessed a numerous attendance of officers some twenty miles from those advanced posts in front of which lay Masséna and the French army. General Alava's Spanish impatience broke out at this want of faith, *more suo*—that is in a manner much more amusing to his friends than complimentary to the excellent sailor whose ignorance of the habits of land service, under the Duke, had provoked his indignation. General Alava is gone, and has left behind him nothing *simile aut secundum* for qualities of social intercourse. We could have wished to have put him upon the subject of some passages in Mr. Alison's History. The ‘work of twenty years’ would have been consigned without ceremony to the *quatro cien mil demonios*, who figured on such occasions in the many-languaged prose of our inimitable friend. Less eloquently, but in the same spirit of just indignation, will one volume of it be always spoken of by the men, while one of them is left to speak, who stand on tiptoe when the 18th of June recurs.

Since the preceding pages were penned, and at a moment when they had become too numerous to admit of any serious addition,

Colonel Mitchell's new book, 'The Fall of Napoleon,' has reached us. Although an extended notice of it is under such circumstances impossible, an old and not unfriendly reviewer's acquaintance with the author of the *Life of Wallenstein* has forcibly attracted our attention to that Section of his third volume which bears the title of *Waterloo*. After stating that on all points of controversy discussed in this and our former article we have been happy to find ourselves in entire accordance with Colonel Mitchell, any praise of ours may be received with suspicion; but if our limits permitted, we could show cause for our general and decided approbation of this portion of the Colonel's labours. It is more to our present purpose, while we demonstrate the identity of sentiment of which we claim the advantage as against Mr. Alison, to complain that the Colonel's services to the cause of truth have in one point been less effectually rendered than we had a right to expect.

At vol. iii. p. 157, we find the following passage:—

'After what has been said in the present book, it should, perhaps, be needless to take any notice of the idle tale contained in the so-called *Memoirs of Fouché*. Nor should we do so, had not foreign writers, enemies of the glory of England, and General Grollman among the rest, endeavoured to give general circulation to this poor fable.'

This passage, followed by observations much in the spirit of our own on the 'poor fable,' is not quite fair to General Grollman, Professor Arndt, and other continental writers who, without being necessarily enemies of the glory of England, have given rash credence to the nonsense which we have now for a second time exposed. In justice to them, but far more in justice to the English reading public, which is more likely to read Alison than Grollman, the Colonel should have added that an English writer of large volumes and vast pretensions had not only shared the delusion in the first instance, but had persisted in it with culpable obstinacy after due notice of his error. The Colonel's preface is dated from Edinburgh. We think it possible that personal acquaintance, followed, as we have no doubt it would be, by personal regard, may have induced this *veniam corvis*, this leniency to the Caledonian crow, which is quite inconsistent with his censure of the Prussian dove. Colonel Mitchell was the more bound to notice Mr. Alison's delinquency, because he more than once quotes the *History* as a work of grave authority.

The equally unfounded but less malignant and mischievous invention, by which the desertion of the French General Bourmont has been magnified into an event of importance, meets with brief and proper notice from the Colonel. Blucher's contemptuous rejection

rejection of all intercourse with Bourmont is matter of history. The Duke of Wellington has no recollection of having heard the name or rank of the personage from whom, as French writers would make us believe, he obtained the plan of Napoleon's campaign. He did hear that some French officer had deserted, but no intercourse of any kind ensued.

We purposely avoid entering into any detailed discussion of certain leading theories which Colonel Mitchell omits no opportunity of bringing forward, and of incidentally supporting by inferences from facts in his narrative. In support, however, of one of these theories, the inadequacy of infantry as now armed to resist a home charge of cavalry, the Colonel, speaking of Waterloo, mentions a curious negative fact, vol. iii. p. 119:—

‘Fifteen thousand cavalry were defeated in the course of this long day's battle, mostly by the fire of infantry, yet was not there a single French horseman—soldier or officer—who perished on a British bayonet; not one from first to last.’

The Colonel's inference, that cavalry attacks so feebly conducted do not prove the power of resistance which he denies to infantry, is logical enough. It ought, however, to be mentioned in any discussion of the question, and for the credit of the British cavalry, that their attacks have not always been so feebly conducted. They have charged home, and the records of the Peninsular war show with various success. At Waterloo, the attack of the 10th Hussars on a square of the French Guard, in which Major Howard fell, is certainly not a conclusive instance. The failure was that of a handful of men, hastily collected, and exhausted by previous attacks. If it had succeeded, there would have been much excuse for infantry so surrounded as were the French by confusion and defeat. The conditions of the Colonel's theorem are evidently an open plain, a formed square, men on both sides—and horses too—in good working condition. In the Peninsula the charge of Bock's German horse is fair evidence on the Colonel's side. An affair in the Peninsula, of July 11, 1810, in which the 14th Light Dragoons lost their Colonel killed, and some thirty men killed and wounded, shows, on the other hand, that cavalry may charge home and yet be repulsed. The particulars will be found in General Craufurd's letter, published in vol. iv. p. 164, of Colonel Gurwood's enlarged edition. The Appendix, p. 808, contains Marshal Masséna's report of the transaction. He says, ‘12 baïonnettes attestent qu'elles ont été enfoncées dans le poitrail des chevaux.’ With all respect for Colonel Mitchell, we venture still to doubt whether the cavalry exists which can break into an English square of infantry under the conditions assumed; and we do not think the probability much increased by the substitution

substitution of detonators for the old flint-lock which sufficed at Waterloo.

Colonel Mitchell's work will be thought by the world extremely, even wildly, unjust to Napoleon as a military leader: but many of its censures, even on the Imperial movements in their grandest and most successful scenes, are so well put that we may hereafter discuss them in a deliberate manner. Meanwhile the general ability and energy of the Colonel's style, with the high and patriotic spirit of his sentiments, authorize us in recommending to all who relish real manly description and discussion an attentive perusal of 'The Fall of Napoleon.'

We beg to suggest to Colonel Mitchell that he will do well in any future edition either to correct the press himself, or employ a French scholar for the purpose. Such havoc with the orthography of continental names we never witnessed. In one of his little wood-cut maps, out of thirteen names five are killed or wounded by the remorseless compositor; and the text is equally disfigured.

One more word at parting with Mr. Alison. In the preface to the last edition of his work, p. lxi., we find the following passage:—

'What the historian does to others, he willingly accords to himself; and certainly he feels no sort of impropriety in a youth of twenty making his first essay in letters by the criticism of the work of twenty years.'

If no indiscreet vanity mislead us, these mysterious words contain a dark allusion to ourselves, and convey Mr. Alison's impression that we, his reviewers, have not attained our legal majority. We of 'the gentle craft' claim upon this point the indulgence usually conceded to Mr. Alison's favourites, the gentle sex. Whatever be the amount of youth and inexperience which we have brought to the task of criticising a production so awfully designated as 'the work of twenty years,' we venture to remind its author that our observations have hitherto been strictly confined to a special portion of that work, and principally to inaccuracies, misstatements of facts, and errors of judgment, which an Eton boy of the lower school would, with twenty minutes' study of the documents in our possession, have been able to detect and expose. Even for handling the work *in extenso*, however, a reviewer of twenty years might in some respects be better qualified than one of older standing. We have a conscience in these matters; before we review a book we usually read it, and with greater attention than may be necessary merely to certify its general character—to discern for instance the prevalent evidences of shallowness, verbosity, and self-satisfaction. Youth has its faults, but it is the season for hard work of all kinds, and heavy reading  
among

among others. Adult and reviewing man shrinks from twenty average octavos compressed, not by the author, but by the binder, into ten. We have already intimated that we have read enough to convince us that in all our own leading doctrines—moral, political, and religious—we have an ally in Mr. Alison. The importance and interest of his subject cannot be rated too high. By and by, therefore, we may perhaps screw up our courage. If it be true that the present Lord Rector of Marischal College has announced a prize for the best essay on ‘Alison’s History of Europe,’ we may possibly be reserving ourselves for that struggle. Meanwhile, and in return for Mr. Alison’s liberal concession, we can only promise that whenever our majority takes place, the learned Sheriff of Lanarkshire shall have received due notice, and an invitation to the festivities with which the public will expect that an event so remarkable should be celebrated. Everything will be on a scale of the greatest magnificence, and an author will be roasted whole on the occasion.

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- ART. IX.—1. *Maynooth and the Jew Bill—further Illustrations of the Speech of the Right Honourable Spencer Perceval on the Roman Catholic Question.* By Dudley M. Perceval, Esq. Edinburgh, 1845.
2. *Past and Present Policy of England towards Ireland.* London, 1845.
3. *A Letter from the Very Reverend Heneage Horsley to Sir C. E. Smith, Bart., on the subject of the Maynooth Grant, embodying the opinions of the late Bishop Horsley on the Policy and Necessity of extending measures of Legislative Relief to the Roman Catholics.* London and Dublin, 1845.
4. *The Real Union of England and Ireland.* By R. Monckton Milnes, Esq. London, 1845.
5. *A Letter on the Payment of the Roman Catholic Clergy, to Sir Robert Henry Inglis, Bart., from Henry Drummond, Esq.* London, 1845.
6. *A Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church.* By the late Rev. Sydney Smith. Seventh Edition. London, 1845.
7. *A Letter to Sir Robert Peel on the Endowment of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland.* By the Knight of Kerry. London, 1845.

BEFORE these pages can reach the eyes of our readers, the bills for the increased allowance to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, and the establishment of three provincial colleges

colleges in Ireland, will, we hope, have passed. We hesitate not to say that we hope so, because—not having changed in any degree our unfavourable opinion of Maynooth, its practices and influences—we think these measures likely to tend to the reform of that institution; and taken in connexion with the Charitable Bequests Act of last session, they seem to us to open and partly to fulfil a new system of Irish policy which we have on more than one occasion taken the liberty to recommend\* as being the most likely to contribute to that which—throughout the various phases of the Roman Catholic question—has been our leading, predominant, and invariable principle—the maintenance of the Established Church in its property, its authority, and its integrity; and more particularly of the Irish branch, which from its peculiar position has to bear the first brunt and most prominent share of the common danger—a danger common, let us add, not to the two branches of the *Church* only, but, as we confidently believe, to the integrity of the British empire, and ultimately to the national existence of England herself.

But, with this great principle always in view, we must not forget that we are writing not in 1828, nor in 1831, nor in 1839—but in June, 1845; having arrived, by a series of important and irrevocable events, at a state of affairs essentially different from that of any former period. The whole question, disencumbered of details, now is, whether, having by the Emancipation of 1829, and the Parliamentary Reform of 1832, and the Municipal Reform of 1840, given the Irish Romanists plenitude of political power, it is reasonable or politic or *possible* to treat the only spiritual and moral guide of one-third of our own population, and of nine-tenths of Christendom, as a mischievous and incorrigible superstition, which the State ought not to recognise even by corrective legislation, and still less to endeavour to bring into alliance with itself by any sort of countenance or protection. Those are the facts, recent, undisputed, and ir retrievable; and this is the question that, from those data, we are now driven by the moral torture of Irish agitation to answer. Our answer is short—that we have no choice—that the premises lead to an inevitable conclusion—that having admitted the Roman Catholics to all civil and political privileges, we cannot continue to outlaw their religion.

We are told that the Irish Roman Catholic body of this day has little claim to anything that may be called favour, Maynooth still less—that concession after concession has only produced additional and growing discontent, and that the money granted by Govern-

\* Quarterly Review, vol. lxxii. p. 375; vol. lxxv. p. 291.

ment for the purposes of Christian education has produced, in the result, a low scale of intellectual acquirement, and a high state of political disaffection. This is all, so far as it goes, too true; but we are compelled to ask how it is that a system of conciliation should produce such an unnatural effect? Let us hear on this point the Dean of Brechin\*—the son of the celebrated Bishop Horsley:—

‘*Conciliation!* Does anything which the British Parliament has yet done to improve the condition of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, when the manner of the doing of it, and the delay in the doing of it, are taken into consideration, deserve that name? Legislative grace and favour, when conferred promptly, cheerfully, and *freely*, win the hearts and affections of those on whom they are conferred; but when wrung from an unwilling senate by fear and apprehension, they are totally valueless.’—*Letter to Sir C. E. Smith*, p. 20.

It cannot be denied that our concessions have been wrung from us by different degrees of turbulence and intimidation on their parts,† and granted with every circumstance of jealous reluctance on ours? Was *this* really conciliation?—Was this a course calculated to promote confidence and harmony, and to authorise us to complain that kindness has been answered by hostility, and indulgence repaid by ingratitude? We have doubts—arising from a complication of painful causes—that conciliation would now be immediately, or even ultimately, successful; but we assert that the Penal Laws should either have been maintained entire, or abolished in an order and in a manner very different from what we have seen adopted under the vaunt of grace and indulgence. The memory of men of both opinions will supply superabundant illustrations of what we have sketched; but we will appeal even to Sir Robert Inglis and Mr. Colquhoun, and would risk the whole issue on their reply, whether the treatment which the Irish Roman Catholics have received from the hands of England has been in essentials, but above all in form and manner, such as, *mutatis mutandis*, would have made *them* affectionate subjects of a Roman Catholic government?

Of the variety of topics urged in opposition to any further indulgence, the weakest in legislative reason, but the strongest perhaps in popular effect, is the *inconsistency* with which the ministerial proposers and Conservative supporters of these measures have been so bitterly charged. We will at once assert, and are satisfied that we shall be able to show, that the charge is either entirely unfounded, or, where there can be any colour for

\* Mr. Horsley is Dean of Brechin in the Scotch Episcopal Church.

† In defence of the first Relief Bill in 1793, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas had said that ‘they did it rather than *risk a rebellion in Ireland*.’

it, grossly exaggerated. Nor would it be difficult to throw back on the opposing parties their own charge of inconsistency; but in truth we demur to the degree of importance given in our political logic to a species of argument so entirely foreign to the merits of a case. There is, we believe, no book which a leading member of either House of Parliament is forced to study with more painful assiduity, and with less advantage to himself or the country, than that formidable record of their own sayings, *Hansard's Debates*. When some question perhaps of great urgency and importance presents itself for consideration, he dares not look at the fact itself, or the circumstances by which it is surrounded, till he has first hunted up, in Hansard, every word he has ever said upon that or any analogous subject. Time passes—circumstances vary—men disappear—the *Constitution itself is altered*—storm succeeds to calm—clouds to sunshine—danger to security—all the elements of opinion are changed and changing around him—but opinion itself must be immutable, and Hansard's inexorable register is consulted as if it were the book of fate, by which the present and the future are to be determined with the same invariable certainty as the past;—

‘And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.’

We are not blind to the value of Hansard as an armoury of *argumenta ad hominem*, so effective in a popular government; and still less so to the importance of a high and intelligent principle of Consistency in a constitution which, like ours, must be worked by the machinery of Party; but we distinguish between a real and a nominal consistency—between ‘the letter that killeth and the spirit that quickeneth.’ The nominal consistency that ties itself to a stake is about as useful and meritorious as the courageous cowardice of the gentleman in Solebay fight, who had himself tied to the mast in the most exposed situation to prevent himself from running below. Such a mistaken consistency obviously defeats itself. He who stands still when every one else is in motion alters his relative position just as effectually as he who moves when others are at rest, and will speedily find himself in very different, or perhaps we might say very indifferent, company.

We can well understand the feelings and conduct of secluded students who have studied everything but the history of their own times—of Protestant divines especially, who have never been in any way mixed up in the practical politics and political associations of the last half century. The *standum super vias antiquas* of these gentlemen we understand: but  
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can we without a smile of wonder see the most distinguished members of the *Pitt Club*, and the loudest professors of *Pitt* principles, resting their claims to consistency on an opposition to Mr. Pitt's policy and pledges—not, like Reform, the hasty impulse of his inexperience—but the sober, deliberate, and reiterated opinions of his later life? They claim to be the exclusive heirs and representatives, as it were, of Mr. Pitt; and, as sometimes happens in private life, they are very angry with the executors for their readiness to pay the *legacies of the testator*; for assuredly no metaphor ever approached more nearly to literal accuracy than the description of '*Emancipation*,' '*Maynooth College*,' and a '*State provision for the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland*,' as the *legacies* of Mr. Pitt to his country: and wise or unfortunate, prudent or improvident, as these legacies may be deemed by different judgments—they *must be paid*. A large portion has been, after a long and irritating litigation, already discharged. It is now, we think, obvious that the rest, in spite of a litigation as active perhaps, but we trust not to be protracted to the ultimate ruin of the *estate*, must follow; and the adverse litigation cannot be with much grace or consistency maintained by those who profess a peculiar reverence for the memory of *Mr. Pitt*.\* In addition to what every body—except the *Pitt Club*—knows of Mr. Pitt's proceedings in these matters, new evidence has been just now produced, such as, when calmly considered, must have a great weight with every one who reverences the memory of Mr. Pitt.

Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald, the Knight of Kerry, now we believe the only survivor, besides the Duke of Wellington, of those who professed Mr. Pitt's politics in the Irish Parliament, has in his '*Letter to Sir Robert Peel*' very opportunely given his testimony as to Mr. Pitt's views and pledges, and his advice as to their accomplishment. The following extracts will not, we are sure, be thought too long by any reader:—

\* The first indication we have of Mr. Pitt's policy towards Ireland we find in his correspondence with the Duke of Rutland when Lord Lieutenant. In a letter to his Grace of the 7th of October, 1784, we find the following curious passage. After saying that he was disposed to give Ireland a perfect equality of commercial advantages, he adds—'and if such a line can be found—such a prudent and temperate Reform of Parliament as may guard against and gradually cure real defects . . . and may unite the Protestant interest in *excluding the Catholics from any share in the representation* or the government of the country.'—*Correspondence*, p. 40. The italics are Mr. Pitt's; and the sentiments will startle those of our readers who have not seen the work (which was printed only for private circulation), and may have overlooked the passage in our extracts from it (vol. lxx. p. 299); and it grows particularly curious when we recollect that in about three years after, he opened those communications with the Committee of English Roman Catholics which led to his own Relief Bills of 1791 and 1793, and laid the foundation of all the subsequent agitation, and have produced a state of things the very converse of Mr. Pitt's original idea, by almost '*excluding*'—not the *Catholics*, but the *Protestants*, 'from any share in the representation' of Ireland.

‘ You are aware that the business which brought me to London is not at all of a political nature, and that the course I now take has, neither directly nor indirectly, been encouraged or sanctioned by you. You are also aware of my total withdrawal from public life. It is now some eight years since I apprised you that I would not accept of any office under the Crown, either at home or abroad; I am therefore influenced by no view either to present or future favour in what I write.

‘ But although I do not court a living Minister, I revert with vivid recollection to Statesmen who have long since passed away, with whose counsels I was humbly but intimately identified, and to whose memory I look back with devoted attachment. I have suddenly arrived from the most complete retirement upon a scene of the most violent contention.

‘ I hear you bitterly assailed for having, as it is said, commenced a series of conciliatory measures towards the Roman Catholics of Ireland. The only practical crime of which you at present stand convicted, is your having pertinaciously urged through the House of Commons an increase of a few thousand pounds for the more cleanly and decent education of Roman Catholic priests. I would wish to dismiss here the really insignificant subject of Maynooth: that College was established on the suggestion of Mr. Burke, as a permanent institution, no doubt to be enlarged and improved according to the exigencies of the Roman Catholic Church. It formed but a small item in the catalogue of measures contemplated by Mr. Pitt for the amelioration of Ireland.

‘ Very grave gentlemen assure me that this is a first step in an awful revolutionary career. I will not, for a moment, doubt that many of my Conservative friends, and of the religious public, are actuated in their alarm upon this subject by the most sincere and honest views; but I cannot help asking myself whether these persons have ever heard or read of a measure called the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland: if they have, they seem to have totally forgotten it. It is my misfortune to be old enough to have a very lively recollection of that event. I was elected to the Irish Parliament in 1795, a pupil in the school of Burke, and an humble but ardent supporter of the general policy of Mr. Pitt. I served long enough in the Parliament of College Green to be thoroughly disgusted with its political corruption, its narrow bigotry, and the exclusive spirit of monopoly with which it misgoverned Ireland. When the measure of a Union was announced to me with all due mystery, I was able to give an answer by return of post, expressing my great gratification at the prospect, and only conditioning that the terms should be just and honourable for Ireland. My acquaintance with Lord Castlereagh, under a sympathy and perfect coincidence as to all the measures of Lord Cornwallis’s government, ripened into the most cordial intimacy. Not only did I enjoy his personal confidence, but I was advanced rapidly, though then very young, over the heads of powerful political aspirants to the highest official departments under the Government; and I was, by this concurrence of circumstances, in the inmost confidence of Lord Cornwallis’s counsels.

‘ The tenor of Mr. Pitt’s speeches had clearly indicated a liberal policy towards the Roman Catholics: thence sprung the general *hostility* of the zealous

zealous *Protestants* to the Union. The same cause attracted to it the *good will* of the *Roman Catholics*. As the policy of the measure developed itself, those opposite feelings were more distinctly manifested. The compact and energetic resistance was composed of the more zealous *Protestants* of the North, a sturdy band of the old jobbers, and a remnant of the Whig opposition. Its supporters were all those whom the Government could influence, and such independent persons as duly estimated the enlightened policy of Mr. Pitt. We were backed up by the very general popularity of the measure among the *gentry of both persuasions, and the Roman Catholic population of Munster and Connaught*.

‘When I look back to the general scheme of *practical relief* and enlightened concession towards the *Roman Catholics*, projected by Mr. Pitt at the period of the Union, and reflect that, after forty-five years of lamentable procrastination, your attempt to accomplish so mere a fraction of that scheme shall have excited such unexampled clamour, I do indeed stand amazed.

‘Why, Sir, if you are chargeable with an indifference to our institutions and an intention of endangering Protestantism by endowing the *Roman Catholic* clergy, what must have been Mr. Pitt’s case? Mr. Pitt, who had no such pressure from without to embarrass him as now affects your Government—Mr. Pitt, at the head of the strongest ministry that ever existed in England—supported by the great Whig aristocracy which passed over to him under the influence of Mr. Burke,—with a powerless and unpopular opposition—Mr. Pitt deliberately and advisedly propounds a plan of which what you are said to have in hand is not a twentieth part. Why, Sir, if your denouncers are right, Mr. Pitt must have been a traitor to his sovereign—his country—and his religion.

‘From that elevation and security, contemplating the inherent distractions of Ireland, and well knowing the impossibility of remedying them through a mere domestic Parliament, he devised the noble expedient of elevating the smaller country by a comprehensive identification with England, including the total abolition of all civil and political disabilities founded on religious grounds. That such were his purposes I can testify. They were communicated to me most unreservedly by Lord Cornwallis. I hold in my hands a confidential letter from Lord Castlereagh, dated 22nd June, 1802, *recognising the pledges given at the Union to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, for which they gave valuable consideration in their support of that measure (without which it could not have been carried)*, and further instructing me to endeavour to reconcile the heads of their hierarchy to a *delay in the performance of the engagements made to them by Mr. Pitt’s ministry for the endowment of their Church*. Dr. Moylan, a justly venerated prelate, had then recently intimated to Lord Cornwallis the cheerful acquiescence of the *Roman Catholic* bishops in the endowment of their Church.

‘The extension of the *Regium Donum* to the *Presbyterians* had been just then obtained by Lord Castlereagh; but circumstances of a then very delicate nature, but now well understood, prevented Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Pitt from pressing the *Catholic Claim*: *I acted on the negotiation committed to me, and succeeded*.

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'No man of the slightest political knowledge can doubt that, but for the King's illness and his necessary withdrawal from power, Mr. Pitt could immediately after the Union have carried through Parliament, with an overwhelming majority of both Houses, his measures for the complete political relief of the Roman Catholics and the endowment of their Church: and to Mr. Pitt's intentions on that subject I personally testify on the authority of Lord Cornwallis.

'With respect to the recent alarm excited as to that policy, I ask, can it be supposed by any rational person that such men as Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville, Lord Spencer, and Mr. Windham would surrender an iota of the security of our institutions for a temporary possession of power? which, alas! they were but too ready to sacrifice: and when, at the end of half a century, I find you cautiously moving on in their footsteps, and on that account assailed by that pseudo-religious madness which pervades a great portion of the public, and the arrogance of that clerical Convocation which, from Exeter Hall, and without the sanction of the heads of our Church, would denounce Ministers and dictate to Parliament, I appeal, in the name of the common sense of England, to the authority of those great names which I have mentioned.

'If Conservatism, bewildered, demands a standard under which it can safely rally, I would require no better than that which was wielded, fifty years ago, by the firm hand of Mr. Pitt.

'No doubt the present insolence and perverseness of the Irish democracy offer a temporary difficulty. Separate, by a generous policy, the good from the bad; and, in a spirit congenial to this great British nation, "Be just, and fear not."

The clear details here quoted will, we have no doubt, influence strongly many honest and honourable Conservatives hitherto opposed to the Irish policy of the present Government. Such men, we think, can hardly hesitate to agree with the Knight of Kerry, that the safest standard round which, in any great national emergency, the country can rally, is that of Mr. Pitt; but, at all events, they cannot now deny the injustice which has denounced Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues as deserters from that standard. Sir Robert's inconsistency was—not the *desertion*, but—the *adoption* of Mr. Pitt's principles in 1829; and that did not prevent his being called to the helm of affairs in 1834 and in 1839—and in 1841, we may almost say *elected*, by the voice of the country, Prime Minister. And when now, in the pursuance of the same principles so sanctioned, and with all that remain of the same colleagues collected round him, with the Duke of Wellington\* still on one hand and Lord Lyndhurst on the other—supported, as before, by Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Goulburn, and strengthened by

\* It ought not to be forgotten that his Grace's first appearance in public life had been when, as the Hon. Captain Wellesley, he seconded the address in the Irish House of Commons, thanking the Crown for its recommendation of the great Catholic Relief Bill of 1793.—*Irish Deb.*, 10th Jan., 1793.

the co-operation of Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, who left their party and forfeited office for the protection of the Irish Church—when, we say, in these circumstances, Sir Robert Peel proposes to increase an existing grant to the College of Maynooth, *founded by Mr. Pitt*, he is assailed by imputations of inconsistency, nay treachery, and warned in opprobrious and menacing terms of the *fate of apostates*. And this, too, although during his whole parliamentary life, as far as we recollect, he never opposed the grant; nay, it was he who in 1813 proposed the increase of 700*l.* to that grant: and on the last Maynooth debate, 28th June, 1840, being then in opposition, he supported the grant and *its principle* against a large and zealous body of his political friends—the same friends with whom, now again, he is, on the same question, in the same antagonist position. And this is called sudden inconsistency, and the forfeiture when *in*, of pledges given when *out* of office! It seems, moreover, already forgotten that last year he proposed and carried the Charitable Bequests Act—an act of so much wider extent and broader principle, that the Maynooth Bill is in fact little more than a codicil to it. Yet that act passed both Houses almost unanimously—there was but one division against it. The opponents were but five in number—perhaps Lord Ashley, Sir Robert Inglis, Mr. Colquhoun, Mr. Law, and Mr. Pringle?—gentlemen whose personal and public character, whose talents and whose principles would have given weight and importance even to so small a minority, and whose zeal and vigilance for the interests of the Established Church are so unquestionable? No—on looking into the division list we find none of the names we have mentioned, and the minority were four Roman Catholics and the member for Athlone, a gentleman identified with that interest. On which side, then, is the consistency?—with those who have supported two sister bills of identical principles and objects; or those who, after sanctioning the *oldest and strongest*, turn round with sudden alarm and indignation on the younger and weaker?

But the truth is, that the Knight of Kerry is quite right, and that, in a political view, 'Maynooth is really a very insignificant object.' It is impossible to think worse of the principles on which it was founded, the system on which it has been managed, the doctrine it inculcates, and the effects it has produced, than we do; but finding it so established, the question of the addition of fifty students and an increase of their personal comforts, seems to us of very secondary consideration. The ministers found the College—a Government institution, be it remembered—in a state of debt, penury, and inefficiency for any good purpose,  
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which required their immediate interference; and thinking, very wisely, that 'whatever is worth doing is worth doing well,' they resolved on a large and liberal effort to improve the circumstances and thereby elevate the character of the institution and its inmates. They had been told that Maynooth, as hitherto conducted, made 'bad Christians and worse subjects:' that alone would, we think, have been a sufficient reason for attempting a reformation. This, however, was a matter which might have been discussed on its own grounds, and would, we think, have excited little or no interest beyond the circle—a very respectable and not unimportant one, we admit—which was in the habit of contesting the annual grant. But an idea has grown up—we cannot say unreasonably, for we ourselves partake it—that the proposed measure, though limited in its immediate objects, might have larger consequences; and—whether so intended by the Government or not—would, in connexion with the Bequests Act, have the effect of familiarising the public mind to endowments for the Roman Catholic Church, and lead eventually to a STATE PROVISION FOR THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY. This is, after all, the great and important question—the greatest and most important that this country has had to decide since the Revolution; it is now forced on the consideration of the English public under new circumstances and with new lights, historical as well as experimental; the question cannot be evaded; and we feel convinced that its discussion must end in the accomplishment of what we believe to be the only measure that now offers any reasonable prospect of tranquillizing Ireland, and cementing and securing the integrity of the empire.

We wish we could have discussed this question on its own distinct grounds; but it is at present so interwoven with the Maynooth bill and the provincial Colleges that we cannot well separate them; and we think that on the whole we shall best do our duty to any who may condescend to take an interest in our opinion, by meeting those whom we reluctantly call our opponents, on the ground they have chosen, and following their arguments in the line they have adopted.

We are ourselves so entirely satisfied of the advantage of the proposed measures to the interests of the Established Church, that our first impression at the extent and vehemence of the opposition exhibited, was wonder—not unmixed with satisfaction. We were not sorry to find that the Established Church had so many active, even though mistaken friends; but when we came to look a little closer—when we saw from what lips the loudest clamour and from what hands the majority of the petitions proceeded—when we saw, to use a homely but most just simile, that Churchmen were made the cat's-paw of Dissenters, and that  
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the opposition to Maynooth was a branch of the great conspiracy against all Church establishments, we relapsed into our original surprise at the facility with which mankind may be duped. We are informed by one on whom we can rely, and who has taken some pains with the inquiry, that of the petitions of which we hear so much, more than *three-fourths* are from Dissenters; and we cannot refrain from expressing our astonishment that any sincere member of the Church of England should continue his opposition to these measures in concert with the Dissenters and on such grounds of enmity to all establishments as they have unequivocally avowed. That Dissenters should oppose a Romish endowment was natural and consistent, but that they should do so in alliance with and under the colour of solicitude and affection for the Romish Church is new and monstrous, and reveals at once the whole secret—that the outcry is not against the Maynooth endowment, but against all endowments whatsoever, and especially and by name that of the Established Church. This is exhibited in a long and rancorous address to the Roman Catholics of Ireland from the Conference of Protestant Dissenters held in Crosby Hall, London, on the 21st and 22nd May, 1845, and signed, on behalf of the Conference, ‘John Burnet,’—from which it is unnecessary to cite more than one of twenty paragraphs charged with the same venom:—

‘We have ever held, that of all the grievances under which your country has laboured, the *establishment of the Anglican Church in Ireland is the most unjustifiable and oppressive*, and we pledge ourselves never to remit our efforts to remove from you this *intolerable burden*. We deem it a fundamental maxim, even of the commonest political justice—and in this opinion we are fortified by that of some of the most eminent members of the Roman Catholic Church—that *no compulsory payments can be rightfully demanded for the support of any religious system whatever*.’—*Times*, 28th May.

—with much declamatory verbiage on the same theme, of the duty of relieving consciences of men of all denominations from the ‘*INCUBUS of the Protestant Church!*’ (*ib.*) Just in the spirit of Dr. Priestley—the organ of the same classes of Dissenters—who, in 1790, declared ‘that he hated all religious establishments, and thought them *sinful and idolatrous*.’

The greater part of this long address of the Conference is employed in proving that the Maynooth grant is a measure whose primary object is to support the ‘*INCUBUS*’—and in this we agree with them. We can have no doubt that the present ministers hold the Established Church to be the one grand link by which England and Ireland have been and *must be bound together*—and that in every great measure which they propose as to Ireland

they mean to hold that link steadily in hand. That they have done so on this occasion we most firmly believe; and we therefore earnestly request the Duke of Newcastle and Sir Robert Inglis, and those who with them oppose the Maynooth grant out of regard to the Church, to ponder well the address of *John Burnet*—which, intemperate and even virulent as it is in terms, has at least the merit of sincerity—and affords an answer more powerful, more conclusive, than any we could make to the letters of his Grace, the speeches of the worthy Baronet, and all the other efforts which, under the influences or for the purposes of delusion, have been made to represent the policy of the Ministers as dangerous to the Established Church.

The argument most relied on by the petitioners is that this increased grant to Maynooth is for the encouragement of a false religion—for the endowment of idolatry. The Roman Catholics are denounced as idolaters—‘worshippers of images,’—‘followers of Antichrist;’—and Protestants are indignantly asked whether they can with safe consciences countenance such an abomination?

Dean Horsley’s pamphlet, ‘embodying,’ as it states, ‘the opinions’ of his eminent father, is a full answer to such interrogatories; and for ourselves, it is as Protestants of the Church of England, not at all disposed to palliate those errors by which the Romish Church has deteriorated pure Christianity, and which not only justified, but required, the new *baptism* of the Reformation, that we say that thus to attempt to exclude Roman Catholics from the Christian confraternity, and to rate them as on a par with infidels and heathens, seems to us little better than insanity and suicide. We claim for our own clergy a direct and continuous Apostolic succession—but whence, we would ask, is that momentous authority derived to us? Who consecrated Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer? Were the waters of life that our forefathers drank and that we still drink, at their streams, drawn from not merely a discoloured, but a poisoned source? Again: we have, in our own times, frequent instances of the conversion to our church of Roman Catholic priests. Are they re-ordained?—do they go through any new form of admission into the Apostolic succession? By no means. They enter into our church and administer our sacraments by the *orders* received at the altars of Rome;—and such is not the case with even the best and most orthodox clergyman of the Church of Scotland who may desire to pass into the ministry of the English Church.

But as to the general question of recognising the Romish Church by English legislation, we have authority of a different sort directly in point. In 1791, Mr. Pitt, after a long negotiation with a committee of the English Roman Catholics, and having satisfied himself—by the opinions of the universities of Paris, Douay, Louvain, Salamanca,

Salamanca, and Alcala—as to the tenets of that Church respecting the Pope's authority within these realms—his dispensing power, and the keeping faith with heretics; having, we say, satisfied himself on these points, he consented to the important Relief Bill of 1791, which, with his sanction, was introduced by Mr. Mitford (Lord Redesdale) and Mr. Windham, and passed the House of Commons unanimously—and in the Lords was supported (as it seems, from some allusions made in the course of the debate) by the *whole Bench of Bishops*—Bishop Horsley making a vigorous speech in its favour, complaining only that it did not go far enough; Bishop Barrington also speaking for it—Bishop Hinchliffe alone expressing something of doubt, but not opposing. What follows is still more remarkable. The bill contained an oath to be taken by the Roman Catholics, which had been framed by the Roman Catholic committee; but on further consideration, ‘the Catholic bishops and clergy objected to it as containing things *contrary to the Catholic faith*, and as trenching upon the *spiritual power of the head of the Catholic Church* and of its other pastors’ (see *Bishop Tomlin's Life of Pitt*, ii. p. 402); and in deference to them the bill would have been thrown out, but that Bishop Horsley, in the committee on the bill, moved to substitute for the oath framed by the Roman Catholic committee another, meeting the views of the Roman Catholic clergy as to the *spiritual authority of the Pope*; and the bill, thus amended, finally passed, the only division on it having been on the clause allowing Romanists to *practise at the Bar*, which passed, 26 to 9! It is then Mr. Pitt, Lord Redesdale, Mr. Windham, Bishops Horsley and Barrington, and their right reverend brethren of 1791—and not the Cabinet of 1845—that should be held responsible for the toleration of ‘sin and idolatry.’ *Il n’y a que le premier pas qui coute*; and from this bill, passed under such peculiar circumstances, have flowed, as from a fountain head, all the subsequent measures of relief and indulgence. Even those who may think them fatal errors, cannot deny—

‘*Hoc fonte derivata clades,  
In patriam populumque fluxit.*’

The Irish Protestant bishops seem to have had the same tolerant disposition towards their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects and their faith. On the Irish Relief Bill in 1793 Dr. John Law, then Bishop of Killala, but afterwards better known as Bishop of Elphin, a man of a high order of intellect, and of the kind least likely to be disposed towards the errors of Popery, said—

‘I look upon my Roman Catholic brethren as fellow-subjects and fellow-Christians—believers in the same God and partners in the same redemption. Speculative differences in some points of faith with me are of no account. *They and I have but one religion*—the religion of

Christianity. Therefore as children of the same father, as travellers in the same road and seekers of the same salvation, why not love each other as brothers? It is no part of Protestantism to persecute Catholics; and without justice to the Catholics there can be no security for the Protestant Establishment: as a friend, therefore, to the permanency of this Establishment, to the prosperity of the country, and the justice due to my Catholic brethren, I shall cheerfully give my vote that the bill be committed.'—*Irish Debates*, vol. xiii.

Several bishops appear to have expressed like sentiments, and none to have spoken on the other side except, it seems, Dr. Agar, Archbishop of Cashel; but the debates are so imperfectly reported that we speak doubtfully on that point: certain it is there were eight bishops present at the passing of the bill, yet no division and no protest. Nor is this all. We find that neither to the bills of 1795, 1800, and 1808, which founded and endowed Maynooth, nor to the forty-eight annual Appropriation Acts which have maintained it, has any one of the Irish or English prelates of our church ever thought it his duty to enter a protest, nor indeed, as far as we recollect, to express the slightest dissent, though it appears that there was an unusual number of bishops present at the third reading of the bill of 1795. Charged as those learned and pious prelates were with the double responsibility of their own consciences and of the purity and integrity of our church, they would not, we presume, have hesitated to protest even against a money bill that should happen to countenance a false and impious doctrine; but at all events as to the three special bills, their duty, in the supposed case, would have been so clear, that where there were no protests, we may safely assume that there were no scruples.

But it is not in argument and implication only, in the advice of wisdom or the assent of piety, that we find answers to this objection; we have the clearest and plainest practical precedents not merely analogous, but absolutely *ad idem*. We do not rely (in this part of the subject) on the payments made by the State to the Presbyterian Dissenters in Ireland and to the Episcopalian Dissenters of Scotland—for though the principle is the same, the religious scruple would not be so excited by Protestant cases. We shall also for the moment postpone the fifty years' precedent of Maynooth itself, as being *sub judice*; but have we totally forgotten that very curious episode in the history of the revolutionary war—the annexation of *Popish* Corsica to the Crown of England? We find in the 'London Gazette' of the 22nd July, 1794, the Corsican Constitution, of which the tenth chapter declares the 'Roman Catholic the only national religion of Corsica,' and the eleventh chapter proclaims 'his Majesty  
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George III., King of Great Britain, sovereign of Corsica;' and this Constitution 'Sir Gilbert Elliot, in his Majesty's name, took the prescribed oath' to observe. So that our good King, who was so scrupulous about his coronation oath in England, became entangled in another exactly *contradictory* obligation in Corsica. We might also insist on the parliamentary grants made for so many years to the French emigrant clergy, and the assignment to them of a place of worship in the King's-house at Winchester, and on the stipends formerly paid to the Roman Catholic clergy of the West of Scotland. But discarding such accidental and temporary precedents, what answer can be made to the existing practice of the payment of the Roman Catholic Church in all our colonies; of its regular and constitutional establishment in Canada—its recognition and maintenance in Malta and the Mauritius—and the marked and growing countenance and protection afforded even to the *Mythology* of our empire in the East? The only answer we have heard is what appears to us a mis-statement of the facts, and even if the facts were correctly stated, an evasion of the principle—namely, that all these colonies were acquired by treaties which bound us to the maintenance of the existing religions. This has been broadly and repeatedly stated in debate, and not that we have seen distinctly contradicted,\* but we confess that we are unable to discover on what authority those assertions rest; we have looked at the original documents, and find not only no warrant for them, but the very reverse. The strongest allegation was as to *Canada*; now the words of the Treaty of Paris are these:—

'His Britannic Majesty on his side agrees to grant *the liberty of the Catholic religion* to the inhabitants of Canada: he will, consequently, give the most effectual orders that his new Roman Catholic subjects may *profess the worship of their religion* according to the rites of the Romish Church, *as far as the laws of Great Britain permit*.'—*Treaty of Paris*, 1763, Art. iv.

Not establishments, nor property, nor dignities, but 'liberty to profess their religion,'—mere toleration,—and such toleration only as '*the laws of Great Britain would permit*.'—the penal laws against Papists being at that time in full force. Accordingly we find, that when, in 1774, thirteen years after the cession of the province, the British Government introduced their Canada Bill, which (inter alia) established the Roman Catholic religion, this latter provision was received as a *dangerous novelty*, and was resisted by the Opposition of the day in language which affords—what we hardly expected to find—a parallel to the present violence against Maynooth. Mr. William Burke called it '*a bill to establish popery*

\* Since the text was written we see that Lord Brougham exposed some of these fallacies in the House of Lords, by the same evidence which had occurred to us.

and despotism in a conquered province, which never had been before attempted.' Colonel Barré opposed the bill 'as popish from beginning to end.' Mr. Howard said it was 'an abominable and detestable measure to give a further establishment to popery, and that it should be kicked out of the House;' and the Corporation of the City of London, always forward to be mischievously wrong, in a petition to the King, reminded his Majesty in a menacing tone, that 'the Romish religion was idolatrous and bloody, and that his illustrious family had been called to the throne under an express stipulation to exclude the Roman Catholic and maintain the Protestant faith.' And yet respectably-informed members of the House of Commons gravely tell us that we have acquiesced in the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in Canada, only because we were bound to it by the original treaty of cession! A more entire oblivion of the facts of a case it is hardly possible to imagine.

And yet we know not whether the misstatement of the case of *Malta* is not in some respects rather worse; for neither in the military capitulation under which it was taken, nor in the treaty by which it is formally ceded, is there to be found any stipulation for or even mention of a religious establishment. The protection to all the civil and religious rights and privileges of the Maltese people, given in the first instance by the proclamations of the acting military governors, and afterwards extended, confirmed, and established by a succession of orders and instructions from the Government at home, adopting, as far as it was applicable, the precedent of Canada, was entirely *spontaneous*, and much more open to question (as far as international compact is concerned) than the grant to Maynooth. The case of the *Mauritius* was somewhat different. The military capitulation granted by the commanders of our troops to the French governor (3rd December, 1810) contained a stipulation that 'all private property should be respected, and that the inhabitants should preserve their *religion*, laws, and customs.' We need, however, hardly add that the terms of a military capitulation are in force only till a peace; and in the final treaty that ceded the *Mauritius* there is no provision whatsoever concerning *religion*. With regard to *India*—we observe that Sir Robert Inglis confined his statement to *Bombay*, which would go but a short way to prove his case amidst the multitudinous idolatries of the East. But even as to *Bombay*—with all respect for the great research and general accuracy of the Member for Oxford—we think we may venture to say that the stipulation in the treaty of cession by Portugal was in favour, not of Indian Idolatry—'the native worship,' as Sir Robert Inglis terms it—but of the Portuguese Christians and their converts; and if so, it would have no relation whatsoever to the purpose for which it has been quoted, of defending the countenance

nance given to Heathen Idolatry—not in Bombay alone, but throughout the whole Indian world.

The last number of the 'Journal of the Statistical Society' contains an account, which we think highly gratifying, but which we fear Sir Robert Inglis, in his present temper, must think appalling, and for which certainly the cession of Bombay can furnish him with no excuse. We find that a general system of education is encouraged in all the Presidencies, without any distinction of religion. We see, for instance, in Bengal 45 colleges or schools, in which there are 253 *Christian* students, 1621 *Mahomedans*, and 6140 *Hindoos*. We select the account of one of these colleges:—

'The College of *Hadjee Mahomed Mohsin* at Hoogly, although called after a Mahomedan, its benevolent founder, admits Christians and Hindoos as well as Mahomedans. Indeed, the Hindoos prevail over the *other two* RELIGIONS, and the expression in the rules of admission is based on the widest liberality, "that it is open to candidates of every sect and creed willing to conform to the established rules of discipline." It is divided into the English and Mahomedan classes.'—*Journ. Stat. Soc.*, vol. viii. part ii.

This, we confess, startles even our liberality—not the fact of persons of different creeds resorting to the same college for secular instruction, but the *nonchalant* way in which the writer confounds Christianity with the Mahomedan and the Hindoo, as '*one of the other religions*.' These colleges, however, are all under the superintendence of the Government, and we really think that Sir Robert Inglis, whose excellent father was chairman of the East India Company, and who is himself, we suppose, an East India proprietor, and at all events is an imperial legislator, will have some difficulty in showing that it can be his conscientious duty to deny, at all risks, the slightest countenance to Roman Christianity in the West, while he recognises the '*other two religions*' of Vishnu and Mahomet in the East.

But if these apologetical explanations were all as accurate and as apposite as they seem to be dubious and irrelevant, they would not answer the purpose for which they are produced—because, first, that which it is not lawful to *do* it is not lawful to *assist* in doing, and such a defence only shifts the burden from one shoulder to the other; but, secondly, if international compacts are to protect Roman Catholics in the colonies, why not at home? where there exists—even by the admission of the best and ablest of the Anticatholics themselves—an international compact with Ireland in favour of the Roman Catholics in general, but of Maynooth especially, much stronger than anything that can be produced as to Malta or Canada.

At the Union we took Ireland *with all her engagements*—one of them was ‘the Royal College of St. Patrick at Maynooth;’—mark! the *Royal College*—such is its official title. It had been established under the auspices of Mr. Pitt, by Act of Parliament, in 1795, and this Act implicated the Protestant Government in the direct maintenance and management of the College, for it required that all by-laws, regulations, and statutes for the civil government and discipline of the institution should be approved by the Lord-Lieutenant for the time being. A sum for its maintenance was voted every year up to the Union,\* and contemporaneously with the Act of Union was passed a second Act, reciting the establishment of the College, and that large sums of money had been granted to enable the trustees to improve and extend the said institution, and that more enlarged rules were now necessary for the good government thereof; and then goes on to release the free exercise of the Romish religion, or the *religious doctrine and discipline thereof*, from Protestant control—to remove four Protestant ex-officio trustees, and to vest all such powers in *Roman Catholic* trustees exclusively, and to give them a kind of corporate existence, by allowing them to sue and be sued by their secretary. This Act went through the Irish Parliament simultaneously and *pari passu* with the Act of Union, and received the Royal assent *on the same day*, the very last of the Irish Parliament; it was the last item of the separate account for Ireland, and was *carried over* as the first of the new liabilities of the United Kingdom. Could there be a stronger international engagement? Accordingly we find that when, in 1808, Mr. Perceval, one of the keenest as well as ablest and sincerest of the opponents of Maynooth, thought it his duty as Chancellor of the Exchequer to reduce the vote from the sum of 13,000*l.*—to which *All the Talents* had raised it—to 9000*l.* (the original amount having been 8,000*l.*), he wrote an explanatory letter to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, saying,

‘My objection to the increased allowance proceeds upon principles which, if I did not think *Parliament* PLEDGED to the support of the institution by the Union and by the conduct of the Irish Parliament antecedent to the Union, would lead me to refuse to support it at all.’—*Maynooth, &c.*, p. 17.

And four years later—in the debate of the 9th of March, 1812—in a speech spoken while the representatives of the two great antagonist parties in the Union as in the Emancipation struggle—

\* There was one seeming exception, but it only makes the case stronger. In 1799 a bill passed the Commons, in which the annual grant was accompanied by some special legislation. This bill the Lords rejected, which caused much excitement, and brought the whole question of Maynooth in its full light before the public eye. But the money was voted, and, next year, the important Act mentioned in the text was passed.

Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Foster—were sitting at each side of him, witnesses to the accuracy of his statement, he said,

‘That he supported the grant as it stood, because it was one of those which the *Parliament of Ireland* thought fit to preserve at the Union—because he found it, in fact, given over to England as *part of the Union*—if the grant had been *fairly open to opposition* after the Union, he would have been disposed to resist it.’—*Par. Deb.*

These declarations of Mr. Perceval as to the pledge to Maynooth are so decisive and important that it has been thought necessary to neutralize, if possible, their effect; and this has now been attempted by Mr. Dudley Perceval, the son of the minister, on the hypothesis stated in his pamphlet, and adopted by Sir Robert Inglis in his speeches—that Mr. Perceval’s admission as to the *pledge*, meant only that the Maynooth grant was one of certain ‘pious and charitable’ institutions for which votes had been usually made by the Irish Parliament, and which were protected by a special clause in the Act of Union for *twenty years*, and that of course the *pledge* to which he alluded has long since expired. We have so much respect for Mr. Perceval’s opinion, that we must defend him from the imputation, as we think it, of having acted on such absurd and unfounded premises. We could do so on our own personal knowledge, but we prefer putting it on more public grounds. First, as a lawyer and a statesman, he must have seen—even if Lord Castlereagh had not been at his elbow—that it was quite impossible that the Maynooth grant should have been contemplated in that clause. Secondly, he does not, in his speech of March, 1812, say, as he naturally must have done had the fact been so, that *twelve years* of the *twenty* had already expired: on the contrary, he builds his argument on the supposition of the grant’s being a ‘*perpetual*’ one. But, finally, he does not say, either in his letter or his speech, that the *pledge* is in the *Act of Union*: on the contrary, he makes an important distinction, and says the *pledge* arises out of ‘the *conduct of the Irish Parliament antecedent to the Union*.’ These words are quite sufficient, if there were no other evidence, to show that his acquiescence in the Maynooth grant was not founded on the *twenty years*’ clause of the *Act of Union*, but on the whole ‘*antecedent conduct*’—the two incorporating Acts, and the several pecuniary votes—‘*of the Irish Parliament*.’ He clearly thought, as we do, that England had agreed to the Union subject to these conditions as to Maynooth, and was therefore bound to fulfil them, not by any temporary clause or special pledge, but by the whole scope and spirit of the treaty, and by the antecedent and contemporaneous legislation.

At the very time when Mr. Perceval made the first of these important

portant and unequivocal admissions, we must note a very remarkable instance of the recognition, even by that adverse government, of Maynooth as a permanent and even favoured school of theological education. A Lord Dunboyne, who had been a Roman Catholic bishop, had conformed to the established religion, and continued for above ten years to profess it: on his death-bed, however, he *relapsed*, having made a will leaving his estates from his family to the College of Maynooth, and died, about 1800, a Roman Catholic. This will was contested by the next of kin, and we believe set aside in the first instance by the courts of law; but on further litigation the next of kin were willing to compromise with the College, on the terms of paying it an annuity of 500*l.*; but the College had no legal power to compromise a suit, and it was to enable them to effect this profitable arrangement that the Anticatholic government of 1808 permitted an Act to be brought in and passed (48 Geo. III. c. 154) 'to enable the trustees of the college to compromise suits and to purchase lands to a greater extent.' This we fairly confess we should have thought a strong measure even for a favouring government to have sanctioned; but it is additionally remarkable that the 500*l.* a year so obtained was devoted to the maintenance of an enlarged and higher class of theological students; and still more so that in 1813 the Government—*Sir Robert Peel proposing the vote*—should have granted an additional 700*l.* a-year to enlarge the number and increase the incomes of these *Dunboyne* studentships; and all this passed—the Duke of Richmond being (what was called an *Orange*) Lord-Lieutenant; Sir Arthur Wellesley and Sir Robert Peel Chief Secretaries; Mr. Perceval Leader of the House of Commons; Lord Eldon on the Woolsack; and George III., then in his full intellect, on the throne—and yet we are told of the *inconsistency* of the Duke of Wellington, and of Sir Robert Peel, and of the other surviving colleagues, friends, and followers of Mr. Perceval and Lord Eldon, because they will not now treat Maynooth as an ephemeral accident, whose claims to be a permanent school of theology Parliament has never admitted or sanctioned.

We have said nothing of the policy of the original measure. Some such institution was certainly necessary, but we think the details—its locality, its constitution, and the scale on which it was planned—were injudicious, and helped the extrinsic and more powerful political circumstances which have since arisen, to defeat, in a great measure—or might we not say altogether?—the salutary objects for which it was intended. There are some curious and almost forgotten circumstances connected with its origin which we may as well record. The first proposal was made privately by Mr. Burke to Mr. Pitt, and publicly by a petition of  
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the Irish Roman Catholic Prelates to Lord Westmoreland, and with Mr. Pitt's approbation, was taken up by Mr. Grattan, as the organ of Lord Fitzwilliam's administration, and he had prepared a bill for it; but on the accession of Lord Camden's Government, Mr. Pelham, the English Secretary, took it out of Mr. Grattan's hands and brought it in as a Government measure; himself and the *Honourable Robert Stewart*—afterwards Lord Castlereagh—being appointed to bring it in. It passed with little or no Protestant opposition, but Mr. Grattan did not approve of its details, and presented against it a numerous and respectably signed *Roman Catholic* petition complaining of its provisions,

'by which no Protestant or child of a Protestant father should be permitted to receive education in that college. Their exclusion they considered as tending to prevent that harmony, union, and friendly intercourse through life which might be thus early cemented between the youth of different religious persuasions; the *happy effects of which had been felt by the permission of having the Catholic youth educated in the University of Dublin.*'—*Ir. Par. Deb.*, xv. 21.

The bill, nevertheless, passed with that restriction; but it is clear that the exclusive character of the institution cannot be charged on the Roman Catholics. To whatever objections, however, either of principle or detail, it might have been liable, there is now one conclusive answer: they come too late—'the thing is done, and past recalling.' It is covered by that great axiom of practical politics which critics and declaimers are so apt to forget, but without which the world cannot be governed—*quod forsán fieri non debuit—factum tamen valet*. We do not suppose that any Conservative member has changed his opinion of the Reform Bill, and we even suspect that our apprehensions of its ultimately fatal effect on the Constitution have been confirmed, in the minds of observing men, by every year's experience; but no one is so Quixotic as to think of repealing it. Sir Robert Inglis himself, who takes an active share in working this new constitution, must needs accept, as '*faits accomplis*,' Roman Catholic emancipation, municipal reforms, reduction of Irish bishoprics, commutation of tithes, and several other measures against which he had made a gallant but unsuccessful struggle. In such cases all that the wisest or even the boldest statesman can do is to endeavour to moderate and guide impulses which he could not avert—to steer the bark through the dangerous rapids into which the current of events has brought it, and to act in public as a wise man does in private life—make the best of a bad bargain—

'Durum! sed levius fit sapientiá,  
Quidquid corrigere est nefas.'

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So it is and must be with Maynooth, and with that of which Maynooth is the emblem—the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. There it is: we cannot, even if we would, annihilate it; let us endeavour to improve it. Undoubtedly, if the question were a merely theoretic and open one, it would be most desirable, and not desirable only, but the highest duty, to educate the children of the State in the religion of the State—Christians, in what the instructor believes to be the purest form of Christianity: but since, from circumstances over which the State has no control, it has become *impossible* to teach that purer religion, would you prefer that they should not be taught at all? If you cannot command sunshine—would you, therefore, shut the windows? Whence is Gospel light to come? whence *did* it come? Not assuredly, as Gray's epigrammatic couplet\* has it, '*from Bullen's eyes*,' but from the studious cells of Popish universities—and it is worthy of note that the most important work of the two great reformers Wickliffe and Luther, and the real spring of the rapid as well as the ultimate success of the Reformation which they began, was their respective translations of the Holy Scriptures. Education is the only effective missionary. You must teach people to read before you can teach them to think, and they must learn to think before they can discern truth from error. It is only within a very few days that we have heard it for the first time from a *Protestant* laid down as a religious and political maxim, that imperfect education is worse than no education at all. Why, this is the very doctrine which the Roman Catholics are so vehemently censured for practising, and which we now find, to our infinite wonder, adopted by their most strenuous opponents! But let us not adopt a principle which we have so long and so loudly reprobated in them.

But it is asked, why have they not erected this seminary at their own expense? why drain the purses and burthen the consciences of a Protestant people? To this there are several peremptory and painful answers. *First*, because we are *not* a Protestant people. We are an Anglican and Presbyterian and Roman Catholic people, and we all contribute in various ways, direct as well as indirect, in the maintenance of each other's worship. It is too late to begin to draw that line; and if we did attempt it, we see but one certain result—the ruin of all the three churches.

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\* 'When Love could teach a monarch to be wise;  
And Gospel light first dawned from Bullen's eyes.'

This couplet was found on a scrap amongst Gray's papers, and was Mason thought, to be introduced into the Ethical Epistle of which he has considered a portion. We doubt whether it was so intended, or, at all, Gray's accurate taste would on reconsideration have admitted it in work.

The State is the guardian of all its children, and is bound to provide for their education, where there are no appropriated funds, at the common expense. The State *educates* the Hindoos and Mahometans all over India, as we have already shown, but is forbidden, it seems, to educate a Romish Christian at home. But, *secondly*, as regards the Roman Catholics—be it remembered that prior to the Bequests Act, which is but nine months old, they had no power to endow school or college without a special law—and the same conscientious scruples that are now so acute and active would have been no doubt still more violently—and certainly more rationally—reluctant to give *idolatry* an independent and uncontrollable position than a permissive and a limited one. But, *thirdly*—even if that objection were overcome, there was a still more serious practical one—where were the *means*? The Roman Catholics of Ireland, being above four-fifths of the population, do not, we believe, possess one-tenth of the soil; and the penal laws had for above one hundred years been directed in every way to prevent the accumulation of property in their hands. The material means, therefore, of endowment were (particularly fifty years ago) deficient. Indeed we have seen in this rich and enlightened country, in the heart of the greatest metropolis in the world, under a strong, both religious and party rivalry—the London University and King's College have been but scantily endowed, and have not been exempt from pecuniary difficulties. What, then, could have been expected in Ireland? We may be told that the sums raised for O'Connell tribute and Catholic rent and so forth would have endowed half a dozen Maynooths. It may be so, and we are very sorry for it. But the impulses of frenzy or fanaticism are no measure of the ordinary powers of action. The indignation of the people of England at seeing these illegal tributes wrung from a starving peasantry, did not prevent their charity from subscribing 400,000*l.* to alleviate the distress of the Irish a few years ago. We did not say to them—Go to Mr. O'Connell for *bread*—and we are still less inclined to send them to Mr. O'Connell for *education*.

The public was very much startled at the picture which Sir Robert Peel, in his opening speech, drew of the penury of the Maynooth establishment. Dean Horsley speaks out still more plainly:—

‘I have visited the establishment at Maynooth. Two years ago I inspected narrowly into all its miserable, and wretched, and destitute, and I will add (I mean no offence, for it must be the poverty of its means, and not the will of its directors, that consents) its *dirty*, and *nasty*, and *filthy* economy; and I confess, Sir, I blushed for the meanness of my countrymen that can dignify the paltry pittance their Govern-

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ment at present doles out to the institution with the title of an act of bounty to the Irish Roman Catholic Church.'—*Letter to Sir C. E. Smith*, p. 21.

With such evidence of its necessity, from an impartial English clergyman, will any of our readers blame the increased allowance? Sir Robert Peel stated that the penury was so great that the president had been recently obliged to make a vacation, and dismiss the students for two months, to save the *cost of their food* for that period!

We lament the cause of this interval, but not the result. One of the many faults of Maynooth is its ascetic seclusion. There appears to be a regulation which allows the students a vacation of two months in the summer, but the practice seems to be discouraged; whereas we think it ought to be favoured, and even as a general rule enforced. Those who are to teach the people their social as well as their religious duties, should not be cut off from the society of their families and friends, and shut up as it were in solitary confinement from all intercourse with, and knowledge of, the world in which they are destined to act so important a part. Indeed the whole interior discipline for young men, of the ages of from seventeen to twenty-four, seems blameably copied from the jealous monkery of the dark ages. They are forbidden to converse with each other, or even to speak, except at prescribed and very limited times. They are not, it seems, permitted to walk beyond the College precincts but in a body—the elder twice a week, the younger once—and both under superintendence; they appear, in fact, to be kept as close as little boys in a London boarding-school.

Can we wonder that savage manners, narrow intellects, and sour tempers should be generated in such an atmosphere, and that a sullen ingratitude, if not a rankling enmity, should be the fruit of such miserable charity?

The happy recollections, the grateful feelings, the cultivated tastes, even the knowledge of our fellow men and the habits of self-government, that Cambridge and Oxford inspire and impart, can never elevate nor sweeten nor utilize the after life of the student of Maynooth. We are forced to confess that we ourselves, in such circumstances, would probably feel a gratitude as scanty as the bounty.

We must not, however, conceal from our readers our apprehensions that the wise and necessary change now proposed, like everything we do connected with this unhappy Catholic question, comes very late, and may not produce all the good effects that might have been reasonably expected from an earlier interference in a more auspicious season. The Government cannot now venture

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to invest itself with sufficient authority over the civil discipline and social management of the College: any attempt in that direction would, in the present state of men's minds, be injudicious, and probably unsuccessful; but it is so obviously the interest of the institution itself, and particularly of the junior members of it, that its general tone should be elevated and liberalized, that we cannot but hope that increased personal comfort may have its ordinary beneficial effect on minds and manners—introducing students of a higher class both of attainment and feeling, and animating the whole establishment with a more benevolent and gentlemanly spirit. But all this, which the interference of the Government at an earlier stage might have powerfully promoted, must now be left to time—to the internal operation of literature and light—influences which are, at this time, working remarkable effects within the Romish system in other countries—and to the external control of public opinion; which, after what has passed, will, we have no doubt, act with more power than it has ever yet had on the character and conduct of this hitherto secluded and mysterious abode of penury, humiliation, and discontent.

The Government, however, has at last done its duty; and they and the country have now to see how the authorities of Maynooth do theirs. Let it not be supposed that the transfer of the vote from the Miscellaneous Estimates to the Consolidated Fund—though it removes the occasion of an annual squabble—can, in any degree, impair the right and duty of Parliamentary revision and control whenever they may be necessary; and the Government must feel itself additionally pledged to see that the bounty of the country, thus liberally granted, shall be properly applied.

We at length turn from this Maynooth proposition to one which is certainly a corollary to it, but which involves wider considerations—Sir James Graham's bill for the establishment of three academical institutions on the professorial system, and for exclusively secular instruction, in Belfast, Cork, and either Galway or Limerick\*—for the three provinces of Ulster, Munster, and Connaught; Leinster being already provided with Trinity College, Dublin, and St. Patrick's College of Maynooth. This is not an occasion for discussing the respective merits of the professorial and tutorial systems of collegiate education—we will only repeat our general preference for the latter; though we admit that it would be impracticable (at least at first) in the proposed institutions. No part, however, of the objection to

\* Galway we decidedly think it should be, as the capital of the *West* of Ireland. Limerick is a larger town, but belongs essentially to the *South*.

them has turned on that point, and the opposition is founded altogether on the absence of *religious* instruction.

Sir Robert Inglis condemned the measure, at its first announcement, with more of excitement than is usual with him, as 'a *gigantic scheme of Godless education*.' 'The expression,' says Mr. Drummond, 'is happy, for it has stuck; it has been commented on, railed at, censured, but it has not evaporated as an empty sound' (p. 24). We do not concur in this eulogy; we respect and admire the spirit and ability with which Sir Robert Inglis performs all his duties, and we admit that, as a rhetorical flourish, the phrase might be called 'happy;' but, knowing his candour and respect for truth, we do not believe that he would have deliberately uttered it, or would now deliberately repeat it. It is not true in terms, and still less so in substance. Mr. Drummond himself—after seeming to applaud it—dismisses it as 'an empty sound;' he employs every other line of his clever pamphlet in demolishing all the arguments that have any resemblance to it; and in fact it was totally discarded in the subsequent debates. Sir Robert Inglis, on reconsideration, must feel that he might as well call any *Course of lectures 'Godless'* which should not, like an Exeter Hall meeting, be opened with prayer. Are the Royal Society and the British Institution (of both of which Sir Robert Inglis is, we believe, a member), and all those hundred other societies and institutions employed in cultivating the human intellect, and in diffusing secular knowledge—are they all *Godless* because they are not furnished with chaplains, and supply no direct religious instruction? But we waive all such general precedents—though really involving the same principle—to remind him that, in the year 1810 (Mr. Perceval being First Minister, Lord Eldon Chancellor of England, Lord Manners Chancellor, and Mr. Saurin Attorney-General of Ireland), an Act was passed for incorporating the Belfast Academical Institution, for, as the preamble states,—

'affording to youth a *classical and mercantile education*, and for teaching mathematics, natural philosophy, metaphysics, belles lettres, moral philosophy, chemistry, botany, agriculture, and other branches of science.'

No allusion to religion: nay, the mathematical master—the first witness examined before the Education Commissioners in 1825—when asked as to the numbers of the students of the different religious persuasions, stated that he could not answer with certainty, as the Heads of the Institution

'made a point, lest there should appear any distinctions, or anything unpleasant to the pupils or their friends, *not to know*, unless casually, what the religious principles of the pupils may be.'—*Report IV.* p. 41.

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Here, then, is a direct and absolute—not *precedent* merely, but *identity* with the bill which Sir Robert Inglis calls *Godless*; and yet the Protestant Primate, and the Protestant Bishops of the diocese and of the adjoining one of Dromore, were subscribers and patrons; and these two Bishops and the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, are *ex officio* 'Visitors' of that *Godless* Institution. There has also been for many years a somewhat similar Institution in Cork, for the same purposes of *exclusive secular* instruction—not incorporated by Act of Parliament, but *chartered by the Crown* in 1807,—and which has been *maintained by a Parliamentary grant* of about 2500*l.* a-year—which, we presume, Sir Robert Inglis has voted for, or at least connived at during his whole Parliamentary life, and which is *Godless* in the same sense as the new academical institutions. And we may add the notorious fact that there are many hundreds of *day* schools, attended by many thousands of scholars, scattered over the face of the empire, in which nothing but secular instruction is attempted. In fact, in those institutions and schools in which the students or children are not lodged and boarded, the religious instruction is generally supposed to be imparted by the parents at the private residence, and rarely forms any portion of the scholastic course.

But we have a more direct and unquestionable precedent. Trinity College, Dublin, is open to Roman Catholics—Mr. Sheil himself and Mr. Thomas Moore were educated there; and the College may be proud of, as *they* no doubt are grateful for, the successful liberality with which it cultivated the early talents of the brilliant orator and accomplished poet. The Roman Catholic students are, we understand, generally about 150 in number, and their admission here has been relied on by the opponents of the new colleges as showing that these are unnecessary. But, on the other hand, all dissenting students of Trinity—Roman Catholics included—are excused from Chapel attendance, and are, as to religious instruction, in exactly the same condition that the students of the new colleges are to be; and thus, that which is produced as a subject of approbation in Dublin is anathematized in Galway. Such are the inconsistencies into which party and prejudice will betray even sober and right-minded men.

The plain truth of the matter is this—and so the English opponents of the measure admit—that by *religious* education they mean *Protestant* education, and Protestant education *exclusively*; and that if, by way of getting rid of the reproach of being *Godless*, the Ministry were to admit the intervention of the Roman Catholic clergy into these colleges, the outcry would have been doubled. But the religious scruple is not the only, nor is it, we believe, the most influential objection. We are told of the rational dread

inspired by the numbers—the power—the ambition of the Roman Catholics; and then we are invited to treat them as if they had neither ambition, power, nor numbers—in fact, as if they did not exist at all. The population of Ireland may be thus stated in round numbers\* :—

Church of England . . . . .	890,000
Presbyterians and Dissenters . . . .	690,000
Roman Catholics . . . . .	6,620,000

And persons belonging to each of these three denominations are equally entitled to fill every situation and office under the crown, except that of Lord Chancellor—they may be and are electors, corporators, attorneys, lawyers, doctors, clergy, generals, admirals, judges, members of the House of Commons, Peers; but the education which is to fit men for those professions and stations, you will bestow on one only of the three—you give the Roman Catholics equality, and, in consequence of their numbers, superiority of power, and then, instead of training and conciliating them to a due exercise of it, you proscribe and insult them—tell them that their faith is not even a religion, and deal with them as if your laws did not recognise the existence of these almost seven millions of people. And to enhance the absurdity, this strange doctrine is broached in a legislative assembly to which the seven millions have afforded pretty striking evidence of their existence, by choosing from amongst themselves *two-thirds* of the Irish representation. So extravagant an attempt to resist and even to deny the force of natural causes as this assumption, that '*Protestant education*' and '*religious education*' must be synonymous terms, cannot, we believe, be paralleled in English history since the courtiers of King Canute advised him to place his throne on a foundation of sand, and in conflict with the rising ocean.

We should be very sorry to suppose that those new Academical Institutions were to diminish the number of Roman Catholic students in Dublin College. The union of the two religions in that seminary has been, as the Catholic petition of 1795 admitted, of infinite advantage, and we should most gladly see any additional measures for maintaining and extending that union, short of interfering with the Protestant character of the *eldest child of the Reformation*—her whom Mr. Grattan, in the year Maynooth was

\* We have taken the estimate of the Education Commissioners in 1834, and added, rateably, the proportional number furnished by the census of 1841. The exact total in 1841 was 8,175,000, and the numbers are now probably greater, though it seems doubtful whether the population is increasing so rapidly as it did some years since. We suspect, however, that the members of the Church of England may be underrated. Mr. Baron Foster, a very accurate judge in such matters, estimated them in 1821 at 1,240,000: but this was certainly too high.

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founded, apostrophised, '*Esto perpetua*, thou seat of science and mother of virtue.\*

It has been said that while establishing the new colleges in the north, south, and west, Dublin and its neighbourhood has been neglected. What we have just stated is a full answer to this objection. Trinity College does now and will continue to afford in its locality precisely the same advantage that the provincial colleges will offer in theirs, so that the measure is complete—extending to the provinces the principle which has been tested and approved by the experience of *above half a century* in Dublin. Surely, we are entitled to say that the outcry against this principle comes too late. But it may be asked, if Dublin College is so competent to this duty, why endow others? We answer, in the first instance, for *cheapness*—the expenses of the distant capital, though considerably less, we believe, than those of either Oxford or Cambridge, must necessarily be greater than in the provincial town; witness the *Durham* College, founded the other day in the north of England for this chief reason: and next, because Trinity is already quite large enough for good discipline; and thirdly, because it is desirable to extend the social and civilizing influences of such institutions as widely as may be practicable, particularly in a country in which, from circumstances not to be summarily gotten rid of, there is so great a dearth of resident gentry. These colleges, liberally endowed, respectably managed, and, as we hope, numerous attended, cannot but have, in addition to their merely educational value, a beneficial effect on the *society* of their neighbourhoods.

We hear as we are writing, that the synod of Roman Catholic bishops have condemned this plan altogether—or, which comes to the same thing, except on conditions which are wholly inadmissible. We are so anxious, even in the humble character of anonymous critics, not to say anything that may widen differences on a measure, the success of which may be so much forwarded by harmony, that as we have on one side suppressed some objections of our own as to the details of the plan, so on the other we shall say no more on this opposition of the Roman Catholic bishops, than that we expected it, and that it in no degree diminishes, but indeed rather increases our desire for the success of the measure, which we (as perhaps the Catholic prelates also do) consider as a most important counterpoise to that exclusive character which imperious circumstances have imprinted on Maynooth. We wish it had been possible to have educated the Romanist clergy as the Protestant clergy are educated, in contact with their

\* ii. Plowd, 513,

fellow-subjects destined for other walks of life; but as that could not be, we must at least endeavour to secure that advantage for the Roman Catholic laity. And may we not venture to ask Sir Robert Inglis and Mr. Colquhoun—Lord Ashley and Lord Roden, whether this Romanist opposition makes no alteration in their view of the case? Will they not feel some wholesome suspicion of the policy of a course of conduct which has brought them into co-operation with Dr. Mac Hale and Dr. Higgins?

From the consideration of the two practical steps proposed by the Government, we proceed to that greater and infinitely more important object, without which all that has been done or said will have been, in our opinion, not merely fruitless, but injurious—**A STATE PROVISION FOR THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY**—a measure which, though it passed the House of Commons twenty years ago with a tolerably general concurrence of public opinion, has become, we fear, from intervening circumstances, a matter of at once more difficulty and greater urgency.

We fully admit the prudence and fairness of the distinction taken in Parliament by Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley between the principle of the Maynooth Bill and that of a general endowment of the Roman Catholic Church. Ministers are no doubt right not to embarrass practical measures which they have in hand by anticipating future and contingent difficulties. Here indeed it may be truly said that 'sufficient' and much more than 'sufficient' unto the day is the evil thereof. But we cannot conceal from ourselves (and, if we were in danger of any such mistake, the discussions, petitions, and speeches in and out of Parliament would correct us) that this Maynooth Bill is a natural prelude to the larger measure. General endowment was no ingredient in the *ministerial* proposal, but it was the mainspring and chief topic of all the *opposition*. We beg leave to register that important fact; and for ourselves we will honestly confess that if we did not consider these educational bills as an introduction to, and a pledge, as it were, of a general and liberal endowment of the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland, our hopes of any resulting advantage would have been comparatively slender. And in the humble hope of contributing to accelerate that state of the public mind, which may permit the proposal of this larger measure, we submit to our readers some observations, in addition to those incidentally made in the earlier portions of this paper.

We begin by observing three remarkable peculiarities of this proposition. The first is, that though it seems destined to be the last in *execution*, it was—as it ought in all reason and justice to have been—one of the earliest objects of Catholic relief that came into *contemplation*. It was thought of in 1792, as a pre-  
cursor

cursor to the first Irish Relief Bill, but it was unfortunately—by whose indiscretion or malevolence does not appear—connected with some idea of effecting it at the expense of the Irish Protestant Church, and was by Mr. Burke—then the great authority with both the Catholics and the Government—on that account, indignantly rejected.

But mark the consequence of injudicious procrastination—the spoliation of the Irish Church thus indignantly rejected is now advocated by many men of good sense and good principle—able writers—high churchmen, too—but so alarmed at the present state of Ireland as to be willing to try this desperate remedy—desperate, indeed, for it would be just such a cure as *death* is for all diseases.

Another remarkable circumstance attending this measure is, that it has always been proposed by those amongst the advocates of the Catholic claims who were most friendly to the interests and integrity of the Protestant Church, and has been, like the pending College Bill, opposed with equal violence by both parties of adverse agitators, the ultra-Catholics and ultra-Protestants.

An additional singularity is, that though there is no measure of the whole series that has been more decidedly repudiated by successive Governments and by the Roman Catholic clergy on successive occasions, we are satisfied that there was none which both parties would have been so glad to have seen finally and creditably settled; but the Government has always been afraid of the English and the Priesthood of the Irish people: each feared an imputation of making a sacrifice of conscience to convenience—and it is only from a want of moral courage on both sides, but chiefly on that of the Roman Catholic prelates, that this great question has not been long since satisfactorily arranged.

We are not aware whether the proposition of 1792 was renewed in any more tolerable shape in 1793, nor do we know of anything having passed on this subject till the negotiations for the Union in 1799, when we have an authentic summary of this portion of the affair in Lord Castlereagh's speech of the 20th of May, 1810:—

‘Upon the ecclesiastical part of the arrangement, Lord Castlereagh was authorised, in the year 1799, to communicate with the Catholic clergy. It was distinctly understood that the consideration of the *political claims* of the Catholics must remain for the consideration of the Imperial Parliament; but the *expediency of making some provision for their clergy, under proper regulations, was so generally recognised*, even by those who were averse to concessions of a political nature, that a communication was officially opened with the heads of their clergy upon this subject.’—*Hansard*.

This

This negotiation was at first most successful. The Crown engaged to make an adequate provision for the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and the hierarchy in return declared

‘that, in the appointment of the prelates of the Roman Catholic religion to vacant sees within the kingdom, such interference of the Government as may enable it to be satisfied of the loyalty of the person to be appointed is just, and ought to be agreed to.’—*Ib.*

In pursuance of this declaration five articles, giving the Government the power that became afterwards famous under the name of the *Veto*, was signed by ‘the four Catholic archbishops and the six senior bishops, in the name of the whole episcopal body,’ to whose candour in the negotiation, and ‘their unaffected and disinterested reluctance to receive exclusive benefits which might have the appearance of separating their interests from those of the laity,’ Lord Castlereagh bore honourable testimony (*Ib.*). Thus we see that Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh expected to carry the provision for the clergy in the *Irish* Parliament, leaving what they thought the larger and more difficult question of lay emancipation to the Imperial Parliament. Neither, we all know, was effected. The Government, we suppose, found that they had enough to do to pass the Act of Union without this additional difficulty, and we need not remind our readers that immediately after the Union Mr. Pitt’s endeavour to execute his pledges to the Roman Catholics ended in his resignation and the derangement of the King’s mind.

In 1803 \* Lord Castlereagh was, as he stated,

‘authorised under Lord Sidmouth’s Administration to communicate to the Catholic clergy that it was in contemplation of the Government to make a proposition for a pecuniary provision on their behalf to Parliament: they stated, in the most respectful and disinterested manner, that they could not, consistently with *duty and honour*, receive such a mark of grace and favour at that moment.’—*Ib.*, 29th March, 1821.

We know nothing more of the circumstances of this offer and refusal, which were only mentioned incidentally by Lord Castlereagh in his speech on Mr. Croker’s motion for a provision for the Roman Catholic clergy in 1821; but there can be little doubt that it was declined ‘from honour and duty’ because it was not accompanied by a prospect of lay emancipation. We know, however, Lord Sidmouth’s own personal opinion on the subject:—

‘He was clearly in favour of a provision for such of the priests as would accept it; and he thought that there was a time when they would have received it *from him* [alluding, no doubt, to Lord Castlereagh’s

\* It is 1805 in Hansard, vol. iv., N. S., p. 1500, but this must be a mistake, as Lord Sidmouth went out in 1804; we suppose 5 to be an error of the press for 3. The payment of the Roman Catholic clergy was first (as far as we know) publicly recommended in a pamphlet that appeared in 1807, and made some sensation, called the ‘*State of Ireland Past and Present*,’ attributed to Mr. Croker.

negotiation in 1803]. He considered that it would effectually *bind them over to keep the peace*, and prove themselves faithful subjects; and so far from thinking that it would be an encouragement to Popery, he argued that it would be only placing them on a footing with the dissenting ministers of Ireland who accepted the *Regium Donum*, and could not possibly be regarded as a recognition of Popery in a religious point of view.

This is a most important fact—that Mr. Addington's Administration, which held office solely by its concurrence in George III.'s resistance to what was called Emancipation, and in which Mr. Perceval was at this period *Attorney-General*, should have been willing—as his Majesty must also have been—to pay the Irish Catholic clergy.

In 1808, on Mr. Grattan's motion for Catholic Emancipation, Mr. Ponsonby renewed the offer of the Roman Catholic clergy to concede the *Veto*, and received their thanks for doing so—but soon after, a great agitation was raised against the *Veto*—a violent war of pamphlets took place, and the prelates were intimidated into a retraction of their former admissions. This affair created such dissensions amongst the Catholics themselves, and between them and their leading parliamentary friends, that the *Veto*, and with it all idea of a State provision for the clergy, were *taboo'd*—consigned to a *limbo* of prohibited topics, whence no one seemed bold enough to recall it, till, in 1821, when a Relief Bill appeared for the first time likely to pass through the House of Commons, Mr. Croker—who supported the bill, but not (it seems) in concert with any of the parties to the *Veto* squabbles and tactics—proposed a clause directly enabling the Crown to make provision for the Roman Catholic clergy. It was to get rid of this proposition that Lord Castlereagh made the statement we have before mentioned as to the offer and refusal in Mr. Addington's time, and he added that the same or even a greater reluctance on their part still existed, and he pressed Mr. Croker to withdraw his proposition, which could only serve to revive dissensions and endanger the bill.

On the 1st of March, 1825, Sir Francis Burdett moved for leave to bring in a Catholic Relief Bill. He was seconded by Mr. Croker, who declared—‘that no measures for the relief of the Roman Catholics and the pacification of Ireland could be efficacious which should not include an adequate provision for the Roman Catholic clergy.’ That bill was read a second time on the 21st of April, by a majority of 27; and on the 29th of April, Lord Francis Egerton moved—Colonel (now Sir Hercules) Pakenham (the Duke of Wellington's brother-in-law) seconding—a series of resolutions, to enable the Government to make a pecuniary provision

vision for the Roman Catholic clergy. The scale proposed was as follows:—

	£.
4 archbishops, at 1500 <i>l.</i> each	6,000
22 bishops, at 1000 <i>l.</i> each	22,000
30 deans, at 300 <i>l.</i> each	9,000
2000 priests, at 60 <i>l.</i> , 120 <i>l.</i> , and 200 <i>l.</i> each	196,000
	<hr/> £233,000

In different reports of Lord Francis's speech there are discrepancies in the items, but he stated the total amount at a round sum of 250,000*l.*

This motion was carried by a majority of 43—only three days after the Duke of York had made his celebrated declaration of uncompromising hostility to Emancipation. The Relief Bill having, however, been thrown out in the Lords, this *wing* (as it was called) was abandoned—for it was proved before the committees of the Lords and Commons, by the unanimous evidence of all the Catholic witnesses, that however acceptable the payment of the clergy might be in connexion with general emancipation, it would not be for a moment listened to without it.

This was, we believe, the last direct notice of this measure; and here we have to remark that during the five and twenty years that it had been—though not actually in debate till Mr. Croker's and Lord Francis's motions—yet in constant view, we do not recollect that any objection was ever made to it on the score of conscientious scruples—not even, as we have seen, by Mr. Addington himself; and it is, therefore, with the greater wonder and regret that we observe the serious religious character that it has more recently assumed. All the passion which had been formerly spread over the whole subject, seems now concentrated on this remnant of it; and an arrangement which at different times would have been acceptable to all parties, will be now equally denounced by the Romanists as a corrupt debasement, and by the Protestants as a sinful exaltation, of the Roman Catholic Church. It is evident that both these classes of objection cannot be true—for the same measure will certainly not fulfil such contradictory apprehensions; our conviction is that neither is well founded, as we think a few plain and practical observations will show.

We say, first, to the Catholics, that we have their own repeated assent both to the lawfulness and—the emancipation of the laity having been accomplished—the expediency of such an arrangement—the convention of the ten prelates with Mr. Pitt in 1799—its renewal by Dr. Milner and the Irish bishops with Messrs.

Ponsonby

Ponsonby and Grattan in 1807—the evidence of Drs. Murray and Doyle, and of Messrs. Blake and O'Connell, before the Parliamentary committees of 1824-5. We have no doubt that *practically* the events of the intervening period—twenty years of triumphant agitation—must have rendered the arrangement more difficult: the old lesson of the Sibyl's leaves seems destined to be, of all the teachings of history, the least profitable. The power of the priesthood has developed itself so largely, that there are probably many amongst them who would not now be satisfied with the same—nor indeed with *any* terms, and who may be inclined to act on the visionary prospect of Irish nationality and Romanist supremacy; but that, as far as it may exist, is, we hope and believe, but a temporary intoxication, which would not long resist the prospect of the solid advantages which a regular and established State provision would confer on the individual clergy, on their Church, and on the country.

With respect to Protestant scruples, what we have said upon the Maynooth and College endowments applies with still greater force to the payment of the clergy. Mr. Burke said, with his usual combination of wisdom and eloquence—'*In England the Catholics are a SECT; in Ireland they are a NATION.*' This was spoken in the reign of the penal code, and when they numbered less than *three millions*. How much more striking is it now, when we see them armed with all we could give them of political power, and dilated to the numerical strength of nearly *seven millions*?—five-sixths of Ireland—and, at the very least, a fourth of our whole European population.

Will any Protestant deny in the abstract that it is the duty of the State to provide for the religious and moral guidance of so large a body of its subjects? We might wish—if visionary wishes were worth indulging—that we could supply it for all from the one pure fountain of our own sanctuary—that the Hindoos and Mahomedans of our Eastern world were Christians—that there were no Presbyterians in Scotland, and no Roman Catholics in Ireland, Malta, and Canada—that the British empire, in short, were a religious Utopia: but it is not so, and cannot be made so; and it is our destiny and our duty to deal with a different state of things, and to employ the means in our hands for purposes within our reach. But it is said that the guides that we propose to pay, entertain and teach certain doctrinal errors which the State should on the contrary discountenance. We will not enter upon these doctrinal points, on which seven-eighths of Christendom would be against us;—but we ask again, are any other guides possible? Have we even the extreme alternative of '*these or none?*' We have not. *These we have, and these we must continue to have;* and

and surely the lower any one may rate the actual fitness of these inevitable functionaries for their important duties, the stronger should be the desire to see them elevated in the scale of intelligence and respectability. The Duke of Cambridge in the Maynooth debate put the case in a short and cogent form—'If you want good scholars, you must have good teachers.'

We are further told that State stipends will only increase the influence, without improving the spirit. We agree at once that the State stipend will not alter the doctrines—but it would clearly elevate the Priests above the necessity of complying with the mere prejudices or fostering the bad passions of the people; it would relieve them from what we once before called 'the worst *voluntary system* that ever humiliated any Church' (Quart. Rev., vol. lxxv. p. 291); and we cannot doubt that it would have a great tendency to alter and to improve the spirit with which in the present state of things it is natural, inevitable, that the Irish priesthood should regard British government and British connexion.

We know not that in point of substantial argument we can add much to what we said in the article just referred to, and to the last few pages of which we beg leave to recall the attention of our readers. But the case is stated in the posthumous pamphlet\* of Sydney Smith—alas, poor Yorick!—with a pleasantry that gives poignancy to good sense, a felicity of illustration that comes home to every understanding, and a truth—sober truth though clad in motley—which every one who knows anything of Ireland must acknowledge.

\* The revenue of the Irish Roman Catholic Church is made up of half-pence, potatoes, rags, bones, and fragments of old clothes, and those Irish old clothes.

\* The mode of exacting clerical dues in Ireland is quite arbitrary and capricious. Uniformity is out of the question; everything depends on the disposition and temper of the clergyman. There are salutary regulations put forth in each diocese respecting church dues and church discipline, and put forth by episcopal and synodical authority. Specific sums are laid down for mass, marriage, and the administration of the Eucharist. These authorised payments are moderate enough, but every priest, in spite of these rules, makes the most he can of his ministry, and the strangest discrepancy prevails, even in the same diocese, in the demands made upon the people. The priest and his flock are continually coming into collision on pecuniary matters. Twice a year the holy man collects confession money under the denomination of Christmas and Easter offerings. He selects in every neighbourhood one or two houses in which he holds stations

\* It is called '*an unrevised fragment*,' but it seems to us as if it were composed of several fragments, of which, in one or two places, the connecting link had been lost. This would account for a couple of obscure passages, which, however, are of little moment.

of confession. Very disagreeable scenes take place when additional money is demanded, or when additional time for payment is craved. The first thing done when there is a question of marrying a couple is, to make a *bargain* about the marriage money. The wary minister watches the palpitations, puts on a shilling for every sigh, and twopence on every tear, and maddens the impetuosity of the young lovers up to a pound sterling. The remuneration prescribed by the diocesan statutes is never thought of for a moment; the priest makes as hard a bargain as he can, and the bed the poor peasants are to lie upon is sold to make their concubinage lawful;—but every one present at the marriage is to contribute;—the minister, after begging and entreating some time to little purpose, gets into a violent rage, abuses, and is abused; and in this way is celebrated one of the sacraments of the Catholic Church!—The same scenes of altercation and abuse take place when gossip money is refused at baptisms; but the most painful scenes take place at extreme unction, a ceremony to which the common people in Ireland attach the utmost importance. “Pay me beforehand—this is not enough—I insist upon more, I know you can afford it, I insist upon a larger fee!”—and all this before the dying man, who feels he has not an hour to live! and believes that salvation depends upon the timely application of this sacred grease.

Other bad consequences arise out of the present system of Irish Church support. Many of the clergy are constantly endeavouring to overreach and undermine one another. Every man looks to his own private emolument, regardless of all covenants, expressed or implied. The curate does not make a fair return to the parish priest, nor the parish priest to the curate. There is an universal scramble!—every one gets what he can, and seems to think he would be almost justified in appropriating the whole to himself.

This is stating the case as strongly as Exeter Hall could do—but Exeter Hall forgets to ask—

‘And how can all this be otherwise? How are the poor wretched clergy to live but by setting a high price on their theological labours, and using every incentive of fear and superstition to extort from six millions of beggars the little payments wanted for the bodies of the poor and the support of life? I maintain that it is shocking and wicked to leave the religious guides of six millions of people in such a state of destitution!—to bestow no more thought upon them than upon the clergy of the Sandwich Islands!’

He does full justice to the improvement that every year of the Union has made in the *material* prosperity of Ireland. Why has its *moral* state not made corresponding advances—why has its *social* condition retrograded? Why—because the elements of *material* prosperity are in the hands of those who are interested in promoting that prosperity, and the *moral* and *social* improvement in the hands of those whose interest lies the other way.

‘It is entertaining enough, that although the Irish are beginning to be so clamorous about making their own laws, the wisest and the best statutes  
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in the books have been made since their union with England. All Catholic disabilities have been abolished; a good police has been established all over the kingdom; public courts of petty sessions have been instituted; free trade between Great Britain and Ireland has been completely carried into effect; lord lieutenants are placed in every county; church rates are taken off Catholic shoulders; the County Grand Jury Rooms are flung open to the public; county surveyors are of great service; a noble provision is made for educating the people. I never saw a man who had returned to Ireland after four or five years' absence, who did not say how much it had improved, and how fast it was improving: and this is the country which is to be *Erin-go-bragh'd* by this shallow, vain, and irritable people into bloodshed and rebellion!

'We consider the Irish clergy as factious, and as encouraging the bad anti-British spirit of the people. How can it be otherwise? They live by the people; they have nothing to live upon but the voluntary oblations of the people; and they must fall into the same spirit as the people, or they would be starved to death. No marriage; no mortuary masses; no unctions to the priest who preached against O'Connell!

'Give the clergy a maintenance separate from the will of the people, and you will then enable them to oppose the folly and madness of the people. The objection to the State provision does not really come from the clergy, but from the agitators and repealers: these men see the immense advantage of carrying the clergy with them in their agitation, and of giving the sanction of religion to political hatred; they know that the clergy, moving in the same direction with the people, have an immense influence over them; and they are very wisely afraid, not only of losing this co-operating power, but of seeing it, by a state provision, arrayed against them. I am fully convinced that a state payment to the Catholic clergy, by leaving to that laborious and useful body of men the exercise of their free judgment, would be the severest blow that Irish agitation could receive.'

The objection that staggered Lord Castlereagh, and that Sir Robert Peel himself seems to feel as most serious—that the Priests would not accept the bounty if offered—our Democritus treats with a levity strongly characteristic of his own personal habits and feelings, but arising from a shrewd estimate of human nature in general.

'What is the object of all government? The object of all government is roast mutton, potatoes, claret, a stout constable, an honest justice, a clear highway, a free chapel. What trash to be bawling in the streets about the Green Isle, the Isle of the Ocean! the bold anthem of *Erin go bragh!* A far better anthem would be *Erin go bread* and *cheese*, *Erin go* cabins that will keep out the rain, *Erin go* pantaloons without holes in them!

'The first thing to be done is to pay the priests, and after a little time they will take the money. One man wants to repair his cottage; another wants a buggy; a third cannot shut his eyes to the dilapidations of a cassock. The draft is payable at sight in Dublin, or by agents in the next market-town,

market-town, dependent upon the Commission in Dublin. The house-keeper of the holy man is importunate for money, and if it is not procured by drawing for the salary, it must be extorted by curses and comminations from the ragged worshippers, slowly, sorrowfully, and sadly. There will be some opposition at first, but the facility of getting the salary without the violence they are now forced to use, and the difficulties to which they are exposed in procuring the payment of those emoluments to which they are fairly entitled, will, in the end, overcome all obstacles.\*

'The Roman Catholic priest could not refuse to draw his salary from the State without incurring the indignation of his flock. "Why are you to come upon us for all this money, when you can ride over to Sligo or Belfast, and draw a draft upon Government for the amount?" It is not easy to give a satisfactory answer to this, to a shrewd man who is starving to death.'

'It is commonly said, if the Roman Catholic priests are paid by the State, they will lose their influence over their flocks;—not their *fair* influence—not that influence which any wise and good man would wish to see in all religions—not the dependence of humble ignorance upon prudence and piety—only fellowship in faction, and fraternity in rebellion;—all *that* will be lost.'

And finally, we have this most important consideration with which we shall conclude our extracts from this remarkable pamphlet.

'And if it does not succeed, what harm is done by the attempt? It evinces on the part of this country the strongest disposition to do what is just, and to apply the best remedy to the greatest evil; but the very attempt would do good, and would be felt in the great Catholic insurrection, come when it will. All rebellions and disaffections are general and terrible in proportion as one party has suffered and the other inflicted;—any great measure of conciliation, proposed in the spirit of kindness, is remembered, and renders war less terrible, and opens avenues to peace.'

Serious Tories may, perhaps, be inclined to receive suspiciously the warnings of the facetious Whig, but they will not disregard the advice of, we will not say a wiser (for Sydney was wise in his generation), but a more serious monitor.

Dr. Stock,\* bishop of Killala, was made prisoner by the French when they landed at that place in 1798, and has left us a very interesting account of what passed under his eyes, during two months of military and democratic anarchy. Amongst other things he notices the general and active disloyalty of the Romish priests, for which he thus accounts, and proposes the same remedy that we do:—

'The almost total dependence of the Romish clergy of Ireland upon their people for the means of subsistence is the cause, according to my

\* The clever author of 'Past and Present Policy' has confounded (p. 308) Dr. Stock, the author of the 'Narrative,' with his predecessor, Dr. Law.

best judgment, why upon every popular commotion many priests of that communion have been, and, *until measures of better policy are adopted, always will be found in the ranks of sedition and opposition to the established government.* The peasant will love a revolution, because he feels the weight of poverty, and has not often the sense to perceive that a change of masters may render it heavier: the priest must follow the impulse of the popular wave, or be left behind on the beach to perish. Voluntary contribution, the main resource of the priest, must depend on his popularity.

‘A sturdy moralist will do his duty in despite of penury; admirable, and not to be looked for among the common herd of mankind, is the virtue which can withstand the menace of absolute want of bread. *The remedy for this defect in the present political system of Ireland should seem to be as easy as it is obvious.* But it is not for a private individual to suggest to our enlightened legislature *either the time, or the measure, in which such a remedy ought to be applied.*’—*Narrative*, p. 101.

His Lordship clearly alludes to a *State provision for the priests*; and thus the *very first* suggestion of this measure (except the obscure hints of some communication to Mr. Burke in 1792) appears to come from a Protestant Bishop—a strict Anglican, who had been Fellow of Dublin College, and whose opinion is entitled to additional respect, because it was the result not merely of general benevolence or abstract reasoning, but of actual and painful experience.

One of the greatest of living writers has said, emphatically, ‘on appartient à son époque comme à sa patrie;’ and this feeling is strongly indicated in almost every publication to which the circumstances of the present epoch have given birth. We have never known a case in which, judging from the publications which this question has produced, the literary mind of the country so unequivocally preponderated to one side. Every name of note, and every anonymous publication of any merit, are—we might almost say without a single exception—in favour of the payment of the Catholic clergy. Three of these have attracted more than ordinary notice. Dean Horsley’s testimony and proofs of his father’s early opinions on that matter must be of great weight with all churchmen. The author of ‘*The Past and Present Policy of England towards Ireland*’ (said to be Mr. Charles Greville, the Clerk of the Council)—with an entire absence of party spirit, great diligence of inquiry, considerable shrewdness of observation and deduction—makes what seems to us an irresistible case for the same policy; and although his acquaintance with the subject is evidently derived from books, and from books—Plowden, for instance—not as impartial as he himself is inclined to be; and although we do not concur in all his reasonings, and cannot follow him to all his conclusions, we can recommend his book as the

the best historical manual that we have seen of the whole Irish question.\*

Mr. Henry Drummond's letter to Sir Robert Inglis is also a remarkable production, though of a very different texture. Mr. Drummond is a man of the highest and purest character, of great talents and many accomplishments; but the keenness of his logic and the susceptibility of his feelings lead him to push every argument to its extreme—to drive the nail to the head, at the risk of splitting the material which he only meant to secure. He evidently has some personal knowledge of Ireland, and warmly advocates the Maynooth endowment, and what he considers its natural consequence—the payment of the clergy; but his regret, perhaps we might say his indignation, at the long postponement of conciliatory measures, carries him too far. Thus it is that his letter warns his old friend and 'brother Tory,' Sir Robert Inglis, not merely that the opposition to Maynooth may risk the existence of the Anglican and Scottish Universities—not merely that the further delay in paying the Irish Catholic clergy may endanger the Irish Establishment—but that *even now* the doom of those Universities and of that Establishment is *already* sealed—that, if we do not misunderstand him, even the most liberal and conciliating policy would now be too late to avert those great catastrophes; and that the time is come for surrendering, frankly and at once, these untenable objects of, on our side, a hopeless contest. It will be easily supposed that we produce such extravagant advice as a beacon, not as a guide—as the lighthouse on the rock, and not the lighthouse of the harbour. Agreeing, as we do, in the abstract, with most of Mr. Drummond's sentiments and principles, and even admitting that our position is one of instant difficulty and eventual danger, we cannot jump with him to such desperate conclusions; and can only regard his latitudinarian scheme of *pacification*—by surrendering the Irish Church establishment to Mr. O'Connell—making Dr. Pye Smith Dean of Christchurch, and 'John Burnet' Master of Trinity—as the boldest flight of political paradox that this paradoxical age has witnessed: but is it not at least a strong symptom that honest men and clever men are convinced that we cannot remain in our present timid and bewildered inaction with regard to the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland?

Mr. Drummond's error seems to be—that seeing tumult in one direction only, and hearing complaints on one side alone, he thinks that if he pacifies *them*, his happy task is accomplished: he forgets that there are two scales to every balance. He

\* It is, however, very strange that he does not notice the most remarkable fact of the whole history—Lord Francis Egerton's successful motion in 1825.

would gratify the million of Dissenters that would pull down the Universities, but forgets that this might not be altogether so gratifying to fourteen millions of Churchmen. He chooses to consider Ireland as exclusively Popish, and makes small account of a million and a half of Irish Protestants—one of the most intelligent and most resolute of the races of men—the descendants of three series of *conquerors*, who form, as we believe, an inexpugnable garrison in that—which has been for two, and three, and four centuries—their native land, and who are as ready and as able to defend their hereditary position as their brave ancestors were to acquire it. Mr. Drummond would only, to use an heraldic metaphor, *counterchange* the danger.

But is this balance of danger—these alternative theories of civil war—a state in which the British Islands can be permitted to remain? Are we to allow the integrity of this great empire to tremble on such a narrow and precarious basis?—to be liable to a fatal explosion from the indiscretion of an individual, as a powder magazine is at the mercy of an accidental spark? Such has been the description of the state of Ireland—from all sides—from every man. And has any one proposed a remedy—even a palliative—even a nostrum—except only the *provision for the priesthood*? That which at worst is only a high-priced lottery ticket, why should we not try? If it endangered one pinnacle of the Church—one battlement of the Constitution—if it involved the smallest recognition of any destructive principle—the slightest increase of danger to any existing institution—we should be as strenuous in resisting, as, with an opposite conviction, we are anxious to promote it.

Can we remain *as we are*? Is the law predominant in Ireland? Is life safe? Is property secure? Do the Government and the people stand towards each other in their natural relations of authority and subordination? Could the Sovereign, whose gracious presence is everywhere else as welcome as sunshine, venture to visit, without the risk of affront, that great division of her empire? And when we seek from the supreme legislature a remedy for this monstrous and disgraceful anarchy, we are answered by criticisms on Dens's theology, extracts from Bailly, and exposures of the filthy casuistry of Cabassutius.\* We are as

sensible

\* See the '*Times*' of the 5th May for some shocking extracts from the works of these schoolmen taught at Maynooth, and which, even under what Gibbon calls 'the obscurity of a learned language,' we wonder at the courage of that journal in publishing. They were so quoted in opposition to the Maynooth grant; on us they produced a quite different effect. We believe that these abominable mysteries can only be dispelled by the admission of light—by the diffusion of education; and that this cannot be accomplished but by a liberal and conciliatory system. There is at this moment going on in Paris a *Procès* in which these turpitudes, that conceal themselves under the abused name of 'Moral Theology,' are receiving (in one sense) a salutary exposure.

sensible as any of our learned and conscientious friends can be of the deleterious influences of this false theology, but our difference with them is this: they are satisfied with a controversial reprobation of the mischief, but *practically* they leave it in its full and even increasing intensity; while we, conscious of the futility of polemic disputations, are anxious, by a system of social conciliation, to soften that peculiar spirit of animosity which distinguishes the Irish from all the other Romish priesthoods of Europe—an unhappy distinction for which we can discover no other cause than that Ireland is the only country in which the State rejects all care of, and all connexion with, the clergy of the great body of the people. We conclude that no one—Catholic or Protestant, priest or parson, Whig or Tory—believes or even wishes that things can remain *as they are*.

What, then, is to be done? Are we to go backward, and re-enact the penal code? Are we to go forward, and repeal the Union? Is there any middle course? We see but one, and that one—thus become our last and desperate resource—is no other than the first and fundamental proposition upon which at the outset all parties were not merely agreed, but had actually pledged themselves by written stipulations. We really do not remember, in the annals of legislation and government, so extraordinary, so inexplicable a blunder as that we should have been, for half a century, building on the design of a great political architect, and lamenting and wondering at the insufficiency, the instability, and danger of the superstructure, without discovering that we had totally forgotten his foundation. All that is now left for us is to *shore it up*, and to execute as best we may, in 1846 or 47, what Mr. Pitt proposed in 1799, and which in a lucid interval of forty-eight hours the House of Commons adopted in 1825.

We reject altogether any idea of interfering with the property of the Established Church. The Tithes Commutation and the Church Temporalities Act (3 & 4 Wm. IV., c. 37) have effected such an alteration in the state of that property as to remove it from all direct antagonism with the Romish Church. We see in any attempt at a new distribution of ecclesiastical property such certain ruin to the whole Anglican Church, and so alarming a danger and disturbance of *all* property, that we decline to enter into any such discussion. We agree with Sydney Smith, that the expense must be

posured. A work called *Compendium Theologiae Moralis*, compiled for the use of the Romish seminary at Strasburg, under the superintendence of the archbishop, has happened to be brought into court, and been found to contain a tissue of equivocation, laxity, and obscenities, quite as odious as Dens, Bailly, or Cabassutius—in short, the most abominable falsehood and filth that we have ever yet seen in print. This revelation, made not wantonly, but arising out of a judicial inquiry, will, we augur, have a most salutary effect on what is called Moral Theology in the seminaries of the Church of Rome.

charged on the Consolidated Fund, whence all grants for education, police, charity, *Regium Donum*, and all the other duties of a Government towards its people, and of a people towards itself, are regularly defrayed. *There*, we at once say, or nowhere! We are aware that some strenuous Churchmen have been so indiscreet as to profess conscientious scruples against such an application of the general taxation of the empire; are they not aware that considerable numbers of Catholic priests are now maintained by general taxation—Catholic chaplains to workhouses, hospitals, and jails?—nay, that we exempt our Catholic soldiers from attendance on the regimental chaplains, and provide special masses for them at the public expense? And that nothing may be wanting to the absurdity in which this argument involves them, we find the celibacy of the Romish clergy, against which our XXXII<sup>nd</sup> Article is directed, is recognised and sanctioned by the Assessed Taxes Acts, which exempt from the additional charge on ‘*bachelors*’—‘*Roman Catholic Clergymen*.’ These facts seem to us conclusive both as to the principle of the grant and the mode of providing it. But we beg leave also to repeat the suggestion made by Sir Robert Peel, that before Churchmen venture to broach this principle of limiting general taxation by the scruples of individual consciences, it would be prudent to see whether their arguments would not inevitably and most inconveniently recoil upon themselves. If Anglicans and Presbyterians object to contribute to the support of the Roman church, Romanists might surely, with equal reason, object to the *Regium Donum* of the Presbyterians, or to the grants for additional Anglican churches, or what might they and the Dissenters have said to the million voted some years ago to the Irish clergy? In the Maynooth debate of 1840 Sir Robert Inglis, with less than his usual tact, made use of this double-edged and double-handled argument, which was immediately seized by Mr. M. J. O’Connell, who replied—

‘If the principle laid down by the Hon. Bart. the Member for the University of Oxford be adopted—if the grant be withdrawn on the grounds that it is unfair to tax the inhabitants of a country for the support of a religion in which they do not conscientiously believe—I am sure your proceedings will meet universal approbation in Ireland.’—*Maynooth Debate, 23rd June, 1840.*

It does not appear that Sir Robert Inglis made any reply to this suggestion, and we confess we do not see where he could have found one.

The *amount* of the grant is, as to the principle, nothing; and we do not think it need create any considerable alarm even to the *Chancellor of the Exchequer*. Mr. Goulburn, in the debate on Lord Francis Egerton’s motion in 1825, said ‘he did not think the sum of sufficient

sufficient importance to impede the measure, if it could be proved a beneficial one' (*Hansard*). With this view we lay before our readers a summary account of the state of the Roman Catholic church in Ireland, which we extract from a new almanac, published in Dublin for the first time last year, with the countenance, as it seems, of the Government, and which appears to us a very important and even startling sign of the times with reference to our present subject. The volume for 1845, now before us, contains more information about Ireland than we ever saw collected in one volume as to any country, and its arrangement and typography are creditable to the publisher; but its most prominent feature is its, as it were, official recognition of the Roman Catholic church in all its dignities and details. It gives in the first place a full and perfect account of the Established Church—its dioceses, chapters, and parishes, with the names of all the individual clergy under their respective places and denominations; and next follows an account similar in every respect of the Irish *Roman Catholic church*. Then also are given like details of the *Presbyterian church*. This to some readers may seem a small affair, and the *New Almanac* be as little regarded as the '*old*;' but we see in it a strong indication of a great change of public opinion in Ireland, and an advance of the Roman Catholic church out of that mystery in which she used to shroud herself—either from traditionary caution derived from the old penal laws, or, as we have rather thought, from a reluctance to subject herself in any degree to lay inspection: however that may be, she has now come forth into the face of day, and assumes a place amongst the constituted authorities of the country.

'The Roman Catholic hierarchy consists of four archbishops, whose sees are in Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam; and twenty-three bishops, the present see of Galway being, until lately, an exempt jurisdiction under a warden. The bishops are *nominated by the Pope* generally, out of a list of names submitted to him by the bishops of the province and the clergy of the vacant diocese. In case of expected incapacity from age or infirmity, the bishop names a coadjutor, who is usually confirmed by the Pope.

'Every diocese has a dean and an archdeacon; *the former appointed by the Cardinal protector* at Rome, the latter by the bishop; but these dignities are without jurisdiction or emolument. The whole of the clergy are *supported solely by the voluntary contributions of their flocks*. The episcopal emoluments arise from the parish in which the bishop officiates, from marriage licences, and from the cathedraticum—an annual sum varying from 2*l.* to 10*l.*, paid by each incumbent in the diocese.

'The parochial clergy, whose number in 1841 was 2145, are nominated exclusively by the bishop. Their incomes arise from fees on marriages, baptisms, and deaths, on Easter and Christmas dues, and from

incidental voluntary contributions either in money or labour. All the places of public worship are built by subscription.'—*Irish Almanac and Official Directory*! p. 337.

We have seen that Lord Francis Egerton gave an estimate of the expense contemplated by his plan, which we have reason to believe was furnished to his Lordship by high Catholic authority,—the 'Edinburgh Review' for January, 1844, states that it was suggested by Mr. O'Connell,—and as his Lordship's proposition passed the House of Commons by a very considerable majority (as numbers ran on those questions in those days), and as it never was rescinded, but only dropped by his Lordship on the defeat of the Relief Bill, there can be, we hope, no impropriety in supposing that Parliament may again pass a similar vote, and in offering some observations explanatory of that scale.

Our first observation is, that the celibacy of the Roman Catholic clergy makes so essential a difference between them and the Protestant clergy in domestic expense—the education of children, and a provision for them and for widows, whether made by life insurance or otherwise—that the liberality of the grant cannot be measured by a mere comparison of sums, and that Lord Francis's scale *ought* to be quite satisfactory. It is very nearly twice as much as is allowed to the Roman Catholic hierarchy of France; for we find in the last Ecclesiastical Budget the following scale: 1 archbishop of Paris, 1600*l.*—14 other archbishops, each 600*l.*—65 bishops, each 400*l.* The inferior clergy, in number above 32,000, are ranged in different classes—canons, parish priests (*curés*), and curates (*desservans*)—to whom the highest stipend is 60*l.* There are some supplemental allowances which are supposed to raise the stipends of the archbishops to about 800*l.*, and of the bishops to 600*l.*, and they also receive some allowance to defray the expenses of their first appointments; and there is for certain superannuated parish clergy a small retired allowance. Lord Francis's scheme is magnificence compared to all this. We should wish, however, to see some slight amendments on his scale: for instance, some distinction might be made in the incomes of the archbishops of Armagh and Dublin—for the first, on account of his primacy; for the latter, of the more expensive residence in the capital; and so we think the bishops of Cork and Down—the latter residing in Belfast—should have something more than the bishops of less expensive dioceses. In one report of Lord Francis's speech his estimate for deaneries is stated at 400*l.*, and in another at 300*l.*; we should adopt these sums as the extremes, and allot them to two classes of deans. With regard to the parish priests and curates, we see that the actual number exceeds by about 150 his calculation: that would make an addition of from 10,000*l.* to 15,000*l.*

These

These additions would perhaps be covered by his Lordship's original estimate of 250,000*l.*; but suppose that the whole expense were to amount in round numbers to 300,000*l.*, it falls short by a fourth of 400,000*l.*, the sum proposed by Sydney Smith, who probably had not looked accurately at the numbers; and we are satisfied that Mr. Goulburn would still say, in 1846 as he did in 1825, that, *'if the measure could be shown to be a beneficial one,* the sum itself was not of sufficient importance to impede it.' It is curious and not unimportant to observe, that even the extreme sum of 300,000*l.* is exactly the amount remitted this session in the *Auction Duty!* and we may add that the value, even at the present high prices, of the annuity of 300,000*l.* would be ten millions—half the amount that we were willing to pay for effecting the slave emancipation of our West India Islands. We presume we need not insult the feelings and understandings of the country with one word more on the objection of finance—Oh, what an economical and profitable *expense* that would be!

But suppose it passed—would the priesthood accept it? We believe they would—and *immediately*—if presented to them, as we trust it would be, in a way not to compromise in any degree either their personal independence or their religious liberty. The State of course would be entitled, and indeed bound, to demand sufficient securities for the fitness of the person, and the due execution of the duty, such as the Roman Catholics of Ireland have already offered, and such as the Church of Rome concedes to all other—even Protestant—sovereigns. The Government can desire no unworthy influence over the Roman Catholic clergy, but on the other hand it cannot submit that the Crown of England should be treated with a less respectful and honourable confidence than other Protestant States. As the Government would probably make no new demand whatsoever, and be content with such regulations as are already conceded to other powers, these and such like mere points of business might, we presume, be arranged without creating scruples in any sincere mind. But we doubt whether it would be expedient to embarrass the individual members of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy by asking their *previous assent* to the arrangement;—it should be treated, not as a matter of negotiation between parties, but as the authoritative execution of a great administrative duty on the part of the Government—a provision which the parties might *take or leave* as they should think proper. The best way perhaps would be to grant the sum in general terms, on certain general conditions, to such of the clergy as should be entitled and willing to accept it, with perhaps the specification of the classes of clergy—archbishops, bishops, deans, priests, and curates—to whom it was to apply, and fixing

fixing the maximum and minimum of each class; but in all other respects leaving the details to be adjusted by Her Majesty or the Lord Lieutenant in council;—but with two provisos—that any increase of the numbers should be defrayed out of the original sum by a proportionable deduction from the class in which the increase is made;—and that in case any individual clergyman should at any time decline to receive the allotted stipend, the same should be paid to the fund of Charitable Bequests, and employed either towards a *specific* endowment for the particular diocese or parish filled by the person so declining, or for general purposes, as might be thought most expedient—permitting always the party to withdraw his refusal, and to receive the stipend for the current and, if due, one antecedent year. A difficulty has been suggested which at first sight has some importance, but is really of little. We are told that the Roman Catholic Church will always feel humiliated if its prelates are not called to the House of Lords—that without this there can be no perfect equality. We have many answers to this proposition—one will suffice: if Romanist bishops were, like the Anglican bishops, absolutely nominated by the British sovereign, and acknowledged his supremacy, they might then invoke the principle of equality; but that not being the case, we see no more right in the Pope to make a spiritual lord than a temporal one. As to introduction into the *British* legislature, the *Romanist* prelate has no *locus standi* whatsoever.

The advantages that we anticipate from an arrangement of this nature would be of great variety and incalculable extent. In the first place, as to the Roman Catholic clergy themselves—their comfort, their independence, their respectability must, if they be not an unhappy exception to our general experience of human nature, be greatly increased; and temper, manners, and literature would surely manifest a corresponding improvement. Elevate the condition of the priest, and you will elevate his character—improve his education, and he will improve that of his flock—enable him to associate with the *gentry* of the country, as his sacred office entitles him and as his improved views will probably incline him to do, and we shall soon see him adopting their tone, entering into their feelings, and becoming, as he ought to be, a medium of conciliation and charity, instead of being, as he now generally is, the type of repulsion and the focus of animosity. Let it not be said or thought that we deal harshly with that clergy in supposing that they need improvement in these points. We say no more of them than we are convinced we should have to say of a Protestant clergy, if we could imagine them to be selected from the same inferior classes—educated in the same dark penury, and condemned to pass their lives in the humblest society, and to obtain

tain a scanty and precarious subsistence by begging from beggars. We really think that a Roman Catholic priest who should be tolerant of the Protestant Church and loyal to a Protestant Government, must be little less than a miracle of forbearance and charity! We therefore not only ask you in the name of justice to *redress this great wrong*, but we warn you by every motive of policy to *avert this great danger*.

Depend upon it that this is, to the Romish and the Protestant Church, a *common cause*. Establishments strengthen establishments; endowment supports endowment; and we are firmly convinced that the most protective laws which the most favouring legislature could devise to guard the Protestant Church in Ireland, would be weak and ineffective in comparison with such a recognition and establishment of the Roman Church as we advocate. As surely as we may confide in the scriptural axiom that 'wisdom is a defence and money is a defence,' so surely will this joint application of money and wisdom be a defence to the Established Church. But should we be mistaken—should the Roman Catholic priesthood continue dissatisfied and perverse, and the Roman Catholic population continue turbulent and disaffected, and agitation continue audacious, and the Hall of Hibernian conciliation continue a focus of political incendiarism,—suppose, contrary to all experience and reason, that this state of things should continue—in what respect shall we—the Anglican Church, Irish Loyalists, and the British Government—be weakened or damaged by this great and liberal effort at conciliation? What we propose gives no additional *power* whatever to the Roman Catholics: we have, in truth, none left to give—they have it all—by the elective franchise in 1793—the endowment of Maynooth in 1795—commissions in army and navy in 1817—the general emancipation in 1829, and the Municipal Corporations Acts of 1840. We know nothing of political power that is withheld, except the Crown and the Great Seal; and the only effect of the payment of the priests would be, to set up against the abuse of that political power the moral influences of education and public opinion, and at no further sacrifice but that of a sum equivalent to the *Auction Duty*! Every point involving principle has been long ago conceded, so that it is now almost a mere question of money—(of which, by the way, the *Romanists* would contribute their quota)—hush-money Mr. O'Connell may call it. And if it were hush-money, would it not be well applied?—but in fact it is in no other sense hush-money than that the diffusion of liberal education and personal comfort may naturally be expected to explain misunderstandings—assuage animosities—promote mutual charity, and tend to the peace and prosperity of our common country. So that should the experiment fail, we shall be *practically*

cally in no worse situation than we are, for we surrender nothing; and *morally* in a much stronger, because public opinion will give us credit for the ample liberality and zealous sincerity of our attempts at conciliation. We may then appeal to the judgment of impartial mankind whether the fault will not be that of the Roman Catholics exclusively, and whether on them must not fall the responsibility of whatever other measures may be necessary for the pacification and civilization of Ireland: for *Ireland must be pacified!* And our readers will be pleased to bear in mind, that all over Europe, but especially in the more enlightened Roman Catholic countries, there is a large and influential Romanist population disposed to regard practical questions of this sort from anything but an ultra-ecclesiastical point of view.

It was public opinion—the slowly but at last decidedly altered opinion—of the most influential classes of the *British* people that emancipated the Roman Catholics. The same British feeling, that the Irish Roman Catholic Church is unjustly dealt with, is even now the mainspring of Mr. O'Connell's power: if he were not supported by the sympathies of England for his humiliated Church and its starving peasantry—if he stood on his own personal grounds, parading in the melodramatical mummeries of Tara of the Kings or Mullaghmast of the Martyrs, the mock-fight of Repeal—he would be extinguished as easily and as completely as Hunt, or Frost, or any other occasional imitator of Jack Cade. His strength is in our disunion—in the simple fact that the Conservatives are still divided as to this great question of Irish policy—and we have no doubt that the final completion of Emancipation, which we now venture to recommend, would at once be felt to alter the point of view of all those who, with real attachment to the Constitution in Church and State, have hitherto been found to sympathise with the complaints of the Irish Roman Catholics:—that it would unite the public opinion of England against all further agitation, and would either conciliate Ireland into a state of spontaneous tranquillity, or would strengthen the hands of Government for the immediate extinction of wanton and causeless agitation. We do not say that there would not be a violent opposition to the measure. Mr. O'Connell would, no doubt, see in it the destined overthrow of his domination—the inevitable destruction of his power; and he might be for a season successful in defeating its full accomplishment. It is difficult, as we have said, to estimate the possible extent of party frenzy—more so that of fanaticism—most of all that of party and fanaticism at work together on that excitable people; but we are satisfied the resistance would be but for a season. There is no such specific cure for either party or fanaticism as *pounds, shillings, and pence*. The fever

fever will be observed to intermit more and more decidedly at every quarter-day; and as to 'repeal of the Union,' or 'sympathy with America,' or 'intrigues with France,' he would be a bold agitator indeed who should venture to broach any such abominable topics, to the possible interruption of the aforesaid annuity of 300,000*l.*, duly transmitted in four quarterly payments by the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street to the other older and more venerable Lady in Ireland, whose temper, manners, and feelings in her own household and towards her neighbours will be wonderfully improved by a more intimate acquaintance with 'the elegant simplicity of the *three per cents.*,' which, even more than

'Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes—  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.'

In conclusion, we rest our opinion and our advice on two broad, and, as we think, indisputable principles: first, that an *alimentary provision* for the clergy ought not to be by reasonable men confounded with, on the one hand, any approbation of their spiritual tenets, or, on the other, any invasion of their spiritual independence; and secondly, that, however important might be the benefits conferred by the proposed endowment on the Irish Roman Catholic clergy and people, they would be in every view secondary to those which may—even now—be anticipated for the Protestant Church, the Protestant gentry, the Protestant population, and generally for ALL the Protestant interests of Ireland—with which those of England and the empire are indissolubly connected. In no other view or hope has it received our humble advocacy.

As we are writing these closing lines, we have heard a piece of Foreign Intelligence that appears to us to bear with great force on the subject we are discussing. Everybody knows that *Austria* is the most Roman Catholic state of Europe—more Roman, we might say, than Rome herself; and that the Protestant Church is there tolerated under something of the same kind of voluntary system that the Romanists are in Ireland, though rather better regulated. The stipend of the minister is raised by an assessment on the Congregation, which, although professedly voluntary, has sometimes, '*after many fruitless exhortations addressed to the consciences of the reluctant parties,*' to be ultimately enforced by authority.\* We have just heard that it is believed in the best-informed circles of Vienna, that the Emperor, by the advice of his great and wise minister Prince Metternich, is about to grant a STATE PROVISION to the PROTESTANT clergy of his Empire. Will this unexpected yet opportune lesson of liberality, justice, and sound policy be lost upon us, as the advice of ALL our own statesmen for the last

\* Turnbull's *Austria*, ii. 106.

half century has been? Will England, who prides herself on having been the first parent and most faithful guardian of the civil and religious liberties of mankind, persist in a system so contradictory of all her own principles, and of which even despotic governments are growing afraid or ashamed? We trust not. But of this we are assured, that there can be neither peace in Ireland, nor safety for Protestant life, property, or Church, until we shall have created in the Roman Catholic clergy a beneficial interest, as all other classes have, in the tranquillity and prosperity of the country, the efficiency of the Government, and the maintenance of the Union.

While this is passing through the press we receive an account of a frightful event which affords an additional proof that *something* must be done to protect 'Protestant property and life in Ireland.' On Sunday the 22nd of June, Mr. Booth, a magistrate of the county of Cavan, attended divine service in the church of Kilmore, and was driving home about two o'clock in the day, in an open carriage, accompanied by his three boys—two in the carriage and one on a pony—when a countryman came along the road smoking his pipe with his arms folded over his breast, and as soon as the carriage had passed, he turned *short round* and shot Mr. Booth through the head, who fell dead on the spot. The horse took fright and overturned the carriage, and the wheel broke and mangled the arm of one of the children. As soon as the murderer had fired he jumped over the hedge and walked *quietly away*, still smoking his pipe, and reloading his pistol.

The high sheriff of the county, Mr. Bell, and his lady were walking on in front, with a servant fifty yards distant. The servant stopped the runaway horse, and drove off to the nearest town for medical assistance and to alarm the police. The sheriff, who is suffering under partial paralysis, was unable to pursue the murderer, but he and Mrs. Bell both called to *many people on the road*, 'There's the man—follow him!' but the *men laughed* and continued their way, saying 'they had no fire-arms, and did not want to be shot.' So the murderer escaped, and has not since been heard of. In telling this shocking story, the 'Dublin Freeman's Journal,' although a violent Repeal newspaper, adds,

'What the motive is which instigated this assassination we cannot form the most distant idea, for a more kind, tender-hearted, upright gentleman did not exist; BUT HE WAS A PROTESTANT, AND A MAGISTRATE.' *A Protestant and a Magistrate!* Mortal crimes! What could words add to the awful warning of such facts as these?

THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I. — *Du Prêtre, de la Femme, de la Famille.* Par J. Michelet. 5<sup>me</sup> Edition. Paris, 1845.

THIS is perhaps the most remarkable of the countless pamphlets and volumes called forth by the great religious controversy now raging in France; remarkable not only from the character and position of the author, whose manner of writing, with all its excellences and defects, is here displayed in singular distinctness; but also as revealing more fully the real nature of the contest, the aims of the conflicting parties, the moral force at the command of either, the principles of (we fear) their irreconcilable hostility. Not, indeed, that we have any clear statement of M. Michelet's own religious views: his manifesto is sufficiently distinct on the points against which he wages war; on his terms of peace he is silent, or vague. His work begins with these sentences:—'Il s'agit de la Famille.' In other words, the domestic happiness, and we will add (supposing M. Michelet to state the question fairly), if the domestic happiness, the virtue, of France is at issue. 'The home' is in question—that asylum in which after all its vain struggles and disappointed illusions the heart would fain have repose. 'We return weary to our fireside—do we find repose? We must not dissemble; we must frankly avow the real state of things. There is within the family a serious difference; the most serious of all. We may converse with our mothers, our wives, our daughters, about subjects on which we converse with indifferent persons, on business, on the news of the day—but not on subjects which touch the heart and the moral life, on eternity, religion, the soul, and God. Take the moment when it would be most delightful to withdraw yourself with your family into some common subject of thought and feeling, in the quiet of the evening, around the family board. There, in your own home, by your own fireside, do you venture to speak on these subjects? Your mother shakes her head in sadness, your wife contradicts, your daughter shows her disapprobation by her silence:

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‘ silence: they are on one side of the table, you on the other, and alone. One would suppose, that in the midst of them, opposite to you, is seated some invisible person, to controvert all you say. Do we wonder that such is the state of the family? Our wives and daughters are brought up, are governed, by our *enemies*:—the enemy, M. Michelet explains himself with unhesitating frankness, is the priest!

If we were about to throw ourselves headlong into this conflict, we should be much disposed (our readers must excuse the levity for the aptness of the illustration) to adopt in serious earnestness the prayer of the honest Irishman, who rushed into the thick of an irresistible fray, shouting, ‘ God grant I may take the right side!’ Such, however, is not our design; we have enough to do to keep the peace at home, without embarking in our neighbours’ religious quarrels. Yet the Christianity of the whole world is bound together by deep and untraceable sympathies; it has many common interests, even where the interests appear most adverse; many secret influences emanate from the most hostile forms of faith, which bring them into the most strange and unexpected relationship. There is an unity among the lovers of peace and true Christian love, which places men of the most opposite and conflicting views together upon a calm and commanding height. The same principles are at work under the most despotic and most democratic forms of Church polity. In the Free Church movement in Scotland there is a strong Hildebrandine element—and Ireland claims the right of resisting the infallible authority of Rome, when Rome would command peace and order. The great abstract question of education by the Church or by the State, is of universal interest: the incorporation or the dissociation of religion from the general system of instruction. Yet the manner, and even the principles on which the position and influence of the clergy in that system will be discussed, will depend on the circumstances of each country. In France, at present, the Church proclaims itself the advocate of full liberty of education; the University rests its exclusive claim on what it asserts to be the public weal, the actual constitution, and the genius of the better, and more French part of the people; on its nationality as established after the revolution. The clergy assert their right to open schools and seminaries upon the broad principles of religious freedom;—their opponents disclaim all hostility to true religion—but in report, in novel, and in treatise, denounce the irreclaimable Jesuitism which, openly and contrary to law, is endeavouring to obtain possession of the public mind; and which if not the boast (*nous sommes tous Jésuites*), has been the incautious admission of at least one ardent writer.

Is then the Christianity on which M. Michelet, and those who think and feel with M. Michelet, would open as he asserts their inmost hearts to their mothers and their wives, but on which the stern voice of the priest interdicts all sympathy, communion, and harmony—is this the religion—we say not of the Gospel in our high Protestant sense, but—of such a more rational and practically spiritualized Roman Catholicism as it were the worst arrogance of exclusiveness to deny might be imagined to arise, not by rudely rending off, but by quietly dropping the more unevangelic doctrines, and the haughty pretensions irreconcilable with a more enlightened age: such as might arise in the Church of Bossuet and Fenelon, purified in the fire of revolutionary degradation and suffering, taught wisdom and humility by the sad remembrance of times when Christian faith and Christian feelings were alike extinguished; conscious of its own delinquencies (for the Church of Fenelon, of St. Vincent de Paul, was the Church of Dubois and Rohan); above all, national as becomes the Church of a great nation; intelligent as becomes that of an intellectual people; without the dishonest concession or compromise of one true Christian principle, but with no needless opposition to the state of the public mind; a purely and sublimely moral and religious, not a turbulent political power?—Is it religion with any depth and vitality, with any definite creed, with any commanding authority over the conscience, with any active zeal, any sincere love of Christ and his faith in its purity? Is it more than a something cold and negative—the fastidious or indignant repudiation of the follies and superstitions of an antiquated faith—more than a conscientious aversion, justified by profound historical inquiry, for the evils of the *Confessional*, with its manuals of all imaginable and unimaginable crimes; for the *Direction*, with its dangerous intimacies and morbid excitements; the ultramontane pretensions of the clergy, and their revival of all the frauds and puerilities of mediæval miracle? What religion, what Christianity, would M. Michelet propose in place of that form of the faith which he considers absolutely irreconcilable with the state of the male mind in France? What power, what influence would he leave to the priest? what should be his intercourse with the family? what his social and political position? To us the writer's lofty phrases of 'the modern spirit, of liberty, and of the future' (de l'esprit moderne, de la liberté, et de l'avenir), convey no clear sense; but they are coupled with some significant and ill-boding expressions about *democratical* sermons, which M. Michelet appears to hail as the only hope of improvement in the clergy. Now we must assert our impartial aversion to democratic as well as to absolutist ser-

mons. If, as a distinguished partisan of the church party has boldly declared, it is a contest between the sons of the Crusaders and the sons of Voltaire, we must be permitted to hold our sympathies in abeyance. We are as little disposed to that Mahometan fire-and-sword Christianity, as to the anti-Christian philosophism of Ferney.

We are bound, indeed, to acknowledge that it would be the height of injustice to represent M. Michelet, the historian, as an infidel writer, or even as hostile to Roman Catholic Christianity. The strong charges of inconsistency which are brought against him are his fullest exculpation. Striking and eloquent passages from his History in favour of the monkish system, the power of the Papacy, the celibacy of the clergy, are adduced in triumphant refutation of his arguments in the present controversy. But even if these passages expressed the mature and deliberate opinions of M. Michelet, occurring as they do in their proper historical place, with reference to a remote age and a totally different state of civilization, we must pronounce them utterly irrelevant, and without any legitimate bearing on the present question. We take the opportunity of protesting against the watchful industry with which every attempt to treat the Papacy and the religion of the Middle Ages with fairness and sound philosophy, is seized upon as an extorted concession of Protestant prejudice to the power of truth; as an unwilling homage to the majesty of Rome; as an approximation, worthy of every encouragement, to a recognition of the perpetual supremacy, the irrepealable sanctity of the whole creed and all the usages of Papal Christianity. As if any form of Christian belief was without its beneficial power; as if any amount of engrafted human invention could absolutely obscure the blessed light of Christ's faith: more especially a form of that faith so wonderfully, we will venture to add providentially, self-adapted to the dark ages, as that great Papal system, which it is as impossible to contemplate without awe, and even admiration and respect, as without gratitude that in his good time God was pleased either to shatter it to the ground, or to allow it to sink into natural decay and dissolution.

But this, in truth, is a writer whom we scarcely think it fair to bind down to the full meaning of his own most forcible and brilliant passages. M. Michelet is an historian of a very peculiar character, and in some of the qualifications of that noblest literary function, unrivalled or almost unrivalled in the present day. He is profound and indefatigable in research; in his composition he has a singular felicity of arranging and grouping his facts almost in a dramatic form; some parts of his narrative pass like scenes before the imagination; he has practised skill and at times consummate

summate success, not merely in the description, but in the impersonation of character; he has wonderful power in throwing himself back into other periods, and environing himself as it were with all the incidents of the time—he lives, and makes us live among the men, and the deeds, the passions and opinions of each successive period: and the age too lives again; it is M. Michelet's boast, and no ungrounded boast, constantly to renew its actual, peculiar, characteristic life. But in all these points it is the ambition of M. Michelet to be *always* striking. From his diligent, and, we believe, conscientious study of the old chronicles and records, he is constantly picking out, usually with judgment, always with acuteness, the slighter discriminating touches or incidents, the epigrams as it were of history:—but on these he often lays very undue stress. He is so perpetually straining after the drama, and poetry, and romance of history, as sometimes almost to leave out the history itself. Instead of the calm and equable flow of the historian, rising occasionally to majesty, or stooping almost to familiarity, according to the character of the facts which he relates, we have a succession of lively and picturesque chapters, in which after all we find it difficult to trace the course of events. M. Michelet, in short, is often a brilliant writer on history, rather than an historian. He will not accuse us of estimating his ambition too low, when we say that he aspires to be the Shakspeare and Walter Scott as well as the Livy and Tacitus of French history: but there are two other unlucky weaknesses in M. Michelet, which even our sincere admiration of his genius must not permit us to disguise—one a dreamy sentimentalism, the other a claptrap adulation of national vanity, to which neither the English dramatist nor the novelist condescend, though possessing the privilege of poetry and romance. From the first they were preserved by their masculine good sense, from the latter by the quiet consciousness of English greatness. Of M. Michelet's peculiar style and taste the volume before us abounds with striking illustrations; but in those extracts for which alone we shall trespass on the '*Prêtre*,' we must be extremely guarded and careful. We are far too serious on such subjects to pursue throughout this history of spiritual flirtation, especially connected as it is with such high, and we believe blameless names, in the satiric and glowing manner of our author. What present justification M. Michelet may have for thus withdrawing the veil from the Confessional, from the intercourse of the Director with his spiritual charge, and from the perilous workings of religious Quietism, we feel no temptation to inquire; but there are two grave and solemn questions on which this book  
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and this whole controversy cannot but fix every reflective mind and on which we shall presume to offer a few, but we trust, dispassionate, observations: the importance of the *Family*—of domestic virtue and happiness—to the peace and advancement of Europe, especially of France; and the relation of the Christian clergy to their people. With these two questions is connected a third, the celibacy of the clergy—a subject which abroad is assuming no inconsiderable importance even in the Roman Catholic Church; and as may hereafter appear, is not altogether without reviving interest among ourselves.

It may sound trite, even to puerility, that in the present social condition the *Family* is the sole guarantee for the stability of the State. In the powerlessness of government in the western countries of Europe, there is one great counterpoise to that anarchy which is perpetually impending from the ambition, the insubordinate passions, the means of agitating the public mind through the press, and even from the talents, eloquence, and greatness of those adventurers of society, who are constantly, at every hazard, even of the peace of their country, at every sacrifice, even of their own happiness or their own lives, determined to force their way to distinction. This is the solid and substantial weight of those whose family ties bind them to social order. The husbands and the fathers are the true conservatives; their wives and children are hostages for civil peace. The youth who is loose upon the world is a republican by nature; he has all to gain and nothing to lose by political confusion. In France the history of the country has been almost a long revolution since 1789: and every great general and distinguished statesman has pushed his way to fortune by his energy and talents, because all barriers were thrown down before energy and talent. And that this revolution should not continue: that the future history of France should not be like that which Louis Blanc has written—or rather that which Louis Blanc would wish to write—not a succession of republican abortions, of wild conspiracies against all order and government, of Saint Simonianism, Fourierism, and every other strange scheme for the complete regeneration, as it is called, of society—nay, still worse, of actual convulsion and sanguinary strife: that the political condition of France and of other countries who are or may become like France, should rather be the salutary agitation of constitutional government, the ardent but not reckless collision of well organized parties, formed on recognized principles, and nobly striving for ascendancy—not an eternal anarchy, a chronic state of dissolution, till the weary world yearns for the peace of some strong despotism—the one guarantee for all this, under God, is the  
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Family—the Family bound together by strong love, and consciously holding its happiness upon the tenure of public order. If there be any truth in M. Michelet's statement that this source and pledge of peace, the Family, is threatened by the intrusion of a dissociating, not harmonizing religion; if the influence of the priest is producing a wide and general estrangement between the sexes (*les prêtres—les envieux naturels du mariage, et de la vie de famille*); if the men in opinion, in sentiment, in sympathy, are all on one side as to the most momentous questions which can occupy the understanding and the heart, and the females on the other; the only consolation will be that such a state of things cannot endure; that parents and husbands will assert their power and authority, and a general insurrection of the better feelings will repel the invader from the sanctuary of domestic happiness. But how fearfully will this reaction operate upon religion, thus brought into collision by its unwise apostles with all the holier and better feelings of mankind! Nor is this domestic virtue and happiness in France of light comparative hazard. Of all things it is most difficult to estimate the comparative morality, in certain points, of different countries, or that of the same country at different periods. But for the first time in later French history (must we not ascend almost to St. Louis for an earlier precedent of this moral phenomenon?) the Court of France has set the high example of domestic virtue. We profess to be utterly and happily ignorant of the scandal of the upper orders in Paris; but that men of observation, and not entirely secluded from the world, can be ignorant of such things, is in itself evidence of a great change. At what former time has not Europe rung with the deeds of the accomplished and shameless *mignons* and *roués* of Paris? The statesmen whom we could name as examples of every amiable as well as of every high and honourable virtue may not fairly represent their whole class; but at least that class is not represented by the Richelieus and so forth of old. Notwithstanding the noisy and extravagant enormities in which the drama and romance of Paris delight to revel, we believe that domestic virtue has greatly advanced both in the upper and the middle classes—the bourgeoisie (according to M. Louis Blanc, the actual rulers of the country)—since the Revolution. The security of property, no doubt, is with this class another great guarantee against political confusion; but it is the Family which adds weight and sanctity to property; and both are embarked in a common cause by common interest.

Such being the tremendous hazard—the domestic harmony and happiness, and with the domestic harmony and happiness the domestic morals, and with the morals the only firm security against  
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an eternal succession of revolutionary movements—is there any real ground for the jealous apprehensions of M. Michelet and his followers? Is the religion now struggling to regain its lost ascendancy the enemy, instead of the harbinger of peace? Would it enter into the family, not to purify and elevate, but to disturb—not to soften, to refine, to assert the dignity and authority of the primary domestic relation, but rather to weaken or paralyse that which in the Roman Catholic Church is the holy sacrament of matrimony? Is it hostile only to the godless and frantic doctrines of Jacobinism, or to that real advancement in freedom and civilization which is the better sense of that pregnant word ‘progress?’ This is the practical absorbing question, far more than any one connected either with the doctrine or ritual of the Church; it is with the moral working on society that society at least is most concerned.

Let us look, therefore, at the converse of this statement; let us hear the pleadings on this delicate point from the opposite side. Has real religion found its only repose in those who, as their sensitive being more profoundly needs its consolations, in every age have been its most successful teachers; who have converted heathen kingdoms, and reared up the best and wisest of the Christian saints? Is the wife the object of the especial care of the priest, because she alone has her heart open to the sacred persuasives of the faith—and with the apostolic aim, that the unbelieving husband may be sanctified by the believing wife? Is it so, *not* in order to ‘lead silly women captive’ to foolish or harassing superstitions, but that the legitimate influence of woman may be employed in subduing by the sweet lessons of maternal religion that anarchy of fierce passions to which (if the modern romances have any touch of reality) the youth of Paris, and those who crowd from all parts of France to all-engulphing Paris, are cast forth in perilous freedom; and that social anarchy which is constantly threatened by the conflict of these individual anarchists? Is it the noble, the Christian ambition of the clergy thus to introduce a counterpoise to the still dominant irreligion of the present instructors and leaders of the public mind? Is it, to be more particular, through one parent at least, to prepare the young mind for the dangerous and, as it is asserted, un-Christianising ordeal of the college or the university? Is it to fight the great battle of the faith in the only field where it can be fought with success?—where the evil is so deeply-rooted, to strike at the root of the evil? In a word, is it the humanizing, and socializing, and immortalizing spirit of true Christianity, which is thus gradually to be infused into the ill-cemented fabric of society; or is it only the galvanic life of Jesuitism, which after some

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strong and painful paroxysms will give back the weary body to incurable dissolution and decay?

Time alone will show the issue of this conflict, in which we have no intention to engage as partisans, still less the presumption to offer our mediation. But the occasion tempts us, in a spirit altogether undogmatic and uncontroversial, to enter (at far less length indeed than such topics would require) on some questions, which we are persuaded are of the greatest importance to mankind; on which depends the true development (a word much misused) of our religion, at least in its moral and social energies; its wonderful power of self-accommodation to all the inevitable changes in the manners, habits, and opinions of mankind; its predicted authority 'even unto the end of the world.'

The nature of the religion to be taught, and permanently to be maintained throughout Christendom, does not depend altogether on the abstract and speculative doctrines, or on the ritual of the Church, but on the manner of the teaching also—in other words, on the relation of the clergy to the people. What then, above and beyond their great and undeniable function of officiating in the church and at the altar, of conducting the rites, and administering the Sacraments, is that proper superintendence of the heart and soul of each individual under their charge, which they can assume, in the present state of society, with safety to themselves, with blessing to mankind?

We are inclined, at the risk of every suspicion of prejudice, and without dissembling the defects and abuses inseparable from every system, which must be carried out by men of every degree of zeal, conscientiousness, or fidelity, to consider the *theory* of the Church of England as that which for the present state of the Christian mind is nearest to perfection. This *theory* of course breaks up all vast overgrown parishes into smaller practicable circuits, or at least supplies them with ministers of religion answerable to their extent. The theory we apprehend to be this:—that in every parish (besides the general pastoral care of the clergy over the education of the young) every mature and reasonable Christian should have a clergyman, whom he can consult under all religious doubts, and even moral difficulties, which may perplex his mind; that he should command his presence in sickness and on the death-bed; that whenever he needs advice or consolation he should be sure of receiving it with affectionate promptitude, and with profound interest in his welfare: but that in ordinary cases the Christian should be governed entirely by his own conscience—that conscience of course awakened and enlightened by the regular exhortations from the pulpit, or even private and friendly admonitions, administered with discretion. The Confessional, we cannot  
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be too devoutly thankful to Almighty God, has never been part of the Protestant English ritual. And it is, perhaps, the gravest practical question raised by M. Michelet's work whether the Confessional will be long endured by Roman Catholic France. We perceive indeed some yearnings in a certain school among ourselves after this practice;—at least after that which promises the sacerdotal power, which they covet, but which they cannot obtain by more legitimate means, the priestly absolution. But though here and there, from that passion for novelty which disguises itself under reverence for ancient usage, it may acquire some votaries; though even in the form of religion the most opposed to everything which is thought popish, something very congenial may creep in, as the confidential relation of 'experiences' to the favourite preacher; yet the jealous household seclusion of English manners will secure us from any great or dangerous abuse of this influence. The Englishman would repel the private entry of the clergyman, if he thought his visits too frequent or assiduous, as he would that of the Queen's officer, from the inviolable castle of his home.

The age of the *confessional*, of spiritual *direction* according to the sense which it bore during the Jesuit dominion over the human mind, is gone by. It is fatal to the clergy, whom it invests in power too great for mortal man—in power, when assigned to an order gathered from all classes and characters of men, destructive of proper religious influence:—and no less fatal, we are persuaded, to pure Christian morality and to high Christian virtue. There is, to our calm judgment, a primary and irremediable incompatibility with the true rules of Christian responsibility in this absolute assumption of dominion on one side over the inward being of our fellow, and the surrender of it on the other. The great broad principles of Christian law and of Christian duty can never be mistaken. The healthful conscience, in the general conduct of life, even in the discharge of religious service, ought to be its own sufficient guide. It is as sure a symptom of mental or spiritual disease to be constantly consulting the priest, as of bodily malady or valetudinarianism to be constantly consulting the physician. There are fearful, painful, miserable sicknesses of both mind and spirit; and in God's name let them have all which skill, and gentleness, and wisdom, and Christian consolation and instruction can bestow. Let the mind which is afflicted by racking doubt have the pious adviser to satisfy its fearful questionings. Be there the learned divine to grapple with wayward scepticism—with the daring desperation of the unbeliever. Let those perhaps more dangerous doubts which arise from redoubled and extreme affliction—the maddening and wicked thought of the  
injustice

injustice of God in seemingly assigning all His blessings to one class, all wretchedness to another—be allayed by wise and tender argument. Let remorse for crime take counsel on the best means of reconciliation with God—of restitution, or of reparation for injury to man; let sorrow never want the sympathising prayer, the soothing exhortation; let the house of sickness be visited with kindly and regular consolation; the death-bed be smoothed by the hand of Christian hope and peace. But foster not habits of irresolution and dependence; keep not the mind in a fretful state of anxiety; teach man consciousness in his own strength—that strength which God will give to all; encourage no one to surrender himself as the subject of morbid moral anatomy—to have the hand perpetually on the religious pulse, or the probe in the most vital parts. It is still worse if this intercourse degenerates, as it often will, into a form. The priest, if at times more rigid, punctilious, and exacting to the anxious, will at times be too easy and compromising to the more careless. Confession on one side and absolution on the other become acts of religious courtesy, and there is so much facility in discharging his debts that the penitent is careless how soon or to what extent he may accumulate a new score. The security which it gives must be as perilous as its most cruel austerity.

The mental and spiritual childhood of man is passed—let him learn to go alone as a moral and responsible being. The clergy must be constantly supplying motives and principles for self-government, not assume to be the executive of human action. Among the savages of Paraguay that might be a wise and beneficial government which, were it possible, would be destructive to religion itself in Europe. All attempts, in Jesuit phrase, *emmailloter l'âme*, will not merely be an utter and ridiculous failure, but a signal disruption of all the salutary restraints of religion. This is at best, even when administered neither with harsh nor harassing severity, nor as dangerous facility, but a religion of awe; its votaries may submit to the severest mortifications, but it is because they are enjoined; they may make the most prodigal sacrifices, pour their whole fortune at the feet of the priest—but it is desperate prodigality, wrung forth by fear; its obedience is servile; it is usually the dread of man rather than of the Maker—the stern rebuke, the terrible interdict of the human voice rather than that of God within the conscience. It may anticipate and prevent much crime and vice; it may incite to what is called virtue; but the virtue altogether wants the dignity of being free, spontaneous, unforced; it is the tribute of the slave, wrung from him by a despotic satrap, not poured by voluntary love and homage at the feet of the King of kings.

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Each of these objections would require to be wrought out into a long and careful chapter. We must look to history, which speaks with sufficient distinctness, and to those other sources of authentic information which have ventured to betray the secrets of the Confessional. We must look around us at once with calm and dispassionate inquiry. Among the English Roman Catholics, the confessional is kept under, as it were, by the dependence of the clergy upon the laity—by that rigorous good sense which is part of the English character, and which cannot but be maintained by the constant presence of a rival faith. In Ireland, however it may seem ineffective or lenient as to crimes of blood, it is generally acknowledged, as regards the relations of man and woman, not merely to be irreproachable, but highly beneficial: we are willing to believe that it is so. In southern countries the result is far different: the fearful revelations in the early life of Mr. Blanco White are strong enough as to Spain. M. Michelet may colour darkly as to former times in France, yet is his colouring untrue? It is when we thus come to its practical workings on a refined and dissolute state of society, that we feel still more the necessity, yet the difficulty, of confining ourselves within our appointed limits. The subject, to do it complete justice, demands a long historical induction. When men in general were children, the clergy alone men, there might be some better excuse for this perpetual interference of parental authority. But in countries where we presume not to say from national temperament, but from civil convulsions, in general fatal to morals, or from unknown causes, dissoluteness of manners prevails to a wide extent; there it would be no liberal courtesy, but a base abandonment of truth, to disguise our convictions of its irremediable, unavoidable tendency to the deepest demoralization. When we see it stimulating human passions—passions expressing themselves in that ambiguous amatory language which applies equally to earth and heaven, but still betraying the lower nature even in the presence of such stainless men as St. Francis de Sales or Fenelon (look at the words of Madame du Chastel, quoted by Michelet), or even before the awful Bossuet himself—we almost tremble to imagine what it must have been at the command of the worldly, the ambitious, the sensual and unscrupulous priest. Even where it did not perhaps especially and peculiarly corrupt the clergy, did not the confessional in certain hands lower the general morality of nations? Did it not frame a system of evasion, of compromise, of equivocation, at which Christendom stood aghast? For the Confessional is the parent of all those huge tomes of casuistry which now repose in ponderous slumbers on the shelves of ecclesiastical libraries, but which are ever distilled into small manuals—even now, we lament

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to say, placed in the hands of the younger clergy. This casuistry, as M. Michelet justly observes, was addressed to the world when it was reeking with all the foam and mire of the civil wars. 'There you read of crimes which probably were never committed but by the terrible soldiers of the Duke of Alva—or those Companies, in the thirty years' war, without country, without law, without God—*vraies Sodomes errantes dont l'ancienne eut eu horreur.*' This is among the strongest points of the Anti-Jesuit party; and if the clergy of France make common cause with—if they do not disclaim—this education of the priestly mind in the theory of all possible or impossible criminality, the moral indignation of mankind will shake off their yoke as a pestilence. Books of very recent date have been forced upon our notice (one bearing the name of the bishop of an important see), of which we write with the calmest deliberation, that if a husband or the father of a family knew a priest, a young priest, to have had his mind and memory infected by them, and did not spurn him from his door, he would be guilty of a sin against the God of purity—of a wicked and cowardly abandonment of his most sacred duties. Those who are but partially read in this controversy will find enough in a work of M. Libri. It is in vain to defend these publications, either as necessary or as mere harmless and traditionary speculations. One of the books which we have seen is made still more offensive by being adapted to modern use by a surgeon, who asserts that all the advanced medical knowledge on every part and condition of the human frame is indispensable to the priest. Even if any one of such inconceivable monstrosities as these works coolly conceive were to be revealed, by confession or otherwise, to a priest, and his natural and Christian horror of such things did not at once direct him how to act, such a case should be reserved for the bishop, and kept in deeper than religious silence.

But if such learning be so perilous to the priest's own inward sanctity—what is it when brought into contact with penitents of every age and moral condition, and of either sex—when, profoundly instructed in such a manual, the priest proceeds to scrutinize the secrets—perhaps of a delicate female heart?

'Et ce jeune prêtre, qui d'après vous croit que le monde est encore ce monde effroyable, qui arrive au confessionnal avec toute cette vilaine science, l'imagination meublée de cas monstrueux—vous le mettez, imprudents! ou comment vous nommerai-je, en face d'un enfant qui n'a pas quitté sa mère, qui ne sait rien, n'a rien à dire, dont le plus grand crime est d'avoir mal appris son catéchisme, ou blessé un papillon.'—p. 24.

This is the deep original sin of the whole system. That it  
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compels the minds of all, young as old, the tender maiden, whose light heart is as pure as the summer fountain, to dwell on thoughts from which they ought to be diverted by every lawful means; and not to dwell on them only, but to give them words, and that to a person of another sex. What she would scarcely dare to utter to her mother, to herself, is, with but a thin wooden partition, to be whispered, but distinctly whispered—and that not now to a hoary and venerable prelate, not to a monk pale with fasting and emaciated with study and prayer, and bowed to the earth with premature age—not to one who retires again with her secret to his lonely cell—but one in the full vigour, it may be, of manly beauty, whom she meets at every corner of the street, perhaps in her common society, and as a welcome guest in the quiet saloon of her own home.

M. Michelet sets forth with his usual graphic power, and at least with that probable truth which may suggest serious reflection, another scene (his pamphlet, like his history, is all scenes) in which a devotee, not quite so ignorant of the world, may pass from one excitement to another:—

‘Quel lieu, je vous prie, plus puissant que l’église sur l’imagination—plus riche en illusions, plus fascinateur? C’est l’église justement qui ennoble l’homme, vulgaire ailleurs, qui le grandit, l’exagère, lui prête sa poésie.

‘Voyez-vous cette solennelle figure qui, sous l’or et la pourpre des habits pontificaux, monte avec la pensée d’un peuple, la prière de dix mille hommes, au triomphal escalier du chœur de Saint Denis? Le voyez-vous encore, qui sur tout ce peuple à genoux, plane à la hauteur des voûtes, porte la tête dans les chapiteaux parmi les têtes ailées des anges, et de là lance la foudre?... Eh bien! c’est lui cet archange terrible, qui tout à l’heure descend pour elle, et maintenant doux et facile, vient, là-bas, dans cette chapelle obscure l’entendre aux heures languissantes de l’après-midi! Belle heure! orageuse et tendre (et pourquoi donc le cœur nous bat-il si fort ici?). Comme elle est déjà sombre cette église! il n’est pourtant pas tard encore. La grande rose du portail flamboie au soleil couchant.... Mais c’est toute autre chose au chœur; des ombres graves s’y étendent, et derrière c’est l’obscurité.... Une chose étonne et fait presque peur, d’aussi loin que l’on regarde; c’est, tout au fond de l’église, ce mystère de vieux vitraux qui, ne montrant plus de dessin précis, scintillent dans l’ombre comme un illisible grimoire de caractères inconnus.... La chapelle n’en est pas moins obscure; vous n’en distinguez plus les ornements, les délicates nervures qui se nouaient à la voûte; l’ombre s’épaississant arrondit et confond les formes. Mais, comme si cette chapelle sombre n’était pas encore assez sombre, elle enferme dans un coin l’étroit réduit de chêne noir, où cet homme ému, cette femme tremblante, réunis si près l’un de l’autre, vont causer tout bas de l’amour de Dieu.’—pp. 204-206.

We have done some violence to ourselves in quoting this passage, of which, however brilliant, we can neither altogether approve the spirit or the tone; but it furnishes a conclusive argument. Where such men can write fearlessly and unrebuked, at least by any *dominant*, we say not universal, feeling, of the confessional in such language, is it not a sign that its authority, and therefore that its use, has passed away? If not awful, it must be dangerous, or worse than dangerous. It is idle to denounce, as some may be inclined to denounce, the irreverence, the sacrilegious insolence, the impiety of such writers; the page is read from one end of France to the other: and how large a part of France will hail it as the vivid expression of its own sentiments! Can the confessional regain its awfulness in the face of such remonstrance—be that remonstrance just or not—with the historic certainty that in the Church of Rome itself it is but of recent date? For though confession is as old as Christianity, the compulsory confession to the priest was first enjoined by an authoritative decree in the pontificate of Innocent III.\*

Christianity must never be degraded to a mere moral law; it must never for an instant forget its loftier mission of making the Invisible visible; of raising the soul far above this sublunary sphere: but while it is above, it must not be against the moral sentiment, the enlightened moral sentiment of mankind; it must harmonize with it jealously, severely, and without suspicion. Priestly influence may silence it, may pervert it, may substitute for it some other absorbing impulse; but the indissoluble wedlock of Christian faith and perfect morals cannot be long violated with impunity. Christianity has not emancipated woman to submit her to another dominion than that of her husband.

But the influence of the Confessional is nothing to that of the *Direction*. The confessor receives his penitents in the church, at appointed hours; the director, at his own time, in the private house:—

‘Au confesseur on dit les péchés; on ne lui doit rien de plus. Au directeur on dit tout, on se dit soi-même et les siens, ses affaires, ses intérêts. Celui à qui l’on confie le plus grand intérêt, celui du salut éternel, comment ne lui confierait-on pas de petits intérêts temporels, le

\* With the author of a book which has just reached us, ‘*De la Confession, et du Célibat des Prêtres, par Francisque Bouvier*,’ we would both willingly augur, and devoutly pray for the increasing influence of the Pulpit, rather than of the Confessional. This work, though of considerable ability, and with much knowledge of the subject, is not written in the calm tone, or with that severe accuracy of learning which is demanded in this grave controversy. The quotations are strangely loose, some of the references incorrect—almost all to author or volume, without chapter or page. In one place, among the authorities cited is Tripartite (p. 414); a newly discovered ecclesiastical historian—we presume, an impersonation of the ‘*Historia Tripartita*.’

mariage de ses enfans, le testament qu'on projette, etc. ? Le confesseur est obligé au secret ; il se tait, ou devrait se taire. Le directeur n'a point cette obligation. Il peut révéler ce qu'il sait, surtout à un prêtre, à un autre directeur. Supposons dans une maison une vingtaine de prêtres (ou un peu moins, par égard pour la loi d'association) qui soient les uns confesseurs, les autres directeurs des mêmes personnes ; comme directeurs, ils peuvent échanger leurs renseignemens, mettre en commun sur une table mille ou deux mille consciences, en combiner les rapports ; comme les pièces d'un jeu d'échecs, en régler d'avance les mouvemens, les intérêts, et se distribuer à eux-mêmes les rôles qu'ils doivent jouer pour mener le tout à leurs fins.'—p. 225.

It is this *Direction* which, withdrawing confession from its last control—the solemnity of the church—from the partial publicity, the dignity of a sacred ceremony—introduces into the family one that is not of the family, but who rules it with despotic sway ; who knows more of the intimate thoughts of the husband than the wife, of the wife's than her husband ; who has an authority greater than that of the parent over the child, because the child intuitively feels that it is the Director, not the parent, who determines everything. Thus all that is delightful in affection, its spontaneity, is checked and chilled ; mutual confidence passes through the intervention of a third person ; love itself becomes timid and surreptitious—it has lost all its free and unrestrained effusion. It is now no longer the eye of God, whose eternal providence is watching over the development of the affections, the growth of the individual moral being, and the reciprocal influence of members of a harmonious family upon each other ; but the prying, curious, sleepless, importunate, inevitable eye of a *man*—who is present in the most intimate intercourse, hears every word, coldly watches every emotion ; whom habitual hypocrisy vainly attempts to elude, and habitual servitude only can satisfy. This assuredly is a temptation to spiritual tyranny to which human nature should not be exposed. A Rodin is the inevitable consequence of the system. The confession, too, of one must involve the conduct of others : thus it is an universal delation by a religious police, with an espionage in every family. The director is to the wife another husband, to the friend a more intimate friend, to the statesman far more than his secretary, to the king nearer than his minister. This direction, though not confined to the Jesuits, was the great secret of the Jesuit power ; and, no doubt, of the Jesuit ruin. It would be a curious speculation how far the decrepitude of the old royal families of Europe, which led to the triumph of the French revolutionary principles, may be traced to *direction*. Hereditary malady, no doubt, in many cases surrendered the enfeebled sovereign, without resistance, to this secret domination ; but it is a melancholy truth, that in scarcely any instance did this close religious superintendence

superintendence restrain, we say not the follies, but the grosser vices of these kings. Trace it from the soft and easy rule of Father Cotton down to the Père Tellier, down to the accommodating directors of Louis XV., and throughout almost the whole line of Spanish Bourbons. While even this poor advantage—poor as far as their subjects were concerned—was not obtained, the affairs of the kingdom were left to upstart favourites made or unmade by this secret influence—or they were abandoned to total neglect. To maintain that power—that sovereignty above the sovereign—that abasement of the temporal below the spiritual dominion—which the Gregorys and Innocents sought by the bolder means of direct aggression, of haughty pretension, of spiritual force and violence, but which was far more fully exercised by being behind the throne rather than above it—what sacrifice could be too great? Christian morality went first: had not Pascal, with his fearless irony, forbade the divorce, it would have been complete. Monarchy, which ceased to rule, fell into contempt. The whole mind of Roman Catholic Europe, which by an education, cold, minute, laborious, Jesuitism strove to engross and keep down to a dead level of mediocrity, woke up suddenly, opened its wondering eyes, and mistook the brilliant meteor of the Voltairian philosophy for the sunlight of truth. Religion itself, without the poetry of the older Catholicism, or the more severely reasoning faith of Protestantism, which this order had been inculcating from the cradle to the grave, on the peasant, on the sovereign—to which they had been endeavouring to enslave literature, arts, philosophy—was suddenly found dead. With all the rising generation—as it would have seemed—at their disposition, they had not a man of talent or vigour to stand in the breach: it was as if their triumph had smitten the whole Church with barrenness. While this vast spiritual police seemed omnipotent as omnipresent—while by every kind of intrigue, by correspondence throughout and far beyond the civilized nations, by a free-masonry which communicated with the rapidity and the secrecy of the electric telegraph, it appeared to rule the world, it was put down, as it were, by acclamation. The suppression of this wonderful Society—for wonderful it was in its rise—in its progress to almost universal dominion—in the extraordinary characters of its first founders—in its reconquest of half Germany from Protestantism, in its foreign missions, which, after astonishing Christendom with their boasted success, were disclaimed by more than one Pope, as compromising the truth and the purity of religion;—their suppression is the evidence of their utter weakness in what appeared their hour of strength: they were still directors of half the consciences in a large part of Europe, when they were at once and contemptuously

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discharged. The Pope was compelled to abandon them; and the only protectors they found were the English (with whom they had entered into some questionable commercial relations in America), that pious Christian Frederick of Prussia, and the virtuous Empress Catherine!\*

We return to the relation of the clergy to the people. Of all the manifold blessings we owe to the Reformation, the greatest was that which restored the minister of Christ to his position as a citizen and as a man; the abrogation of the celibacy of the clergy; the return from that monastic Christianity, which from the fourth century had held out a false model of perfection, to genuine primitive Christianity.

Believing, as we implicitly do, the whole monastic system to have come originally not from the shores of the Jordan, but from those of the Ganges—not from the foot of Carmel or Lebanon, but of the Himalaya; believing it to be founded on a false philosophy—the malignity of matter, and in consequence the sinfulness of everything corporeal; believing it to be a dastardly desertion of one half of our duty under the pretence of exclusive devotion to the other—the utter abnegation of one of the great commandments of the Law, the love of man; believing it to be directly opposite to the doctrine of our Lord, who seems designedly to reject the example of John the Baptist as applicable to his disciples; believing that the one or two passages in the New Testament which can be thought to tend that way relate merely to the dangerous and afflicting times of the primitive Christians; believing that the perfection of Christianity is the active performance of duty, the devotion, the dedication of every faculty of body and of mind with which we were endowed by God to the identical cause of God and human happiness; believing it to be inconsistent with any pure and lofty conception of the Godhead, and of the true dignity and destination of man; believing it to be low and selfish in its object—superstitious and degrading in its practices—at best but a dreamy and indolent concentration of the individual upon himself under the fond supposition that he is in communion with God—or the degradation of our better faculties to coarse employments, which there are and must be coarse natures enough to fulfil;—yet, with all this, we hesitate not to do justice, and ample justice, to individual monks, to monasteries, and to monasticism itself. In their time they have doubtless wrought incalculable good—good which could not have been wrought without them. The monk, because he has been a monk—at least, because he has not been encumbered with earthly

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\* See the curious recent volume of M. St. Priest.

ties—has been able to rise to the utmost height of religious self-sacrifice, of Christian heroism in the cause of God and of man. The monastery, at least in the West, has been the holy refuge of much human wretchedness, driven from the face of a hostile and inhospitable world—of much sin, which required profound and solitary penance—of much remorse, which has been soothed and softened. They have taught industrial habits to rude and warlike tribes, and fertilized deserts; they have been the asylums of learning and the arts, the schools from which issued the most powerful intellects throughout the middle ages. Of their inestimable services, especially of the Benedictines, to letters, what lover of letters would not be afraid lest he should speak with less liberal gratitude than justice would demand?

So, too, the celibacy of the secular clergy—imperfectly as it was enforced, and perseveringly resisted or eluded, and therefore constantly producing the evil of practice inconsistent with theory, of life at war with the established laws—nevertheless, in its time, produced much collateral and adventitious good. It was not merely that the missionary priest, as well as the missionary monk, was better qualified for the great work to which he had devoted himself, by being unincumbered with amiable weaknesses and with sympathies which might have distracted the energies of his heart and soul; but there was a more profound policy than at first appears in the stern measures of Gregory VII. to seclude the clergy from mankind. Not only was an unmarried clergy a more powerful instrument for the advancement of the Papal sway, and an aristocracy necessary to maintain the great spiritual sovereignty, which he aimed to set up above the temporal thrones of Europe; but in the strong hereditary tendencies of the feudal times, a married clergy would have become an hereditary caste, and finally sunk back, bearing with it the gradually alienated endowments of the Church into the mass of each nation. But this view requires far more than a passing sentence, and more indeed than all which hereafter we shall be able to bestow upon it.

However it may appear to some of our readers, this whole question of the monastic Christianity and the celibacy of the clergy is by no means idle and irrelevant at the present hour. Our Ecclesiadotaters are not content with the cathedral—they are looking back with fond and undisguised regret to the monastery; they disdain the discomfited surplice, and yearn after the cowl and the scapulary. When we have men not merely of recluse and studious temperament, with the disposition and habits of the founder of a religious order, revelling in subtleties of the intellect like an old schoolman, with a conscious and well-tried power of captivating young minds by the boldness and ingenuity of religious paradox;

but those too who have known the sanctifying blessings and the sanctifying sorrows of domestic life, not *as yet* indeed condemning the marriage of the clergy, but holding up monastic celibacy as a rare gift, an especial privilege of God's designated saints, assuming the lofty indignation of insulted spirituality against those who utterly deny the first principles of this doctrine—it may be time to show even hastily and imperfectly the grounds on which the English Church has deliberately repudiated the whole system.

Among other startling publications of the day, Mr. Albany Christie (still we believe a professing Anglican) has lately given us a tract on Holy Virginity, adapted from St. Ambrose, for modern use—a mystic rhapsody in the worst style of that most unequal of the ancient fathers, strangely, and we must take the freedom to say, comically mingled up by the translator with allusions to modern manners. The boldness with which the authority of Scripture is dealt with in this little work is by no means the least curious point about it, considering that it is unscrupulously, no doubt from *reverence*, as proceeding from a holy father of the church, reproduced at this time. 'Consider,' we read, 'that they were virgins who, in preference to the Apostles, first saw the resurrection of the Lord.'\* Now we read in St. Luke that it was Mary Magdalene and Joanna, and *Mary the mother of James*, and other women that were with them, which told these things unto the Apostles (xxiv. 10). As all biblical critics know, there is some difficulty in harmonising the accounts of the Evangelists as to the coming of the women to the sepulchre; but without entering into the question about Mary Magdalene, besides the maternity of the other Mary, we read of Joanna that she was the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward; and Salome (who is named in St. Mark, xv. 40) was probably the mother of Zebedee's children! But the Song of Solomon furnishes the great persuasives to Holy Virginity,—

'*My locks,*' saith he, '*are filled with the drops of night*' (Cant. v. 2). Upon his head the razor came not, he is the Prince of Peace, and steel is the sign and implement of war, therefore are his locks unshorn; and they are filled with the drops of the night, the meaning of which we have already seen, even the dew of the Holy Spirit, which refreshes the parched and weary soul, watering the dry and sun-baked soil, that it may bear fruits of holiness. But we must not haste too fast: his locks are, as of a holy Nazarite, unshorn, the razor hath not touched his head: yet how unlike the ringlets of the wanton daughters of fashion, dressed with crimping pins, curled and plaited with a hireling's art, divided hither and thither with minutest care, redolent with luxurious perfumes and scented oils; these are not ornaments but criminal devices; not the modest head-gear of the virtuous maiden, but impure allurements to un-

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\* Tract on Holy Virginity, derived from St. Ambrose, p. 7.

chaste thoughts and enticements of a soul, if not a body, the victim of prostitution. These haughty daughters of England, who walk with outstretched necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, despise the degraded and wretched woman whom deceit has lured, or agonising poverty has driven from the paths of virtue; think you that their virtue would be proof, if the fear of public infamy were withdrawn against the deed of sin, when now so many acts imply that the thought of sin is no stranger to their minds?—p. 31.

So, according to this new treatise on the ‘Unloveliness of Lovelocks,’ (pardon this approximation of Old Prynne and St. Ambrose,) all young ladies who curl their hair, or have their hair curled by ‘a hireling,’ are in heart no better than the outcasts of the Strand!

‘Shun then, Christian virgins, the public walks, shun the places of public concourse; shun the hot ball-room; the *worldly bazaar* (the more worldly because hypocritical); the fashionable watering-places; ay, and the Church of God, which should be the house of prayer, but which is made the scene of man’s display and man’s idolatry, where Christ’s little ones, the poor and wretched, cannot (for delicacy and pride exclude them) come to worship.’—p. 18.

This, if we could be amused by such things, would be an amusing confusion of modern-antique notions and antipathies. St. Ambrose may possibly have had a convent chapel to send his recluses to; but are the young ladies of the new school not to go to Church at all—because, to the horror of Mr. Christie, they may find it necessary to sit in *pews*?

It is singular that these monastic notions, even partially and timidly admitted, seem to produce an indelicacy and even grossness of thought and sentiment, which in the most innocent gaiety of manners, and in the most harmless amusements, can see nothing but the deepest and most shameless corruption. *Omnia munda mundis* may be a doubtful adage, but *omnia immunda immundis* is irrefragable. The whole series of ‘Lives of the Saints,’ in language severely pure, perpetually shows a coarseness of thought, we are persuaded more dangerously immoral than works of a far lighter and far less rigid tone.\* We mean not only those perilous adventures in which almost all their knight-errants of monkish valour are tried—and from which they take refuge by plunging head over ears into cold water; and all the other strange conflicts with *dæmons*, who seem to have a peculiar spite against this especial virtue.† We dread the general effect of these writings  
on

\* We suppose most of our readers are aware that the ‘Lives of the English Saints,’ publishing in small monthly numbers, were started with a preface by Mr. Newman—and are generally considered as having been designed to supply the place of the suspended ‘Tracts for the Times.’ We have before us a dozen of these numbers.

† See some small but clever tracts, called ‘Modern Hagiology,’ in the first of which

on the minds of young men, aye, and young women too; for we have no doubt that the beauty and simplicity with which a few at least of these very unequal biographies are composed—the singular skill with which every thing which *is*, is depreciated, and every thing which *has been* is painted in the most captivating light—the consummate artifice with which the love of novelty is disguised under a passion for ancient and neglected truth—will obtain some female readers. We dread it because throughout these writings the minds of the pure of both sexes, and especially of that which is purest by nature and by education, by innate modesty and tender maternal watchfulness, are forced to dwell on thoughts which recur frequently enough, without being thus fostered by being moulded up inseparably with religious meditation. The true safeguard of youthful manners is the sensitive delicacy which restricts from tampering with such subjects; the strong will which dismisses them at once, and concentrates itself on other subjects, on the business of life, on intellectual pursuits, or even on sports or exercises: but here by this one conflict being represented as the great business of life, as the main object of spiritual ambition, no escape is left open; it does not naturally recur, but is hourly and momentarily recalled; the virtue we have no doubt is often rendered absolutely unattainable by the incessant care for its attainment.

This—almost beyond their perilous tampering with truth, and endangering of all faith, by demanding belief in the most puerile miracles, as though they were Holy Writ, or at least insinuating that there is no gradation in the sin of unbelief—and we must add a most melancholy hardness and intolerance—will confine the influence of these new hagiologists to a few, and those the younger readers, who will hereafter become wiser.

There is a passage in the ‘Life of St. Gilbert,’ which, profane and uninitiated as we are, we read with a shudder. The author is speaking of certain dreams which determine the saint absolutely to forbid himself the sight of a woman. After an allusion, to our feelings most irreverent, to the Virgin Mary, he goes still further; with, as usual, either a real or a studied ignorance of the meaning of the Bible. ‘He who was infinitely more sinless by

which, p. 10, et seq., are some significant extracts (such as we hardly dare venture), and some sensible observations on the language of these stern asserters of the strictness of what they call Catholic morals. As this writer says—‘A saint according to ——— teaching is plainly a person of no ordinary degree of natural viciousness, and of unusual and almost preternatural violence of animal passions. His sanctity consists mainly in the curious and far-fetched ingenuity of the torments by which he contrives to keep himself within the bounds of decency.’ The example is that of St. Cuthbert, a bishop, who, when he went to hold holy conversation with the abbess St. Ebba, took the precaution to cool himself every night “by standing up to his neck in the water, or in the chilly air!”

grace,

grace, even by nature impeccable, because he was the Lord from heaven, he has allowed it to be recorded that his disciples wondered that he talked with a woman.' That his disciples did not wonder at his talking with a woman, but at his talking with a *woman of Samaria*, what simple reader of the gospel will fail to perceive? (John iv. 27; compare verse 9.) How many other passages in our Lord's life utterly refute this false monastic view of his character! Who are said to have 'ministered to him?'

We must add one or two extracts,—but they shall be passages of the more harmless sort.

'Holy virginity is no less a portion of Christianity than holy penitence; and the denial of the virtue of the one most certainly impairs the full belief in the other.'—*Life of St. Gilbert*, p. 49.

The reader may not be prepared for the proof of this axiom—'for the communion of saints and the forgiveness of sins lie close together in the Creed'!! Again—

'They who deny the merit of virginity leave out a portion of Christian morals. . . . The Bible'—this writer acknowledges—'says nothing about monks and nuns; but it says a great deal about prayer, and about taking up the cross. It is quite true that the cross has sanctified domestic affections, by raising marriage to a dignity which it never possessed before; and yet human affections are terrible things; love is as strong and insatiable as death; and how hard is it to love as though we loved not; and to weep, as though we wept not; and to laugh, as though we laughed not! Happy are they to whom human affections are not all joy; the mother has her cross as well as the nun, and it will be blessed to her. Happy they who have to tend the sick bed of a parent or a friend; they need seek no further, they have their cross. Yet happiest of all is she, who is marked out for ever from the world, whose slightest action assumes the character of adoration, because she is bound by a vow to her heavenly spouse, as an earthly bride is bound by the nuptial vow to her earthly lord.'

For ourselves we rest content with the Christian perfection of the Bible. According to the plain principles of that book, we believe that the most 'enskyed and sainted nun' (in Shakspeare's beautiful words) is as far below, in true Christian perfection, we will say the mother of St. Augustine, or the wife who sucked the poison from her husband's wound, even, in due proportion, as he who went into the wilderness to him who 'went about doing good.' Who will compare the 'fugitive and cloistered virtue' of the recluse with that of the sister of charity? Yet will the virginity of the latter weigh in the Evangelic balance one grain in comparison with her charity?

Another writer is not content with elevating the unnatural state, but must depreciate those natural affections, to be 'void of which,' we have high authority to believe, is no safe condition.

'After

'After casting our eyes on the holy rood, does it never occur to us to wonder how it can be possible to be saved in the midst of the endearments of a family, and the joys of domestic life? God forbid that any one should deny the possibility!—but does it not at first sight require proof, that heaven can be won by a life spent in this quiet way?'—*Life of St. Stephen Harding*, p. 113.

We will tell this unhappy man that there is more true religion, more sense of God's goodness, more humble resignation to his chastening hand, from the sight of one living, or the grave of one dead child, than in years of fasting and flagellation.

We repeat that we have not the least apprehension of the ultimate, or even the extensive success of these doctrines here; their only bad effect will be to make a few young men very miserable, very sour tempered, and very arrogant; and on the other hand they may perhaps prevent some early and imprudent marriages.

But abroad, in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, murmurs both loud and deep are again heard against the law of celibacy. It is not only the priest Ronge, who has absolutely seceded from the Church of Rome, and appealed to the good sense and truthfulness of Germany against the seamless coat\* of our Lord, which in the nineteenth century the Archbishop of Treves thought fit to exhibit, and which in the nineteenth century was visited by above a million of worshippers. The clergy of Baden some years ago published a deliberate argument, to which a reply † was made by the late Professor Möhler, the author of the *Symbolik*; a reply written with his usual ability and polemic skill. Even in his own Church, the arguments and authority of this distinguished logician have had little or no effect in suppressing these opinions: they are day after day gaining ground. But we may be sure that Möhler would be accepted by all moderate and learned Roman Catholic writers as in every respect qualified to do justice to his cause. Möhler's great argument is, that the Church has the right not merely to lay before those whom she exalts to the dignity of the priesthood, but to exact, as a qualification for that dignity, the highest ideal of Christianity. But this assumes the point at issue. If it be not the ideal of the Sacred Writings—if it be the ideal

\* Two German Professors at Bonn have published a curious tract on this seamless coat of Treves and the *twenty* other seamless coats, the history of which they have traced with true German perseverance and erudition. It is a calm disquisition in an excellent tone; its historico-theological learning relieved by quiet irony. It is somewhat amusing to find that the Infallible Gregory XVI. issued a Letter, asserting the authenticity of the seamless coat of Argenteuil, not remembering that the Infallible Leo X. had asserted the authenticity of that of Treves; while other Infallible Pontiffs have given their approbation to the list of relics in the church of St. John Lateran, where there is a third. 'Rom hat gesprochen'—say our Professors.

† The tract is reprinted in Möhler's '*Gesammelte Schriften*,' i. band, pp. 177–267.

of a false philosophy not recognised by the Sacred Writings, but almost universally dominant in the intellectual world, into which Christianity passed almost immediately after its first complete publication—and if that false philosophy be now utterly discarded from the human mind—the conclusion is inevitable.

It may be assumed that the great ideal truth, which distinguishes any system, will pervade that system throughout; that if not objectively prominent in every part, it shall be found in its depths, wherever we sound them; that it will be, if not uniformly and explicitly, perpetually implied; that it shall be not casually and incidentally noticed, but fill that place which becomes its importance; and, above all, must be in perfect harmony with the rest of the revelation. But for this principle, upon which the ideal dignity of celibacy rests, the monastics can refer only to two insulated and ambiguous passages in the whole New Testament.\*

This is the more remarkable, if it was not a new truth, of which the primary conception dawned as it were upon the world under the new dispensation. Notions absolutely uncongenial with the state of the human mind, might, according to the customary dealings of Divine Providence, have been introduced with caution, if we may so say, bordering on timidity; but this would hardly be the case with questions which might seem to await a solemn and indisputable decision from the new teacher of righteousness.

The great question of the superiority of the celibate and contemplative state over that of marriage and of active life—the philosophy or theology, whichever it may be called, which proscribed marriage, and exalted celibacy, as withdrawing the soul from the pollution of malignant matter,—had already made its way among the Jews both of Egypt and Palestine: it was the doctrine of the Essenes and Therapeutæ, who, even if we do not allow them to be the parents, were at least the types and the forerunners of Christian monachism.

That such tenets had already grown up among the Jews we have the historical testimony of both the two great Jewish writers of the times—of Josephus and Philo (to say nothing of Pliny and others)—testimony absolutely unquestionable. And that such tenets, so directly opposed to the law, the history, and the actual predominant state of Jewish feeling, should so have grown up, is in itself very extraordinary, and shows the wonderful power which these tenets possessed of seizing and enthralling the human mind. The Priesthood, the High Priesthood itself, was hereditary; the

\* We say two, because, though often quoted, the third (Rev. xiv. 4) is, to our judgment, clearly metaphorical: it is not physical pollution, but the pollution by idolatry which is meant. See Rosenmüller *in loco*, or the common Family Bible.

Levites were in no way exempt from the great duty, in some respects the positive law, of continuing their race; throughout the Old Testament we have no trace of the sanctity of celibacy: barrenness in all women was a curse; and this feeling (for who might not be mother of the Messiah?) still in general prevailed among the Jews. This part of the Essenian doctrine was the strongest proof of the growth of foreign opinions. This therefore was a point on which the new religion would, it might be expected, authoritatively pronounce, if accordant with its design; accept with distinct approval, define with precise limitations, make it in fact an integral and inseparable part of the faith. Such it was when it became the doctrine of the Church, after several centuries: it was then virtually and practically a part of the religion. A Jovinian or Vigilantius of the fourth century might appeal to reason or to Scripture against it; but even they would hardly deny that it was a dominant tenet in Christendom.

But even that highest sanction, our Lord's own conduct in the choice of his disciples, was wanting to this tenet. The chief of his apostles, St. Peter, certainly had no claim to this ideal perfection; nor does there appear the least evidence in the Gospel, that up to a certain period, either by his language, or by his preference of those who possessed this qualification, the Saviour had inculcated, or even suggested, any belief in its superior sanctity. The one occasion on which he spoke on the subject was that related in the 19th chapter of St. Matthew. Questions had been brought before him relating to marriage and divorce. The purer and more severe morality of our Lord condemned without reserve that fatal facility of divorce which was permitted by the less rigid Pharisaic school. Adultery alone, according to his commandment, dissolved the holy and irrevocable marriage tie. But his disciples, bred, it should seem, under the laxer system, appear to have clung strangely to the easier doctrine. Their doubts assumed the following form:—'If this be the case, if marriage be so inflexible, so inexorable; if the wife is to be dismissed for no lighter cause, for no other vice, men would be wise not to load themselves with this intolerable burthen.' To this our Lord appears to reply:—All persons are not capable of refraining from marriage. Some are especially designated by the divine will for this peculiar distinction; some are born disqualified for marriage; others are made so by human art; others, from some religious motives, disqualify themselves. For all sound interpreters concur in taking this disqualification not in its literal sense, but as a voluntary abstinence from marriage. At first sight it might seem a natural interpretation, as our Lord speaks in the present tense—*there are, not there will be*, those who in expectation of  
the

the coming of the Messiah (for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake) abstain altogether from marriage—that he might in fact have alluded to those of the Essenes, or the other hermits, who, according to Josephus, had retired to solitary cells in the desert: and in them the great dominant expectation of the coming Messiah was at its sublimest height. The absorption of the soul, as it were, in this act of faith; the entire devotion of the being, with the sacrifice of the ordinary ties as well as avocations of life, to the contemplation of the kingdom of God, was the lofty privilege of but this chosen few. But if we include the future sense, and with most interpreters give a kind of prophetic significance to our Lord's words, the meaning will be, that some men for the promotion of the kingdom of God, the propagation of the Gospel, will abstain from marriage; they will willingly make this sacrifice if they are thereby disencumbered of earthly ties, and more able to devote their whole souls to the grand object of their mission. But it is this lofty sense of duty, in which lies the sublimity of the sacrifice, not necessarily in any special dignity of the sacrifice itself, excepting in so far as it may be more hard to flesh and blood than other trials. He whom duty calls, and who receives power from on high (*he that is able to receive it let him receive it*) is by this as by every other sacrifice for the cause, and through the love of Christ, thereby fulfilling the ideal of Christianity—which is the annihilation of self for the promotion of the Gospel and the good of man.

This is to us unquestionably the impression which is conveyed by our Lord's words, considered with relation to his times, and without the bias given by the long-fostered admiration of celibacy during certain ages of the Church. And in this view the language of our Lord is strictly coincident with the second passage, that of St. Paul to the Corinthians. This chapter (1st Epist. vii.) was written in answer to certain questions relating to marriage, proposed to him by some of the Corinthian Christians. It does not appear in what spirit or by whom those questions were submitted to St. Paul; whether from a Judaizing party, who, like many of their countrymen, might hold the absolute duty of marriage at a certain time of life; or in the spirit of that incipient Gnosticism which the apostles had to encounter in other sects who altogether proscribed marriage. Paul was unmarried; other apostles, St. Peter himself (ch. ix. 5) were not only married but accompanied by their wives. The language of St. Paul\* is something like a vindication of his own course; though he asserts the *advantage*, perhaps the *merit*, most undoubt-

\* 'Now concerning the things whereof ye wrote unto me: it is good for a man not to touch a woman. Nevertheless, to avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband.'

edly *not* the absolute perfection of celibacy, he excepts no class from the right, or even the duty of marriage, if they have neither the gift nor the power of continency. But St. Paul himself returns to the main question, that of virginity; and in terms which appear to us clear and distinct, instead of a general and universal precept of Christianity, limits his own words to temporary and local admonition, called forth by some peculiar exigency of the times. 'I suppose, therefore, that this is good *for the present distress*; I say that it is good for a man so to be.' The meaning of these words, διὰ τὴν ἐνεστώσαν ἀνάγκην, is the key to the whole passage. Möhler, it is true, endeavours to get over this difficulty, by an interpretation, to which we will venture to say no such scholar could be reduced but by hard necessity. He interprets the ἐνεστώσαν ἀνάγκην as what is commonly called in theological language, concupiscence; and as that is perpetual and inextinguishable in human nature, so he would infer the perpetuity and universality of the precept. But this notion is hardly worthy of refutation. What then was this '*distress*?' It was something instant—either some actually pressing calamity, or one imminent and inevitable. But the Corinthian Church, it is said, was not then under any immediate apprehension of persecution. Locke, no doubt among the most sober and cautious interpreters, does not scruple to suppose that the apostle had a prophetic anticipation of the Neronian persecution. But even those who reject this explanation must admit that it would not need either the sagacity or the experience of Paul to perceive that the state of the Christians, opposed as they were to all the religious and all the political prejudices of the world, was one of perpetual danger. Already, even in Corinth, tumults had arisen out of their progress in the public favour; already they had been before the tribunal of Gallio; and though the Roman governor then treated them with haughty indifference, and their enemies at that time were only their compatriots the Jews, yet it was impossible not to foresee that their further success must lead to some fearful crisis. Their whole life was at war with the world; and although a quiet Christian community might not always be exposed to the same perils as the apostle, yet they could not but be under constant apprehension; distress, if not actually present, was perpetually imminent.

But there is a singular likeness in the expression of St. Paul to that of a passage in St. Luke's Gospel, which may perhaps lead us to a more definite sense—ἔσται γὰρ ἀνάγκη μεγάλη ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς (c. xxi. 23). This is part of the awful prophecy, in which the destruction of Jerusalem, and the second coming of the Messiah, are mingled up in terrific and almost inseparable images.

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There can be no doubt that this second coming of Christ was perpetually present to the minds of the first Christians: the apostles themselves were but slowly emancipated from this primary Jewish conception of the immediate and visible kingdom of the Messiah. St. Paul was obliged to allay the terrors of his disciples, who had inferred from his ordinary preaching that it was clearly and inevitably at hand (2 Thess. ii. 2). Certain signs were to precede that coming, and the believer is reminded that to God time is nothing. But still the images are left in the thoughts of the believer in all their unmitigated terrors; and they were renewed, or renewed themselves, at every period of peril or of persecution. Even as our Lord mingled up, or allowed to remain mingled, those fearful predictions of the destruction of Jerusalem with the images which shadowed forth the Last Day, so his apostles blended the uncertainty of life—its peculiar uncertainty to those who at any time might become objects of persecution—with the final consummation in the second coming of the Lord. Awe was perhaps not always precise and distinct in the language in which this truth was expressed:—it was still less so in the interpretation of that language by the hearer. But it was quite enough to justify the expression, the *present distress*, the ἐνεστῶσαν ἀνάγκην, at least during the apostolic age. With this view the words ‘for the time is short’ (is drawing closely in), ὅτι ὁ καιρὸς συνεσταλμένος τὸ λοιπὸν ἐστίν, and the whole of the verses from the 29th to the 38th, *παράγει γὰρ τὸ σχῆμα τοῦ κόσμου τούτου*, not fully rendered by ‘the fashion of this world passeth away,’ remarkably coincide.

It is not, then, the preoccupation alone of the marriage state which might divert either husband or wife from religious thoughts—the conflict between the desire to please each other and perfect devotion to religion—but the anxieties likewise, the trembling of deep love for others rather than themselves, which then rendered the unmarried life the safer condition. It is not merely a carefulness on account of the ordinary trials and uncertainties of life from which the Apostle desires to keep them free—but a peculiar carefulness, belonging to that especial time and to their peculiar circumstances. The trumpet may sound at any hour. The Christian soldier should be girt and ready, unincumbered with unnecessary ties; with no fears, no anxieties but for himself; no bonds to break but those of life. On the whole, in short, this is neither a general law of Christianity—nor even its perfect ideal, though attainable by few—an eminent and transcendent gift and privilege, which shows its first principles in their most full development. It is exceptional in time, place, person, circumstance. The merit is not intrinsic, but dependent on foreign and peculiar accidents. If marriage disqualifies in the slightest

slightest degree for greater usefulness—if marriage withdraws the mind from holiness—then it must be sacrificed, as the right hand or the right eye is to be sacrificed: but as the maimed man is not better than the whole, so celibacy in itself has neither superior dignity nor superior sanctity.

Who can point out any thing in the earliest Christian institutions which in any way secludes the virgins as a separate and higher class from Christian wives and Christian mothers; which distinguishes to his advantage the unmarried from the married apostle; which sets the unmarried Paul above the married Cephas?—Compare the significant caution of the Apostle's expression with any passage taken at random from Basil, Ambrose, or any of the writers on these subjects in the fourth century; and who will fail to perceive that it is with them not merely the development (the favourite phrase) of a recognised principle, but a new element, predominating over and absorbing the opinions and feelings of our nature? This is still more conclusive, if we observe certain positive and direct precepts of St. Paul. Not merely are there several passages, where, if this notion was present to the Apostle's mind, either as a necessary part of Christianity, or as its highest aim and prerogative, it must have forced itself into his language—yet we have nothing of it. Not merely is he on such occasions profoundly silent, but his general precepts on the other side are clear and unambiguous. If we might suppose the Apostle to have contemplated in any quarter the peaceful and permanent establishment of the Gospel; if anywhere he deliberately organized a Church with its ministry, and described the qualifications of a settled teacher, of a separate clergy; it is in that calm epistle to Titus, in which he consigns to him the establishment of the Church in Crete. Throughout this Epistle it is the Christian *family* which St. Paul seems to delight in surveying in all its blamelessness and harmony. But is either the Elder or the Bishop a being standing alone and above this household virtue? He is its very model and pattern. Desperate ingenuity may explain away any passage in Scripture; but none can suffer greater violence than does that simple text, 'the bishop must be the husband of one wife,' when it is construed as meaning anything but that, in salutary contrast to the habits of a licentious time, he is to be a husband of unimpeachable purity, even as he is a man of unimpeachable sobriety.\* Nor is this a casual and isolated expression.

\* Chrysostom's Commentary on this passage is in these words, *in loc. t. iv. p. 387. ed. Sav.*: *τίνος ἕνεκεν καὶ τὸν τοιοῦτον εἰς μέσον παράγει: ἐπιστομίζει τοὺς αἰρετικούς, τοὺς τὸν γάμον διαβάλλοντας, δεικνὺς ὅτι τὸ πρᾶγμα οὐκ ἔστιν ἑταγός, ἀλλ' οὕτω τίμιον ὡς μετ' αὐτοῦ δύνασθαι καὶ ἐπὶ τὸν ἅγιον ἀναβαίνειν θρόνον.* He proceeds to condemn severely second marriages.

In the fuller statement of the Epistle to Timothy—in what we may fairly consider to be St. Paul's abstract ideal of a bishop, there is not merely the same expressive silence as to the obligation, or even the excellence of celibacy, but again we find his marriage distinctly taken for granted (1 Tim. iii. 2). Here, again, not merely is he held up as the exemplary husband but the exemplary parent; his family seems a matter of course. He 'is to be one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity.'\*

There is no doubt that the false Philosophy or Theology—the common parent of Gnosticism, of Monasticism, and of all the high notions on celibacy—was at least in its elements widely disseminated, and could not but be known to St. Paul; yet not merely was it not admitted, but repudiated by him with remarkable vehemence. Forbidding to marry and abstinence from certain meats (1 Tim. iv. 3) is the distinctive mark of some sect, either already beginning to develop itself, or prophetically foreshown, as in direct antagonism to the Gospel. The Gnostic sects in the second century followed out these principles to extreme extravagance; some Encratites are said absolutely to have proscribed marriage, and to have abstained, with a Buddhist aversion, from every kind of food which had had life. But with a higher wisdom Paul did not, like the later uninspired preachers of the Church, receive the philosophy and attempt to avoid the conclusions; incorporate the primary doctrine of the Gnostics with the thoughts and feelings, and proscribe its excesses. There is a singular vacillation in some of the earlier local and particular councils, condemning those who but carried out admitted principles to their legitimate consequences; now depreciating, now asserting, the dignity of marriage; establishing not merely different laws and a different discipline for the clergy and laity, but a different morality, a different estimate of moral excellence. And this was the first great silent and almost universal change which grew upon the spirit of Christianity; and it commended itself by some sympathies with the Christian heart, to which we cannot be surprised if that heart should yield with unsuspecting passion:—by its high self-abnegation; its entire concentration of the soul on God; its terrors and its raptures; its communion with the invisible; even its detachment from a world in which happiness, security, as well as virtue in those dark and degenerate times, could only be found

\* Mr. H. Drummond, who is so strikingly right when he is right, thus comments on the text 1 Tim. iii. 2-5:—'Whence the judgment of God plainly is, that wherever there is a body of clergy who have no families to govern, there is a body eminently incapacitated from guiding the Church of God; albeit it might be wise and merciful in a bishop not to ordain any missionary or evangelist for heathen lands who had a wife and family to care for.'—*Abstract Principles of Revealed Religion*, p. 228.

in seclusion. Yet was it directly opposed to that practical Catholic religion of our Lord and his Apostles, who did not promulgate Christianity for a sect, an order, a certain definite section of the human race; nor even reserved its high places for a few lonely contemplatives; but revealed a perpetual faith for all mankind—for mankind active, progressive, going through every phase of civilization; if not in continual advancement, yet constantly aiming at advancement.

The Scriptural—let us be permitted to use the word Pauline—ideas of evil and its antagonist Christian perfection, are widely different from those of monastic Christianity. In St. Paul the evil principle is moral degeneracy; in the other, the moral is blended up with some vague notion of physical corruption; the body itself, as formed of malignant matter—of matter inherently antagonist to God—is irreclaimably corrupt. In the one system the aim is the suppression of the evil of our nature; in the other, it is the suppression of our nature itself. In one it is a sin, in the other absolute perfection, to be without natural affection. In the one, females make an important part of the mingled community; in the other, the line between the sexes, as if two hostile races which cannot approximate without pollution, is sternly drawn. In the one it is the purification—in the other the proscription, the utter extinction, of bodily emotion which is virtue. In the one it is the unlawful—in the other it is the physical act of procreation of children, which is sin. Paul will keep his body under; Antony the hermit paralyse its functions. In the one case sanctification was possible; in the other, extirpation was absolutely necessary. The tenet in truth of the resurrection of the body, though that body was to be glorified in the Resurrection, might almost seem a protest against this dualistic theory. Nor is it any answer that the monastic churches, who thus mingled foreign conceptions with the primitive doctrines of the Gospel, still retained that essential tenet of the faith; it was a necessary consequence of the fusion of two systems, that in many parts they should be irreconcilable and contradictory. The mystic Quietism, which in every age of the Church has been the extreme height to which this kind of Christianity has soared, and soared with such sublimity as to attract some of the noblest and purest of men, has been but the Platonic, and more mystic than the Platonic—the Indian triumph of mind over matter; the absolute annihilation of the physical being.

We have never seen that Protest of the Baden clergy against which Möhler directed his laborious refutation; but the Fribourg professors, who took the lead in the controversy, must not merely have been guilty of several errors as to dates and facts, (which

Möhler

Möhler triumphantly adduces)—they must have argued their cause with feebleness bordering on treachery, if they abandoned the ground of the three first centuries without making a firm and decisive stand. They cannot, surely, have omitted the strong passages of Clement of Alexandria, which assert the fact of the marriage of the apostles and vindicate that of the clergy; the long line of married bishops which might be produced from the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius alone, with some even from the later annals of Socrates and Sozomen: the direct admission of its legality by Athanasius (*Epist. ad Dracontium*); the absence of prohibitory terms even in Basil and Augustine. The assertion of Jerome that it was the universal practice in the East and Egypt, as well as at Rome, to ordain only unmarried clergy, or those who had ceased to exercise the privilege of husbands, must be qualified by a great number of known exceptions. In the West itself that which was first an usage, more or less rigidly observed, was first hardened into a law by Pope Siricius (A.D. 385). This decree was probably called forth by the progress of the opinions of Jovinian, who, as did Vigilantius, strove in vain to stem the overbearing tendencies of their age; and from that time it may be considered as forming part of the discipline of the Western Church—a discipline theoretically maintained, but in practice constantly violated in almost every part of Europe.

The East and the West, as is well known, came to a decided separation on this great point of ecclesiastical discipline. Either the usage was by no means so general in the East during the fourth century as Jerome intimates, or it fell into desuetude, or was so repugnant to the clergy that at a later period the council in Trullo, which finally regulated the Eastern practice, demanded celibacy only from the bishop. Such has continued to be the practice in the Greek Church. The reasons for this difference seem to lie on the surface. In the East the monks were more secluded within themselves; they dwelt aloof from general society; they did not spread as in the West, particularly the later orders, through every rank; nor wander abroad as apostles and missionaries, and later as mendicants and preachers, into every corner of the earth. They did not indeed always remain in their calm contemplative solitude; they were fierce partisans in religious, sometimes in civil warfare; they rushed from their caves in Nitria, or their cells on the side of Athos, into the streets of Alexandria and Constantinople—and by their surpassing ferocity sometimes almost shamed the worst cruelty of the rabble.\* But

\* Is this what is called 'stout-hearted defence of the orthodox faith,' which, with other monastic virtues, reigned among the quietly succeeding generations of the Egyptian cenobites and solitaries?—*Life of St. Adamnan*, p. 120.

they acted thus in bodies, and on occasions; they were not the perpetual, busy rivals of the clergy in every district and in every parish. But the chief cause was that there was no Papacy—no power which could enforce a law contrary to the general sentiment of mankind. Justinian, a sort of caliph, who almost openly assumed and undoubtedly exercised a religious as well as civil supremacy—who legislated for the clergy, for their mode of election, their position and duties, as freely as with respect to any civil arrangements of the empire—was disposed to limit rather than favour the celibacy of the clergy. But so completely had the lawful marriage of the clergy become a tenet of the Greek Church, that in the disputes between the Eastern and Western Churches in the ninth and tenth centuries it was one of the points most bitterly bandied to and fro as a mark of orthodoxy or heterodoxy.

In the West, we have said, from the time of Pope Siricius the celibacy of the clergy was the law of the Church; but it was a law which was so opposed to the common feelings of mankind that it was for some centuries eluded, defied, and even resisted by main force. In the north of Europe, in England during parts of the Saxon period, in Germany, if we receive as authority the indignant declamations of the high advocates of celibacy, the breach was at least as common as the observance of the rule. If it was an evil, it was an evil of vast extent, and inveterate in the manners of the clergy, against which Hildebrand for the first time wielded the thunders of the Vatican with much success. Even in Italy the Lombard clergy, especially those of Milan, boldly asserted their liberty of marriage: they declared that they had a tradition from St. Ambrose himself (whom the Church of Milan professed to venerate with almost as much honour as Rome did St. Peter) which allowed them the same latitude as prevailed in the Greek Church. It needed the sword of a fierce crusader, Herlembard, to hew asunder the bonds which united the clergy to their wives, whom it was the policy of the hostile party to brand with the odious name of concubines, while they retaliated on the unmarried clergy by far more odious appellations. But the history of this European strife is yet to be written with philosophic equity and Christian tenderness. On the Milanese chapter we have two remarkable authorities, the historians Arnulphus and Landulphus, who were partisans of the married clergy—the most curious perhaps of all Muratori's curious collections of mediæval history.

Hildebrand, a wise man in his generation, knew that the power of the Pope through the clergy and over the clergy, depended on their celibacy; and for that reason alone, to the extent that the papacy was beneficial to mankind, so was the celibacy of the clergy.

clergy. But at what sacrifice this advantage was bought can only be estimated by a long historical disquisition, which for the present at least we must decline.

But even in the Church of Rome, it may be said, for other times, other manners:—the celibacy of the clergy, according to all their best writers, is a question of discipline, not of doctrine. It rests on ecclesiastical authority, and is repealable by ecclesiastical authority. Nor is this our concern. With St. Paul, with our Lord himself, as we humbly and reverently believe, the whole is a simple question of usefulness (we take the word in no vulgar or debasing sense) to the cause of God and man. By Christendom, without the pale of Rome, the relation of the clergy to the people must be considered entirely with regard to their fitness for their high calling—the general fitness of the whole order, not of an individual here and there designated for some special service, or called upon by some particular exigences to isolate himself from the common condition of his order. Take first the effect of celibacy upon the character of man. Möhler has drawn out this argument with such singular fairness and beauty that we are surprised that he did not convince himself. We are really astonished as we survey the vague and false metaphysics by which he attempts to refute his own better understanding, and, we are almost inclined to suspect, the remonstrance of his own heart.

‘The power of selfishness (*selbst-sucht*), which is inwoven with our whole being, is altogether broken by marriage; and by degrees love, becoming more and more pure, takes its place. When the man marries he gives himself up entirely to *another* being; in this affair of life he first goes out of himself, and inflicts the first deadly wound on his egotism. By every child with which his marriage is blessed Nature renews the same attack on his selfishness; the man lives ever less for himself, and more, even without being distinctly conscious of it, for others; in the same degree as the family increases the selfishness diminishes; and his heart expands out of its former narrow exclusiveness. What agony during the sickness of the wife; what sadness when the children are in danger! Through all this the feeling becomes more pure, more holy. As his income is liberally dispensed among many, so his whole inward life is shared among them. This family life is the only strong ground from which the life of the individual becomes more public, *i. e.* his love becomes more full and expansive. How many new relationships and connexions are not partly the immediate, partly the more remote consequence of marriage; in the love to the wife all her relations are blended; by and bye the sons and daughters form new ties, and in the like proportion the heart of the father expands. The canon law wisely prohibited in rude times the marriage of relations, even in very distant degrees, in order to enlarge that circle of connexions which to uncivilised and rude natures, which were always disposed to draw back

within themselves, was extremely difficult. After all this necessary training, the moral strength has sufficient energy to love the native land (das vaterland) and then — mankind. But the unmarried, who without observing these gradations indicated by nature, would soar at once to the utmost height, in fact never emancipates himself from this selfishness; he attempts the flight of Icarus, which is sure to fail; as one who from the lowest step of a ladder would with one spring rise to the fiftieth, does not only get no higher than the lowest, but sinks powerless to the ground, and perhaps has not the courage to make a new attempt: thus is it with the unmarried. And so reason shows unanswerably what doubtful experience leaves uncertain, that want of feeling and selfishness necessarily cling to an unmarried life.'—*Werke*, vol. i. p. 249.

And Möhler's reply to this is a subtle paradox, that the love of wife and children is but disguised selfishness; that in them we love but ourselves: as if friendship, patriotism, we venture to say religion itself may not by the same argument be reduced to pure selfishness. God has so knit together our temporal and eternal interests, that it is really impossible, however our language may assume a lofty tone, or we may endeavour to withdraw our thoughts into a higher order of things, that we should altogether lose sight of the 'reward that is set before us.'

But is the language of experience so uncertain on this point? Is it not an axiom confirmed by all history, that those who are most severe to themselves are apt to be most severe to others? Where did persecution ever find its most willing lictors—its most merciless executioners? Was it not in the convent? Those that are nightly flogging themselves are least scrupulous in applying the scourge: and it is too often he that would suffer death for the faith who would inflict death. We speak of the system, and we appeal to history. No doubt many a meek hermit has dwelt aloof, who, with his Buddhist aspirations towards absorption into the Deity, felt the Buddhist sensitiveness with regard to everything having life. In many cloisters the produce of the sweat of monkish brows has been distributed in lavish charity to the poor. In many more, during times of religious peace, and when no ecclesiastical passions were called forth, their boundless hospitality, their gentle habits, have spread, as it were, an atmosphere of love and holiness around them. In some, as in the Benedictines of France for instance, that best praise of learning—its tendency to soften the manners—has been exemplified in the highest degree. But on the great general principle we fearlessly appeal to the whole annals of the Church. Perhaps the monkish institutes should have the excuse, or the palliation, that they were composed in hard times for hard men. But what sentences of unfeeling, unmitigated, remorseless cruelty do they contain—what delight  
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do they seem to have in torturing the most sensitive fibres of the heart—in searing the most blameless emotions of human nature! And we must take the freedom to say, that in all the semi-monkish, or rather ultra-monkish literature, which is now poured out upon Protestant England with such rapidity, besides the arrogance, there is a hardness, a harshness, an incipient cruelty of disposition, which in such gentle and Christian hearts as we know to be among the writers, can only be the effect of a bad and unchristian system. They sternly compel themselves to theologic hatred. Their biographies are strangely at issue with their motto—‘*Mansueti hereditabunt terram*’—the meek Becket!—the humble Innocent III.! From this text the teacher even vindicates an interdict by which a whole people was consigned, as far as the privation of *most* of the means of grace, to everlasting damnation for the sins of their rulers! This spirit, we grieve to say, is not confined to one class of their writings. We have read, for instance, high admiration of that sanguinary saint, Cyril of Alexandria. If Laud, we should say, their great hero, or rather confessor, had had a wife and children, he would neither have cut off Prynne’s ears, nor lost his own head.

On the general theory we will go further. They are best suited to minister to the sorrows of men who have been tried by those sorrows—

‘*Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*’

It is not in the cell—it is not even in the home of the unmarried pastor—that deep sympathy is to be taught for the afflicted parent or bereaved father.

‘He talks to me who never had a child.’

Take the gentlest village curé—a man by nature of the kindest heart, and that heart softened by constant study of the Bible, and books of quiet devotion—heightened, if you will, by the contemplation of *His* image on the cross, ‘whose sorrow surpassed all human sorrow’—take him in age and personal familiarity the parent of his flock—yet there is one school in which his barren heart has not been taught; and that school will give more real experience, more skill in healing the wounds of others, more patient sympathy, more truth, and therefore more eloquence of language, than years of secluded study, or even of actual intercourse with the untried ills of life.

In our Church, and in all churches which have rejected the celibacy of the clergy, there are some advantages which in our present social state cannot be appreciated too highly. In thousands of parishes the clergyman’s wife is his best curate. She is not merely useful as multiplying the occasions of mutual kindness, but as an additional almoner, as the best instructress in the female school.

school. Throughout the country there are thousands of females with all the gentleness and activity of sisters of charity, with the superior good sense and tenderness of mothers of families, ministering to the necessities and afflictions of the poor as females alone can minister. This quiet and noiseless system of beneficence is so completely a matter of course that it is often entirely overlooked in such discussions.

Even in modern missions the married will be not less steadfast, or more *safe* in his high calling, than the unmarried. There will be exceptions to this rule, but still they are exceptions. Our modern missions are rarely among fierce and warlike tribes, such as were encountered by the apostles of the faith in the earlier and middle ages of Christianity. Among such lawless savages a female, besides the actual hardships under which her feeble frame might have sunk, must have been an object of deep and incessant anxiety: her perpetual exposure, unprotected, to worse evils than pain and death, would proscribe at once such enfeebling, such disqualifying companionship. There might, indeed, be imagined a female of that rare loftiness and imposing character which would have appealed to the awe and sanctity which the ancient Germans attached to the feminine character, accompanying the first missionary on the banks of the Elbe, or in the depths of the forest: a Christian Velleda might have gone by the side of St. Boniface, and assisted rather than embarrassed his great work. Female influence has been in various ways of no small moment in the conversion of the heathen; but in general the missionary must have confronted danger alone, and set forth unladen with a venture at once so precious and so insecure, upon his perilous voyage. But in modern missions there are rarely hardships which may not be borne by the missionary's wife as well as by himself; and his labours, if not actually promoted, are rarely impeded by such a companion. Tahiti at first would have been a delicate mission for an unmarried man: most, if not all, of the pious men who have laboured throughout Polynesia have been accompanied by their wives; and the Abbé Dubois might be quoted on certain dangers to which unmarried missionaries were especially exposed in India. Nearly all successful missionaries in the present day are settlers in the land where they have gone to propagate the faith, not itinerant and adventurous wanderers from tribe to tribe. Their family binds them still more closely to the scene of their labours. But these questions lie rather beyond our present consideration. We speak of the fixed resident clergy of an Established Church—each in his bishopric, his ecclesiastical dignity, or his parish, holding an important position, and that position recognised and defined, in the social system.

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Now we believe that the silent influence of one well-regulated family—as every candid person of whatever creed or party will admit that of the English clergyman usually to be—not abstaining from social intercourse, but not its slave, with the great Christian virtues of ordinary life quietly displayed, to have been, and to be, of far greater importance than many social influences of which more is thought and said. Some will, no doubt, have the foolish vanity of vying in expensive habits with their wealthier neighbours; some will be too much addicted even now to field-sports; others may be too much absorbed in the care and in the advancement of their families: but if pomp and profuse expenditure be wrong in a churchman, we are inclined to think that the English clergy inherit whatever can be traced among them of such habits from their predecessors, the unmarried clergy of former times. We doubt whether the wives and families of modern deans consume more, or more unprofitably, as far as regards the interests of religion, of the wealth of the church, than the retainers, and appanelled steeds, and sumpter mules, of the lordly abbots of other days. The love of field-sports comes lineally down from those times when the prior or the secular priest might be seen with his hawk on his fist or his hound in a leash; and however the nursery windows of our episcopal palaces, and so forth, may offend the architectural vision of Mr. Pugin, we are inclined to think that their withdrawal from the secular business, which, though much of it was of necessity forced upon them, we do not find that they were too eager to decline, will give our clergy at least as much time as is usually devoted to their domestic concerns. If those domestic concerns are regulated according to St. Paul's precept, they are not merely beneficial to society as patterns of the holier and gentler virtues, but the growth of well-conducted Christian families is perpetually infusing into the mingled mass of society a leaven of sound, honourable, and religious principle. How much of the good old household virtue of England is due to this silent influence! How ill could we spare it in our present shifting and conflicting state of society!

Other considerations are closely connected with this great expansion of Christian families throughout the land. That which in feudal times would have been almost an unmitigated evil, an hereditary clergy, is now, partially as it exists, of great advantage. The families of the clergy furnish a constant supply of young men, trained at least by early respect and attachment, if not by deep and home-bred piety, for the service of the Church; and yet not bearing that undue proportion to those who spring from the gentry, from other professions, the higher tradesmen, or others, as to form anything like a caste. In these days of crowded  
competition

competition for every occupation, at least every occupation held in respect, their places might be supplied: but, if they were, we doubt whether, on the whole, by persons equally adapted for their station.

And as the moral and social, we are fully persuaded the religious influence likewise of a married clergy is not only more extensive and lasting but of a more pure and *practical* cast. Jesuit morality would have been indignantly and instinctively rejected by a married clergy; they would have perceived at once its deep and deleterious operation on all the first principles of active life. Even cases of conscience have gone out of use in the English Church; and though some of our great writers (as Jer. Taylor, in his '*Ductor Dubitantium*') applied their wonderful powers of mind to the science of casuistry, honest English good sense, and English practical religion, felt with Bishop Butler,

'That in all ordinary cases we see intuitively at first view what is our duty, what is the honest part. That which is called considering what is our duty in a particular case is very often nothing else but endeavouring to explain it away. Thus those courses which, if men would fairly attend to the dictates of their own consciences, they would see to be corruption, excess, oppression, uncharitableness; these are refined upon—things were so and so circumstantiated—great difficulties are raised about fixing bounds and degrees; and thus every moral obligation whatever may be evaded. Here is scope, I say, for an unfair mind to explain away every moral obligation, to itself.'—*Bp. Butler, Sermon vii.*

There are other—the worst parts of this immoral morality—from which the being husbands and fathers would be an absolute security. What husband and father could have published what bishops in neighbouring countries have published within these few years? Must he not have been compelled to conceal from his wife and children that which he sent forth with his name into the world?

Shall we offend if we say that the secrets of fraudulent miracle would neither be safe, nor would they, we are persuaded, ever have been practised to a great extent under female confidence or that of a family? Men will hazard untruths before the world, for certain objects, which they would not (so sacred is truth to the unperverted heart of man) before their own children. The cloister has always been the school, the workshop of these impostures; they have been encouraged by a clergy standing aloof from the world, bound together by what has seemed a common interest, and even by mutual rivalry. The more the clergy are segregated from the world, the stronger the corporate spirit; and it would not be difficult to show from history, that where one of these false miracles has been wrought for the sake of Christ and his religion,

twenty have been wrought for the separate power, authority, or estimation of the clergy.

But the celibacy of the clergy, it is argued, is the great guarantee for the independence of the clergy on the State. 'So long,' writes Möhler, 'as it flourished in the Church, it was a living protest against the Church permitting itself to be lost in the State, even for this reason, because celibacy will for ever hold fast the opposition between Church and State, and for ever prevent the merging of the former in the latter; it will prevent the secularization of the Church, and uninterruptedly frustrate the mistaken attempts formerly begun by some particular Church rulers to subject the State to the Church.' Möhler is too much of a German to be a Hildebrandine, like some of our modern English writers. But we have an importunate and troublesome propensity to inquire the distinct and practical meaning of terms, even though they pass current among writers of the highest authority. 'The independence of the Church' has a lofty and commanding sound; it appeals to generous and disinterested emotions; it seems to be a calm and dignified assertion that God is to be obeyed rather than man—that religious are to be predominant over temporal motives, eternity over time. Erastianism again is a word of sinister and ill-sounding import; it must contain some dire, latent heresy. But what does it mean? What sense does it now bear to Statesmen or to Churchmen who are most conscientiously determined to carry right principles into firm and consistent action? In plain truth, all our theories of the relation of Church and State, of the Unity of the Church—whether with excellent Dr. Arnold in some unexplained and inexplicable manner we make the State the Church—or, like other high-minded and high-toned writers, we keep them as distinct and antagonist powers—utterly break down when we attempt to apply them to the existing order of things. Let the framers of ecclesiastical Utopias dream over whatever unreal Past or impossible Future it pleases imagination to patronize—but this state of things, we presume to say, arises necessarily out of the constitution and progressive development of man, and therefore out of God's appointment. If it has its evils, in God's name let us labour to remedy or to allay those evils in the best practicable manner. But it has likewise its inestimable blessings, for which in God's name let us show our gratitude.

What is meant by the independence of the Church upon the State? We apprehend that there is now no country, or hardly any country in Europe, where the clergy even of the Roman Catholic Church, however in theory some may profess their admiration for what they hold up as the sublime doctrines of Bellarmine and Mariana, would pretend to be a separate, self-ruled

ruled caste, superior to all the obligations, and free from all the restraints of citizens. For all offences against the laws they are amenable to the civil tribunals; they hold, where they still hold landed estates or property, on the common legal tenure of the country; they are liable to public burthens; they owe allegiance to the sovereign; and are bound by all the enactments of constitutional authority. This common allegiance they owe in return for the common protection of the law. So far, then, no independence belongs to the clergy beyond any other members of the same community.

The independence of the Church, then, is the right of propagating and maintaining Christian truth, whether by direct teaching or by its peculiar rites and ceremonies. This is indeed to a certain extent a right, and more than a right—a solemn duty—in every one whom God has gifted with powers for such a work;—but it is a right peculiarly vested in the clergy, who have solemnly dedicated themselves to, and are recognised as exercising, in a peculiar manner, this great public function. This independence is grounded on the great law of Christian liberty, which is superior in its claims on the conscience to all other law—the law by which all are bound to obey God rather than man. On the other hand, there is and must be an abstract omnipotence in the laws of the land—a supremacy, according to the constitution of each state, vested in a monarch, a senate, or in a popular assembly; and extreme state-necessity may justify the suspension of this as of all other inalienable rights. But that state-necessity must be clear, urgent, irresistible; the civil polity must be in actual, in imminent danger. Where Church and State from separate become antagonist powers, there is something wrong or unnatural, something out of the usual course—on one side or the other usurpation or injustice. When a man's civil and religious duties are brought into collision, either the State is unnecessarily interfering with Christian liberty, or the Church has advanced some pretensions beyond her proper province.

This state of things at once appears in the early history of Christianity. The abstract supremacy of the law the Romans—those idolaters of law—had vested by the change of their constitution in the emperor. In him, however tyrannical he might be, was the full, unlimited sovereignty over all mankind. This sovereignty was first put forth against the Christians, afterwards in their behalf, or in behalf of one class of Christians against another. The emperor now of his sole will forbade men to be Christians; now commanded them to be Christians; this year to be Arians, next year to be Trinitarians. If there had been an absolute state-necessity,—if either Christians or Heathens, Arians

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or Trinitarians, had been undoubtedly and irreclaimably enemies of public order and peace—if, as they were at first wrongfully accused, they had infringed the first principles of social morality, had been cannibals, and from their religion itself devoted to horrible crimes—then the justice of their persecution would have been unimpeachable: but as there was nothing in either religion, either in Christianity before the days of Constantine, or in heathenism after the days of Theodosius, to prevent men from being good subjects and orderly citizens, all interference was unjustifiable tyranny—tyranny which they were bound to oppose, at least by passive resistance.

So far on these abstract principles of independence; and, undoubtedly, where this collision between the sovereignty of the State and the proper liberty of conscience, or the liberty to the clergy of exercising its high functions, was inseparable from the order of things—or even likely to be frequent—an unmarried clergy, being freed from social ties, might have greater courage to resist, and to resist to the death, this intolerable state-despotism. But, for the same reason, if more hardy asserters of the independence of the Church, they would be more dangerous enemies to the proper supremacy of the State. If the tender charities of life would weaken the heart of the Christian, so their absence would harden and make more inflexible that of the ambitious and usurping churchman.\* Möhler, with his usual sagacity, has endeavoured to anticipate this, and adduced as examples of the independence of a celibate clergy, even in front of ecclesiastical usurpation, the friar Minorites, and the asserters of the liberties of the Gallican Church against the exorbitant pretensions of the Papacy. The fact of such resistance is true: but what follows? That these pretensions were so at war with the common sense and reason of mankind, that they provoked rebellion even among the subjects of the Papacy; they were resisted by some of the clergy who lived under the general law of celibacy; but celibacy had no connexion whatever with their resistance. The married Protestant clergy of France might be strengthened in their Protestantism by their attachment to their wives and families; but neither did the democratical opposition of that branch of the Franciscans, nor the aristocratic opposition of the higher French clergy, rise out of, nor was it strengthened or supported by, their

\* Furono biasimati li Legati d' haver lasciato disputar questo articolo, come pericoloso: essendo cosa chiara che coll' introduzione del matrimonio de' Preti, si farebbe che tutti voltassero l'affetto et amor loro alle mogli, a figli, e per conseguenza alla casa, ed alla patria; onde cessarebbe la dipendenza stretta che l'ordine Clericale ha con la Sede Apostolica, e tanto sarebbe conceder il matrimonio a Preti, quanto distrugger la Hierarchia Ecclesiastica, e ridur il Pontifice ch'è non fosse più ch'è Vescovo di Roma.—Fra Paolo, Stor. del Con. di Trento, Lib. vii.

celibacy: in the former it was much more connected with their vows and habits of poverty; in the latter with their adulatory exaltation of the French Crown. It is singular enough, that while Möhler is holding up this independence of the older Dupin, and Bossuet, and Fleury, as a noble testimony to the effects of celibacy, the celibate clergy of France, with Cardinal Bonald at their head, are condemning most solemnly the work of M. Dupin, a layman, who asserts the Gallican liberties.

But how far is this natural and unalienable independence of the Church limited or compromised by its becoming an Established Church, recognised by the Constitution, directly endowed or paid by the State as the Church of France, or holding property under the protection of the common laws, and having the guarantee of law for whatever gifts or bequests it may receive from the piety of its disciples? It is the plain duty of every Christian to provide, in his proportion, for public worship, and the maintenance of the necessary ministers of religion.\* But in whatever form, and to whatsoever amount, this provision may be—if it is taken, as it were, from the precarious safeguard of the individual conscience—if the payment ceases to be voluntary—if it be secured by statute as a legal claim, or as a corporate inheritance, assessed and levied by legal authority—it cannot at once be under and above law. How far then has the State, if the religion of the Church be that of the whole people, or even of a dominant majority, a right to interfere; either as the general guardian of property—which is to a certain extent the creation of the State, and which it must not permit to be diverted from its legitimate purposes; or as itself constituting the Church (minus the clergy), and *eo nomine* bound to maintain this property in perpetuity for its sacred uses? When the Church thought itself strong enough to maintain Church property by Church censures alone—when the danger lay in the treachery of their own body, who might be tempted to sacrifice the interests of the Church to the interests of their family—then there certainly was a strong argument for the celibacy of the clergy. A married clergy—in the endeavour to make that hereditary in their own families, which was rightfully hereditary according to Church descent—would probably not only have diminished the enormous wealth of the sacerdotal order—even though counteracted by the monastic spirit, which was con-

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\* We find that we have now a new champion of the divine right of tithes. 'The tenth part of every man's fixed income has been by God's ordinance devoted to Him ever since the creation; Christian kings gave it from the revenues of all their lands, and such was regularly paid so long as income was derived from the produce of the land alone. Merchants and manufacturers, however, never paid it out of their revenue; they always cheated God, and do so to this day.'—*Mr. Henry Drummond's Letter to Sir R. Inglis.*

stantly bringing large revenues into the Church—but they might have reduced it far too low for the times. Not that this danger has been absolutely prevented by the Hildebrandine Law. Episcopal, and still more, Papal nepotism has preyed in quiet on the wealth of the Church, with almost as much rapacity as could have been feared from parental affection. The great and wealthy houses of Rome, which bear the family name of almost each successive pope (though many of these popes were of mean origin), could hardly have been founded except either by direct alienation of the estates of the see, or at least the diversion of its actual revenues for the time from their designed and avowed uses. But to return—that in most countries in Europe the State has been tempted by the vast wealth of the Church, or of ecclesiastical bodies, to abuse its power for plunder and confiscation, is no argument against the proper control of the State. The laws of England, which prevent the alienation of Church or Chapter property to private uses, will hardly deserve the unpopular name of Erastianism. This is at least a more simple and more safe measure than trusting altogether to the superior integrity, or the devotion of an unmarried clergy to the interest of their order, or the good of the Church, over that of a married clergy.

What part of the *independence of the clergy*, which is *salutary either for themselves or for mankind*—what part of their legitimate, their beneficial influence—is more conscientiously guarded, more strenuously exercised by an unmarried than by a married ministry? A married clergy will always (from being an order, especially if an endowed order) have as much of the corporate spirit as is good for them and for the laity. It never has been wanting (its excess has rather been complained of) in the English Church. The double allegiance to the Pope and to the temporal sovereign, we hold, in the present day, to be almost a harmless fiction of ecclesiastical law. In this sense we would speak with our friend Mr. Carlyle, if we may without offence, of that ‘chimæra the Pope.’ The ultra-montane doctrines of the French clergy are the growth of France, not of Rome; their Jesuitism is, we are satisfied, at bottom more political than religious; it is anti-revolutionary, and anti-revolutionary even to abject absolutism, though at present in opposition to the government, rather than merely papal. It is inclined to repudiate the Gallican liberties, because those liberties are asserted by the ruling party in the State. In other parts of Europe the movement is more decidedly religious; but we greatly doubt, though its more powerful and zealous partisans may themselves sternly embrace and rigidly enforce clerical celibacy, whether eventually this question may not become  
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the groundwork of a more formidable schism than has yet divided the Western Church. Appealing, indeed, to later history, we cannot see that the clergy of England, or of Protestant countries in general, have been more subservient to the State (to the Crown as head of the State) than the unmarried courtly prelates of France or Spain. The latter may have obtained greater power, because the priestly character was more awful, and they still maintained something of that intellectual superiority which had belonged to them in the middle ages; but we doubt whether the claims of ten hungry children or the ambition of a luxurious wife would have sharpened their contention or subtilized their intrigues for court favour and preferment. The 'sufferings' of the married clergy in England in the days of Cromwell were no doubt greater than they would have been, had they been unmarried; but they were not borne with less meekness and resignation. We do not remember how many of the seven bishops were married, but they all went to the Tower with the same submissive dignity. The direct power of the Crown as to the Church, in the appointment of bishops for instance, may be greater in England than in most Roman Catholic countries; but the actual power has always been as great wherever the Crown was strong:—witness Austria, witness even France. Had our bishops been unmarried, they would not the less have been appointed, in former days, through parliamentary influence or ministerial caprice. No part of our present ecclesiastical system, which is denounced as Erastian, is affected by this question of discipline—neither the royal or parliamentary supremacy originally recognised, and ratified in the Act of Uniformity—nor the more recent parliamentary measures relating to Church property—nor those for the relief of the Queen's subjects who are without the pale of the National Church.

Looking, indeed, entirely towards home, we will neither disguise nor deny some incidental advantages which might arise at least from voluntary clerical celibacy. We as little incline to compulsory marriage, compulsory even by the mild influence of persuasion, as to compulsory celibacy: we are not such zealous anti-Malthusians as to wish to weaken the check of forethought. The clergy are not merely as much bound as any other men—they should be more strongly bound by the ordinary rules of prudence than the poorest of the poor, with whom indeed themselves, considering their station, are too often to be numbered: if they marry without provision for the future, they must make up their minds to pay for the luxury of domestic happiness by personal privation, and not by impairing their small means of usefulness. For this reason we look with  
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great apprehension to the temptations held out through the multiplication of very small benefices by the recent ecclesiastical arrangements. If young men, impressed with the wretched state of the lower population in our large towns, shall deny themselves that luxury in order more entirely to devote themselves and their worldly means to their mission, and shall find that they have strength to adhere to their purpose, who will refuse to admire the beauty and the grandeur of such Christian love? But this, as its sole merit consists in the conscientious conviction and self-denial of individuals—so it must stand without, and high above, any general rule. All its dignity arises out of its spontaneousness; the self-dedication is its one claim to Christian reverence.

Some transitory folly and vanity may under our present ordinary system beset the path of the clergyman in the opening of his career, which he might escape if he were known to be one to whom the softer sympathies of our nature are interdicted by a stern and irrepealable law. The sensation produced in a village, or even a town, by the appearance of a young, perhaps handsome, undoubtedly eloquent curate, may not be quite purely spiritual: the young ladies are seized with more than usual warmth of devotion—they are even more than ordinarily attentive in the church—they become remarkably active in their visits among the poor—and greatly interested in charitable societies. But this does not last long—except in a very few cases: the comely curate makes his choice, and settles down into the quiet and exemplary husband and father. Still we must not behold our young and moderately-beneficed clergyman in the first blameless enjoyment of domestic happiness only;—we must look forward to the pressure of domestic cares and anxieties. The provision for the growing family more and more occupies the thoughts, and withdraws them from the higher calling. The scanty income must be more exclusively devoted to these imperious claims, or eked out by pupils, or some other occupation. This is an evil, undoubtedly, to be set against the enormous amount of good, arising out of the removal of an unnatural restriction—a restriction which, when enforced, has been enforced only by a severe struggle—where attempted to be enforced in a less rigid period of morals, then most fearfully demoralizing; and likewise against the other blessings which a married clergy confer on a Christian community.

On a broad and general view even of this *maintenance* part of the question, as it works practically among ourselves, there are many incidental advantages which the merest utilitarian must allow to counterbalance the afflicting penury, or at least straitened circumstances, of many among our parochial clergy. Such in-  
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quirers must consider not only how much Church wealth (we mean wealth arising out of the offerings or endowments received by a clergy) is thus to a certain extent withdrawn from church uses strictly so called; but also how much temporal wealth is brought into the Church by the present system, and devoted to what may fairly be called church uses; the better maintenance of the clergy, the charities, and even in some cases the adornment of the sacred edifices. In a word, how many of the English clergy spend far more of their own—first on their professional education, afterwards in the sphere of their professional duty—than they ever receive from it! This arises, no doubt, from the respect in which the profession is held. But how many such valuable men would be repelled if they had to make the further sacrifice of domestic life!

In fine, you may make a sect, you may make a brotherhood, by imposing any test, however above nature or contrary to nature:—and your sect or your brotherhood will rise and fall, as did all the monastic orders, with sudden accesses and gradual paralyses of zeal—but that was immaterial; whether the succession was kept up, or how the succession was kept up, regarded the order alone. But you cannot so make or maintain an order of clergy—an order which must be supplied in cold as well as excited, in rationalizing as well as in enthusiastic times. You cannot calculate on a sustained and perpetual effort to subdue and extirpate nature. To recruit a clergy who are to influence every class, cope with every adversary, meet the wants of a vast population in various degrees of intelligence and advancement, you must not look merely to the rare and heroic virtues of which our nature affords specimens. You must disqualify none who might be useful, by unnecessary restrictions; you must condescend to, rather than haughtily proscribe, human weakness. A clergy all burning zeal, all vehement enthusiasm, all restless activity, would be a questionable blessing to any country: extreme fanaticism, extravagant superstition, alone would raise the more ambitious and enterprising above the high level. But among a sober and practical people like ourselves there must always be a strong counterpoise of moderation, good sense, and practical wisdom. Imperfect Christians as we are, we do not stand in need of fiery missionaries every two or three years to reclaim us from our heathenism, and to teach us anew the primary elements of our faith. The constant infusion of youth into our clerical body is of itself (independent of sectarian rivalry) enough to keep us alive—of youth which in its generous ardour will be always looking out for some new principles which are to regenerate mankind: who have been Evangelicals—are now Puseyites—in ten years may be Arnoldines.

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The clergy in general must partake of the character of the people. Without assuming Lord Clarendon's well-known reproach on the professional narrowness of mind and unfitness for the affairs of life to be quite obsolete—admitting the contracting influences of seclusion in country cures (if railroads will allow the deepest dells or the wildest mountain hamlet to be secluded)—the conscientious confinement of their minds to one class of literature—the occupation of their whole thoughts by the severe duties of their calling—the temptation of breaking up into small sets and clerical cliques—still it is impossible that our clergy should not partake of the general intelligence, or that they should keep themselves entirely aloof from the general movement of the human mind.

The great trial of the English clergy—the test of their fitness for the English people—is a distinct perception of their actual position as regards the rest of society. This perception must be realised, notwithstanding every attempt to bewilder them into a false idea of that superiority which they may and ought to possess, by skilful appeals to their pride, by artfully disguised suggestions of self-sufficiency, and by perpetual persuasives that in the most exaggerated notions of their authority they are magnifying God, and not themselves. The real danger of the recent movement in the Church is the total isolation of the clergy from the sympathies, from the hearts, and from the understandings of the people. The energizers of the hour are a mere unintelligible enigma to the popular mind.

We know very well all the sounding common-places that will be evoked by what we are about to say—but we cannot afford space to forestall them: it is our simple duty to look steadily into the state of the world around us, and declare the results of our investigation. The party to whom we allude have been straining themselves in a vain effort to resuscitate a dead system of things. The clergy can no longer command—but they may persuade with irresistible force; their persuasion, however, must be purely moral and religious, as contradistinguished from sacerdotal persuasion. Many causes, none indeed which ought to make us despair of their proper and legitimate influence, have altered their position. They no longer stand alone on an intellectual as well as a religious eminence. The awe in which they were invested as wiser as well as holier than the rest of mankind, has passed away; they are not the exclusive, or even in any peculiar degree the pre-eminent cultivators of letters, of arts, or of philosophy. The mass of the clergy are, no doubt, and must henceforward be, inferior in general knowledge to many of the laity in their respective parishes; and if, on the strength of their posi-

tion, on the sanctity of their ordination, they pretend to assume a superiority which they cannot support; if, where they are not intellectually superior, they do not confine themselves entirely to their religious guidance—nay, if, being conscious of high talents, they do not exercise even that guidance with the modesty which ought always to belong to youth—which (to say truth) is very rarely wanting when the mind is really strong—but which is, in fact, the surest pledge of the real Christian temper and spirit—they will lose their proper power, by straining after that which is unattainable—which neither is nor can again be their prerogative.

The knell of ecclesiastical *authority* has rung: even in the Roman Catholic Church, notwithstanding its large apparent increase in many quarters—and great is still its influence upon the minds of men—its *power* is a phantom. It is now a great confederacy working together for a common end; not a body wielded at will, and governed and directed in all its movements by a despotic Head.

The Pope holds Rome through the great powers of Europe: if they were to withdraw their support, his own subjects would reduce him, as they often attempted of old but always failed, to a simple bishop; if indeed young Italy would still endure his presence. The kings, who were of old his vassals, are his masters. In Austria the Church is the servant of the state: it has never shaken off the yoke imposed upon it by Joseph II. What may be called the spiritual mandates of the Pope are obeyed, even in Italy, according to the good will of the sovereign princes. He attempted to interdict the scientific meetings in Italy; they have been held in Tuscany, in the Austrian States, and even in Turin—this year they assemble in Naples. Even the puny despot of Modena has invited them. In Spain the work of spoliation, the secularization at least of conventual property, has hardly condescended to notice the remonstrances of the Roman Pontiff. In Germany Roman Catholicism is still strong: it is strong in the old poetical and æsthetic feelings of the people in some parts, among the men of letters, the artists; it is strong as the badge and distinction of one of the great political divisions, of the Austrian as counterbalancing the Prussian power; it is strong in the contentions of its adversaries, in the three main sections—the religious Protestants, the Rationalists, and the Hegelians. But is the Roman Catholicism of Germany a submissive, obedient faith? One Hermes has been hardly suppressed, partly perhaps because his system was too abstruse and metaphysical even for Germany itself. But how long will it be before there is another and more popular

Hermes?

Hermes? 'They' (says the writer of a strange book, but with many things in it not less true because they are strange; at all events, a very able man, and one who knows much of the real state of Germany).—'they who now hear the Hegelite lectures and read the O'Connell addresses of Romish literati, would hardly believe that they emanated from the children of that Church which condemned Galileo, and denounced all rebellion against the Lord's anointed. But besides the politic relaxations of discipline on the part of the Romish Church towards those without, her own clergy plainly indicate a tendency to reject, as unscriptural or intolerable, many of her observances. They chiefly insist on the use of the vernacular tongue, the abolition of celibacy, communion in both kinds, the reform of the confessional, and the abridgment of the Papal authority. Although some are actuated by an infidel impatience, others are truly seeking the well-being of the Church: and although Möhler—whose fair pictures of his mother make one wish that they were true, and that he did not know their falseness—quieted matters for a time by his moral influence and apologetic adroitness, yet the principles at work will not long leave these objects unattained.'\* Since this gentleman wrote the affair has assumed a very formidable shape. The movement of the Ronge party has already swept like a torrent from west to east, from north to south. A new Reformation is organized.

Among ourselves we will not dwell on the total abrogation of all real *authority* in those who hold the place of rulers in our Church. What is the case in the quarter where obedience is the very vital principle of the system? In the words of that remarkable letter to Sir R. Inglis, which we have already more than once cited, 'The tractarians, obedient in theory, and loyal, not to their own diocesans, but to their own ideas of what their diocesans should say and do, go a-head of, reprove, and teach the Bishops of the Church, without any commission, without the thought or pretence of apostolic authority so to do.' Here and there we have some desperate, ostentatious act of submission, endured with the air of a martyr. What can a bishop do by *power* even over his clergy? What may he not do by gentle influence?

All this may be very melancholy, and to those who have less faith in the vital powers of Christianity, in whatever form it may

\* 'Moral Phenomena of Germany,' by Thomas Carlyle, Esq. 'Behold there are two Percies in the field!'—of Germany. This gentleman holds very different principles (principles akin to those of Mr. Henry Drummond) from the *original* Thomas Carlyle, neither does he write in Carlylese. We wish we could have given more of this his first performance—but his vein is so evidently a rich one that we may safely count on a future (we hope a speedy) opportunity of making our readers better acquainted with him.

adapt itself to the infinite varieties of the human mind, and to every stage of civilization, it may lead to utter despair. But let us rather look back to the causes of this decay of authority with quiet impartiality. Nothing is more easy than to denounce the infidelity of the age—to deplore the irrevocable past—with the almost enviable unfairness, though not always with the beautiful feeling and eloquence of the author of the '*Mores Catholici*,' to recall all that was poetical, tranquil, holy, in what that writer is pleased to call the Ages of Faith, and to be totally silent on the unutterable miseries, and crimes, and cruelties of those fierce times. But trace the growth of ecclesiastical power, and we trace its decay. The one legitimate extreme penalty which belongs to the Church, however that Church may be ruled, is *excommunication*. Penance in its various forms can, of course, only be enforced on a reluctant member by the dread of that last and capital punishment. No sooner had the Roman emperors been converted to Christianity than excommunication became connected with civil disabilities. It was not merely a religious, but likewise a secular punishment. In the high days of ecclesiastical power it even smote, as it were, the State itself with civil disability. The excommunicated king, according to the loftiest theory, was thereby deposed. Even where the sentence of deposition was either not issued, or was despised by the refractory son of the Church, public opinion inflicted a kind of civil disability. The excommunicated monarch was, even to his subjects, as it were, a leper, and all allegiance which he might still receive or enforce was at best doubtful and precarious. But by the constitution of most kingdoms, by the great common law of Europe, excommunication has entirely lost this alliance with civil disability. Some privileges may still be withheld, some offices be refused to dissentients from the dominant faith, from those who are self-excommunicated (for all separation is self-excommunication) from the Church, whether it call itself Catholic, or be a national or otherwise self-incorporated society—but that is all.

Beyond this; that kind of civil incapacity which was inflicted by public opinion, that open or that tacit proscription which dooms those without the pale of the Church to inferiority, has likewise, for the most part, practically disappeared. The sympathies of men are so entirely in favour of toleration, that the Roman Catholic Church, as well as every the smallest sect (of which the *theory* equally is, and must be, exclusive salvation within its own or some limited pale) is perpetually at issue with its own principle. Its *authority* is gone when men can despise that authority and be none the worse, either as to their worldly situation or their estimation in society, and *where they themselves dread*

no

*no eternal consequences.* Where excommunication does not certainly imply (if unrepealed) absolute exclusion from heaven, where it has lost its spiritual as well as its temporal terrors, then and there its power has either altogether ceased, or is so reduced as almost to be deprived of its controlling efficacy. When any one may in a Roman Catholic country become a Protestant (excepting where feuds, as in Ireland, run high), however he may distress his friends or family, without losing caste; where a man excluded from one religious community (at least on purely religious grounds) is at once received into another—what is excommunication? It is already incurred by the voluntary renunciation of relationship. I banish you, says, with Coriolanus, every proud or at least self-confident seceder. But if deprived of this *ultima ratio*, how shall ecclesiastical authority enforce its smaller penalties for smaller offences? The conscience of the individual has become his sole judge; whether he fears or whether he defies Church censure, absolutely depends on his own individual conviction of the validity or invalidity of Church censure. If, indeed, we bemoan the loss of godly discipline, if we think those wiser or more safe who still bow themselves to its humiliating and it may be sanctifying control, we should first remember that it was because it ceased to be godly discipline, and stooped to be worldly discipline, that it has been so entirely lost. And was penitential discipline so efficacious? All that we know of the state of morals and of manners, when it was at its height, is not much in its favour. According to our own modes of feeling are we quite sure that doing penance and being put to open shame would be productive of inward contrition? and notwithstanding the contempt and pity which is felt and expressed towards our degenerate age, we believe that our aversion to ostentatious penitence, to that self-atoning confrontation of shame, is a sign of our moral advancement, of our genuine rather than affected religious sensibility.

What mission, then, remains to the clergy in a state of society which thus repudiates their *authority*? The noblest, the most sublime, because the most quietly, secretly, unostentatiously, beneficent; in many, perhaps in most places, ill-rewarded, often entirely disinterested service; and that without awakening the old justifiable jealousies, and therefore without encountering the hostility, which perpetually struggled against a presumptuous, arrogant, dictatorial, meddling, sacerdotal power. To be the administrators of the holy, the sanctifying sacraments of our faith; to be the ministers of a Church ceremonial, simple, but solemn, affecting, impressive—a ceremonial not to be regulated by pedantic adherence to antiquated forms, but instinct with  
spiritual

spiritual life; not the revival of a symbolism, which has ceased to be a language, and become a hieroglyphic—a hieroglyphic without a Champollion; neither a sort of manual exercise of Church postures, which have lost their meaning—an orderly parade of genuflexion, and hand-clasping, and bowing the head:—but a ceremonial set forth, if possible, with all that is grand and beautiful in art (for nothing is grand or beautiful which has not an infelt harmony with its purpose)—the most solemn and effective music, the purest and most impressive architecture—everything which may separate the worship of God from the ordinary and vulgar daily life of man—all that really enforces reverence—excludes the world; calms, elevates, truly spiritualizes the soul—all which asserts, heightens, purifies devotion—that devotion daily fed and maintained, where it may be practicable, with daily service. The mission of the clergy is to be more than the preachers of the Gospel, the example of the Gospel in all its assiduous and active love. In each parish throughout the kingdom to head the model family of order, of peace, of piety, of cheerfulness, of contentedness, of resignation in affliction, of hopefulness under all circumstances. To be the almoner (the supplementary almoner over and above the necessarily hard measure of legal alms) of those who cannot be their own. To be the ruler, as such a clergy will be, by the homely poetic precept of domestic life:

‘And if she rule him, never shows she rules.’

The religion of such a clergy will not be the religion of the thirteenth century, nor of the ninth century, nor of the fourth century, but it will be the, in many respects, better religion of the nineteenth. Let us boldly say that the rude and gross and material piety of former ages was an easy task as compared to rational, intelligent piety in the present. Mere force is not strength, but force under command. The cilice and the scourge are but coarse and vulgar expedients to subdue the will to the yoke of Christian faith and love. What is the most flagellant asceticism, the maceration of the body, to the self-denial of a great mind, above all the transitory excitement, the bustle and fashion of the religionism of his day, but sternly and hopefully striving for the truth, holding with steady equipoise the balance of reason and faith?

Of all things, such a clergy will be utterly abhorrent to all tampering with truth; they will place themselves high above even the suspicion of profiting by untruth—not, we grieve to say, under existing circumstances, the least difficult of our trials. For among a truth-loving people like ourselves—at least comparatively

paratively truth-loving—the sure effect of the slightest dishonesty of purpose or language will be the total estrangement of the confidence and the respect of the people.

‘Thus, then it is’ (writes one of the biographers of the Saints): ‘some there are which have no memorial, and are as though they have never been; others are known to have lived and died, and are known in little else: they have left a name, but they have left nothing besides; or the place of their birth, or of their abode, or of their death, or some one or other striking incident of their life gives a character to their memory; or they are known by martyrologies, or services, or by the traditions of a neighbourhood, or by the titles or decorations of a church; or they are known by certain miraculous interpositions which are attributed to them; or their deeds and sufferings belong to countries far away, and the report of them comes musical and low over the broad sea. *Such are some of the small elements which, when more is not known, faith is fain to receive, love dwells on, meditation unfolds, disposes and forms, till by the sympathy of many minds, and the concert of many voices, and the lapse of many years, a certain whole figure is developed with words and actions, a history and a character, which is indeed but the portrait of the original, yet is as much as a portrait, an imitation rather than a copy, a likeness on the whole; but in its particulars more or less the work of imagination.* It is but collateral and parallel to the truth; it is the truth under assumed conditions; it brings out a true idea, yet by inaccurate or defective means of exhibition; it savours of the age, yet it is the offspring from what is spiritual and everlasting. It is the picture of a Saint, who did other miracles, if not these; who went through sufferings, who wrought righteousness, who died in faith and peace—of this we are sure; we are not sure, should it so happen, of the when, the where, the how, the why, and the whence.’—*Life of St. Gundleus*, pp. 4, 5.

There is a work of which our readers perhaps have heard much, but know little; the ‘Life of Jesus,’ by Strauss. We have sometimes contemplated an attempt to give our readers some notion of this book, but have been deterred partly by general doubts as to the expediency of such a course; partly by the difficulty of fairly translating the peculiar mode of thought and expression, which is not merely German, but German according to a special philosophy—that of Hegel. It is done to our hands by this unconscious Hegelite; alter a few words, and we are reading Strauss, unfolding the process by which grew up the great Myth of Christianity; and if this be the legitimate principle of Christian history, what criterion of superior credibility have the four Gospels over the fifth by S. Bonaventure and Mr. Oakley, recently published for the edification of the English Church?

We have quoted but one sample; we could easily give fifty in the same strain. It is a serious question to deal with a peasantry in whom legendary faith has been, as it were, a part of their baptismal

tismal creed, who have been nursed, and cradled, and matured in this atmosphere of religious fiction, lest, when we pluck up the tares, we pluck up the wheat also. But deliberately to load Christianity again with all the lies of which it has gradually disburthened itself, appears to us the worst kind of infidelity both in its origin and in its consequences; infidelity as implying total mistrust in the plain Christianity of the Bible; infidelity as shaking the belief in all religious truth. It may be well to have the tenderest compassion for those who have been taught to worship relics, or to kneel in supplication before the image of the Virgin; but to attempt to force back, especially on an unimaginative people, an antiquated superstition, is assuredly one of the most debasing offices to which high talents, that greatest and most perilous gift of God, can degrade themselves. If mankind has no alternative between the full, unquestioning, all-embracing, all-worshipping faith of the middle ages, and no faith at all, what must be the result with the reasoning and reflecting part of it? To this question we await an answer; but let this question be answered by those only who have considered it calmly, under no preconceived system, in all its bearings on the temporal and on the eternal interests of mankind.

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ART. II.—*The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland, anterior to the Anglo-Norman Invasion; comprising an Essay on the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland.* By George Petrie, V.P.R.I.A. (Being Vol. XX. of *The Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.*) Dublin. 4to. 1845.

WE have taken up this beautiful work of Mr. Petrie's with the interest due to one of the most curious of antiquarian researches, and laid it down with no little gratitude for the temporary relief and respite which it offers to those dreary, cheerless contemplations with which the present and past history of Ireland is so thickly beset. A man without family pride, and a nation whose present life seems full of poverty, turbulence, sedition, and bloodshed, while its past records present at first sight little but a blank of barbarism, are destitute of one of the most ennobling incentives to reformation or improvement. And to an ignorance of the past history of Ireland must be attributed much of that indifference, amounting even to false shame, with which Irishmen in English society sometimes venture to depreciate, and even disown their country. While to a remembrance of the same history, however vague and obscure, and overlaid with legends and superstitions,

stitutions, we may trace many of those high and even holy instincts which redeem the other faults of the Irish peasantry.

And to the same ignorance may be attributed much of that weariness and hopelessness (stronger words need not be used) with which the prospects of Ireland are too often regarded even by educated Englishmen. Before us, behind us, all around us, on every side, to superficial eyes there seems to open a wilderness of untilled ground; whose very luxuriance vents itself only in the rankness of its weeds. In the past worldliness and impotency of a Church whose present zeal is little understood—in the extravagance and extortions of a race of landlords which now has all but past away, though the sons are reaping the whirlwind which the fathers have sown—in the religious distractions of age after age—and in the petty marauding vexatious series of burnings, and massacres, and plunderings, and perjuries, which constitute the wars of Ireland from the beginning of the English Invasion to the final subjugation of the whole island, there is scarcely a single feature which can interest or attract. The whole scene is dark and dismal.

And yet there was a time when Ireland was the light of the world. In the same ages in which knowledge and philosophy and art were dying away over the whole surface of the known globe, under the ravages of barbarians, the neglect of emperors, the schism and heresies of Christians, and the disorganisation of a corrupted and crumbling empire, Ireland offered a refuge and a school, in which the light was kept burning, and from thence spread once more over the greater part of Europe. ‘*Sola Britannia*,’ says Brucker (*Hist. Philos.*, vol. iii. p. 575), ‘*literarum cultu felix insula exules Musas patentibus ulnis amplexa, profugam cum reliquis literis philosophiam cultu squaloreque deformem vixque dignoscendam recepit, et in amplexus admisit suos. Id imprimis, et jure quodam suo ad Hiberniam pertinet, quò hoc seculo Angli literarum addiscendarum causâ adhuc proficisci solebant.*’

‘I have long wished,’ said Dr. Johnson, ‘that the Irish literature were cultivated. Ireland is known by tradition to have been once the seat of piety and learning; and surely it would be very acceptable to all those who are curious either in the original of nations, or the affinities of languages, to be fully informed of the revolution of a people so ancient and once so illustrious.’ (Boswell, vol. ii. p. 77.) ‘In Mexico and Peru,’ says Sir William Temple (*Of Ancient and Modern Learning*), ‘before the least use or mention of letters, there was remaining among them the knowledge of what had passed in those mighty nations and governments for many ages. Whereas in Ireland, that is said to have flourished in books and learning before they had made much progress

progress in Gaul or Britany, there are now hardly any traces left of what passed there before the conquest made of that country by the English in Henry II.'s time.'

If it is asked how the records of this period have been so lost or hidden—the answer is, first by the ravages of the Danes—then by the internal quarrels and predatory incursions of the numerous petty princes, between whom Ireland was divided—then by the English Invasion—then by the plunder and ravages of the Reformation—then by the outrages of the Puritans under Oliver Cromwell—then by the neglect, and indifference, and ignorance of the Anglo-Irish, who succeeded to the confiscated properties—and, lastly, by the mistaken prejudice and ill-directed zeal which latterly has endeavoured to unite Ireland to England rather by effacing the vestiges and affections of Irish nationality, than by consecrating and developing them as a grand portion of the common treasure of the British empire.

And yet, notwithstanding these various forms of destruction, a vast number of most interesting relics exist in Ireland, some already brought to light, and others still capable of recovery, which bring us at once into contact with the sixth and seventh centuries, with a degree of reality and evidence surpassing perhaps that of any ecclesiastical remains of antiquity in the world.

Of the architectural portions of these relics Mr. Petrie has given a minute and detailed account in his present volume; and we propose to mention a few others, principally from information supplied by his own researches, in the hope of drawing more general attention to a subject little studied even in Ireland, but one full of interest and importance.

Its interest lies chiefly in the fact that in the sixth and seventh centuries Ireland, beyond a doubt, became an extraordinary instrument for the preservation and diffusion of the Truth. Though comparatively little has been done in extracting from the Irish manuscripts still in existence the information which they contain on this subject, the following facts are undoubted:—1. Notwithstanding the unsettled condition of civil society in Ireland at that period, the Christian Church did make an extraordinary progress, and produce an immense number of holy men and devoted missionaries, the memory of whom is still preserved in the popular name of Ireland,—*Insula Sanctorum*—the Isle of Saints. 2. It was the resort of Christians for the purpose both of instruction and religious discipline from England, from Wales, from France, from Italy, from Germany, as Athens or Alexandria were the schools of a preceding age. 3. These students were gathered in vast bodies, who in many instances were not only taught but supported and fed at the expense

pense of religious communities : as at Armagh, Clonard, Mungret near Limerick, Clonmacnoise, Bangor, and many other places.\*

4. Missionaries were sent out from it, under the followers of Columba and others, to Wales, to Scotland, to England, to France, to Germany, to Italy, and to Iceland, who founded celebrated monasteries, and brought with them a variety of arts connected with the offices of religion. 5. It is clear that Ireland in those times was, like the rest of Christendom, not yet subjugated to Rome, nor to any considerable degree infected with religious errors. Whatever trace of these is found in the later records of this period disappear in the older annals : and the progress of invention and falsification may easily be traced ; and thus this portion of Irish history offers a wide and peaceful field, in which lovers of their country and of its ancient glory may expatiate without collision or jealousy.

These facts are proved, not by legendary lives of saints or the exaggerations of a national poetry, but by the concurrent testimony of foreign and independent witnesses. And the question still to be solved is this,—by what means was this great work achieved under circumstances apparently so unfavourable?

Four of these means may be seen faintly indicated in the brief annals of the times which have hitherto been examined. In the first place, Columba and his followers seem uniformly to have acted on the principle derived from their predecessors, of gathering their clergy, both secular and regular, into organised collegiate bodies. In the second place, a close connexion appears to have been established between these bodies and the episcopal order of the Church—a connexion indeed very different from the relation which would exist between collegiate bodies formed in the present day and the bishops of the dioceses in which they may be placed—since bishops were often at the head of them, and still oftener were inferior members of the body subject to their abbot, as in the well-known instance of the abbot of Iona ; or as a bishop holding a prebendal stall in his own cathedral is subject as a prebendary to his dean, while his dean as a priest is subject to himself as a bishop. Thirdly, these collegiate bodies, or monasteries, improperly so called, were for the most part formed upon a plan essentially different from either the solitary retirements of Eastern monks, or the ascetic system of the Benedictines. They were great schools, of which education was the chief object ; and those who have ever practically examined the working of monasticism will comprehend the importance of this distinction. Fourthly, as far as we can judge, classical literature, and especially the

\* There were 7000 at Armagh. Compare the numbers at Oxford : *e. g.* 30,000.

Greek

Greek language, formed an integral part of the course of instruction pursued in these seminaries; and that, at a period, when from the rest of Europe the traces of Greek literature were rapidly vanishing. The importance of this fact will be best understood by an historical examination of the progress both of society and of the human mind, wherever Greek literature has been profoundly and generally studied, and of the influence which the same study has exercised in stimulating and developing the intellectual powers.

It is, however, no part of our intention at present to enter into a fuller discussion of these facts, which can only be extracted and confirmed from a minute induction of particulars scattered over a wide range of records, many of them unedited. Our present business is with the architectural remains of that period; and of these the most interesting and prominent specimens are the Round Towers which have proved the occasion of Mr. Petrie's disquisition. It must be unnecessary to say that these structures have for centuries formed the stumbling-block of antiquarians. Tall, slender, cylindrical, cone-topped piles, too small for habitations, too simple for ornament, too vast for mere appendages to the little buildings with which they seem to have been connected—too uniform in construction to be accidental caprices of taste, and yet too varied to be all reduced under one age—rising up, as they often do, among the bleakest mountains, by a gloomy lake, or on some desolate island, or even from a group of ruins clustered round them by ages later than their own, as on the rock of Cashel, they produce a singular effect of mysterious ghostlike grandeur—far beyond any composition of the most elaborate architecture.

And their effect upon the understandings of the beholders has been scarcely less surprising than upon their imaginations and feelings. It is impossible to enter on Mr. Petrie's own theory of the Round Towers, without adverting to the severe yet merciful ingenuity with which he has anatomised the theories of too many of his predecessors. We have all heard of Aristotle's logic. Some of us may have read of a new system of ladies' logic which has been recently propounded in a popular though not very grave publication. But there is also, it would appear, an antiquarian logic, very different from either, which has been largely employed in the present discussion, before Mr. Petrie thought it necessary to recur to the dry and more painful process of investigating facts. A long and not useless treatise might be devoted to this subject, which might embrace many other antiquarian researches besides the present, and be illustrated by the practice of not a few well-known writers. But two or three heads of syllogisms may be sufficient for our purpose.

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One of these may be entitled the argument from hearsay, the 'somebody-told-me' syllogism, which, by a very easy and simple process, a short series of expert and courageous writers may at any time convert into an argument from undisputable testimony. For instance, Giraldus asserts that the Round Towers were built '*more patriæ*, or in a mode peculiar to the country' (*Inquiry*, p. 5, pt. 1, s. 1). To overturn this assertion, in company with a multitude of others by the same writer, Lynch, the author of '*Cambrensis Eversus*,' in 1662, ventures to hint that there is '*a report*' to the contrary—that they *are said* to have been erected by the Danes. In 1684 Peter Walsh takes courage, and translating nearly word for word the statement of Lynch, slips at the same time by a bold stroke of legerdemain the '*it is said*' into '*it is most certain*.' Fortified by this authority, Dr. Molyneux insists on the same theory. And in the beginning of this century, Ledwich, who in this as in many other points has exhibited, of all writers on Irish history, the most intrepid conscience, comes forward boldly to claim in support of the same hypothesis the whole series of authorities, during a space of 542 years, from Cambrensis to Molyneux inclusive—Cambrensis having positively affirmed the contrary.

Another mode of reasoning is the argument '*à non existentibus*,' or the proof from things that never existed. Thus Dr. Molyneux convinces us that nothing was more likely than that the Danes should erect in Ireland buildings like those which they had left in their own country, and therefore that the Round Towers were erected by the Danes. It is true that a remorseless and unpatriotic Dane declares that his countrymen never possessed on their own shores any buildings of the kind. But Denmark is at a considerable distance, and little visited by travellers; and under similar conditions the argument may at any time be safely employed, and with very great effect, provided the existence of the non-existent facts be boldly assumed, and cannot readily be disproved.—Or again, the peculiar occurrence of Round Towers in Ireland is explained by Mr. Beauford (*Inquiry*, p. 31) from the well-known fact of the Gaurs or Persian Magi overrunning Europe in the time of Constantine; and the explanation will be perfectly satisfactory till the reader looks into history, and finds that no such 'overrunning' ever occurred.—Or again, the Round Towers were observatories—because the four windows are uniformly placed at the four cardinal points; a solution which we eagerly embrace till we stumble on towers with five apertures, others with three, and others commanding all the points of the compass.

Another argument is that of analogy drawn '*à rebus toto cælo differentibus*'—from things having no analogy whatever. The reader

reader will find an admirable illustration of the form in p. 75 of Mr. Petrie's work. He has only to compare a Round Tower with the drawings there given of the Nuraghes of Sardinia—the tall, slender, simple shaft of the one with the central cone of the other standing on a square base, and having four small cones at the angles connected with a parapet-wall—in order to recognise at once their perfect similarity, and deduce from the analogy without difficulty the Phœnician origin of both.

Another form is the well-known reasoning from etymology. But the use of this is so common, and the instances so abundant, that we need only allude to it. The Irish language, whose manuscripts are unknown, spelling uncertain, origin obscure, and glossaries rare, affords peculiar facilities for the employment of this argument. And assuming the well-known fundamental principle that in deducing etymologies consonants go for very little, and vowels for nothing at all, there is nothing which may not be proved by it. General Vallancy and Sir William Betham may perhaps claim the palm of dexterity in the use of this most powerful and versatile instrument of antiquarian research.

Another variety is that from Irish history. To this General Vallancy has referred for a multitude of facts respecting the Druids and the fire-worshippers in Ireland; for the reformation of that worship by Mogh Nuadhat, or the Magus of the New Law, otherwise called Airgiod-lamb, or Silver-hand (*Inquiry*, p. 27); for the Fomorians or African Sea champions, who came to Ireland a few centuries after the deluge, and taught the natives to build with lime and stone; for the adoration of Crom Cruach; and for the introduction of fire-worship by a certain *draoi* named Midhghe, a corruption of Maguisch, which in Persian signifies 'nailed by the ears'—together with a number of other events which would be indisputably conclusive to the fact that the Round Towers were created for the worship of fire—provided only we could find the histories in which the facts themselves are recorded. But General Vallancy having forgotten to give any references, and all inquiries hitherto made to discover them having failed, this slight confirmation is still wanting.

Perhaps we may place separately the argument from manuscripts. Thus General Vallancy quotes from the glossary of Cormac, and Mr. D'Alton from the Psalter of Cashel, and Dr. O'Connor from the Annals of the Four Masters. If indeed such men as Mr. Petrie are close at hand, who will provokingly interfere; who will look into the manuscripts themselves; who will wonder at omissions and insertions, which produce a perplexing contrariety between the original manuscript and the quotations; who will teasingly and tiresomely inquire

inquire into the real meaning of words, and even use painful expressions like garbling and inventing—then indeed we would recommend that this mode of proof should be used with great caution. And perhaps henceforth it must be dropped, or used with far less boldness than hitherto in the case of Irish records, which are beginning to attract the attention of scholars. If used at all, as by some former Irish antiquarians in some of their speculations, the references should be carefully confined to such manuscripts as are either wholly illegible, or can nowhere be found.

We may close our list with the argument ‘à Museo Britannico,’ or if named from the work chiefly employed in the present controversy, the argument ‘à Psalterio Cassiolensi,’ from the Psalter of Cashel. A copious illustration of this kind of argument may be found on another subject in Lauder’s ‘Detection of the Plagiarisms of Milton’—all the finer parts of whose poems he had discovered in a variety of Latin poems, which were to be found somewhere or another, no one knew where, in the Bodleian Library. What the Bodleian Library was to Mr. Lauder, the British Museum has been to more than one ingenious writer on the Round Towers. Mr. D’Alton and Miss Beauford have referred largely for the most important confirmation of the fire theory to the Psalter of Cashel and the Psalter of Tara; documents evidently of the highest antiquity and authority, and whose testimony must at once set the question at rest. Unhappily their references are all traceable up to one source, a little abridgment of the English translation of Keating’s History of Ireland by Mr. Comerford, who unhappily also appears to have known nothing of any Irish authorities. Still more unhappily, and to the cruel disappointment of Irish antiquarians, who would give their heads to obtain a sight of either of the volumes referred to, all notice of their locality, of the time of their inspection, and of the nature of the context, has been accidentally omitted by the quoters. No clue to the discovery of these points can be traced beyond a vague hint in another writer, Mr. O’Reilly, that *they are said* to be in the British Museum. Still more unhappily, even this intimation is coupled with a suspicion that the saying is probably not true; and, most unhappily of all, those who know most of the history of Irish manuscripts have reason to doubt not only if the Psalter of Cashel exists anywhere at this present day, but also if the Psalter of Tara ever existed at all.

But we must not dwell more on a part of the subject which Mr. Petrie has discussed with as much accuracy as delicacy and forbearance. Our readers, we suspect, possess the same amount of information on the state of Ireland which has been attained by

Englishmen

Englishmen in general, and which is about equal to that which we enjoy of the interior of Africa; and they will be more disposed to ask what a Round Tower is than what it is not:—

‘These towers, then, are rotund, cylindrical structures, usually tapering upwards, and varying in height from fifty to perhaps one hundred and fifty feet; and in external circumference, at the base, from forty to sixty feet, or somewhat more. They have usually a circular, projecting base, consisting of one, two, or three steps, or plinths, and are finished at the top with a conical roof of stone, which frequently, as there is every reason to believe, terminated with a cross formed of a single stone. The wall, towards the base, is never less than three feet in thickness, but is usually more, and occasionally five feet, being always in accordance with the general proportions of the building. In the interior they are divided into stories, varying in number from four to eight, as the height of the tower permitted, and usually about twelve feet in height. These stories are marked either by projecting belts of stone, set-offs or ledges, or holes in the wall to receive joists, on which rested the floors, which were almost always of wood. In the uppermost of these stories the wall is perforated by two, four, five, six, or eight apertures, but most usually four, which sometimes face the cardinal points, and sometimes not. The lowest story, or rather its place, is sometimes composed of solid masonry, and when not so, it has never any aperture to light it. In the second story the wall is usually perforated by the entrance doorway, which is generally from eight to thirty feet from the ground, and only large enough to admit a single person at a time. The intermediate stories are each lighted by a single aperture, placed variously, and usually of very small size, though in several instances that directly over the doorway is of a size little less than that of the doorway, and would appear to be intended as a second entrance.

‘In their masonic construction they present a considerable variety: but the generality of them are built in that kind of careful masonry called spawled rubble, in which small stones, shaped by the hammer, in default of suitable stones at hand, are placed in every interstice of the larger stones, so that very little mortar appears to be intermixed in the body of the wall; and thus the outside of spawled masonry, especially, presents an almost uninterrupted surface of stone, supplementary splinters being carefully inserted in the joints of the undried wall. Such, also, is the style of masonry of the most ancient churches; but it should be added that, in the interior of the walls of both, grouting is abundantly used. In some instances, however, the towers present a surface of ashlar masonry,—but rarely laid in courses perfectly regular,—both externally and internally, though more usually on the exterior only; and, in a few instances, the lower portion of the towers exhibit less of regularity than the upper parts.

‘In their architectural features an equal diversity of style is observable; and of these the doorway is the most remarkable. When the tower is of rubble masonry, the doorways seldom present any decorations, and are either quadrangular, and covered with a lintel of a single stone of great size, or semicircular-headed, either by the construction of  
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a regular arch or the cutting of a single stone. There are, however, two instances of very richly decorated doorways in towers of this description, namely, those of Kildare and Timahoe. In the more regularly constructed towers the doorways are always arched semi-circularly, and are usually ornamented with architraves, or bands, on their external faces. The upper apertures but very rarely present any decorations, and are most usually of a quadrangular form. They are, however, sometimes semicircular-headed, and still often present the triangular or straight-sided arch. I should further add, that in the construction of these apertures very frequent examples occur of that kind of masonry, consisting of long and short stones alternately, now generally considered by antiquaries as a characteristic of Saxon architecture in England.'—pp. 355-357.

With respect to the origin and use of these mysterious structures, we fear that to many readers Mr. Petrie's solution of the problem will be productive of some disappointment. Its simplicity dispels that charm of doubt and wonder which has hitherto surrounded them like a hazy atmosphere, distorting and refracting every view which has been taken of them. Its comprehensiveness will act as a most uninteresting sedative to the animated belligerents of the contending theories; and its rigid imperturbable appeal to facts, to actual admeasurements, accurate surveys, and personal research both into buildings and into manuscripts, will considerably damp that free and ardent spirit of speculation which has hitherto expatiated, with so much of boldness and delight, in Paganism, Buddhism, Gaurism, and the mythical ages of Irish history, without the fear of being surprised or detected by a single historical policeman.

'The towers have been all subjected to a careful examination, and their peculiarities accurately noticed; while our ancient records, and every other probable source of information, have been searched for such facts or notices as might contribute to throw light upon their history. I have even gone further: I have examined, for the purpose of comparison with the towers, not only all the vestiges of early Christian architecture remaining in Ireland, but also those of monuments of known or probable pagan origin. The results, I trust, will be found satisfactory, and will suffice to establish, beyond all reasonable doubt, the following conclusions:—

'I. That the towers are of Christian and ecclesiastical origin, and were erected at various periods between the fifth and thirteenth centuries. II. That they were designed to answer, at least, a twofold use, namely, to serve as belfries, and as keeps, or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics, to whom they belonged, could retire for security in cases of sudden predatory attack. III. That they were probably also used, when occasion required, as beacons and watch-towers.

‘ These conclusions, which have been already advocated *separately* by many distinguished antiquaries—among whom are Molyneux, Ledwich, Pinkerton Sir Walter Scott, Montmorenci, Brewer, and Otway—will be proved by the following evidences:—

‘ For the **FIRST CONCLUSION**, namely, that the towers are of Christian origin:—1. The towers are *never* found unconnected with ancient ecclesiastical foundations. 2. Their architectural styles exhibit no features or peculiarities not equally found in the *original* churches with which they are locally connected, when such remain. 3. On several of them Christian emblems are observable, and others display in the details a style of architecture universally acknowledged to be of Christian origin. 4. They possess, invariably, architectural features not found in any buildings in Ireland ascertained to be of pagan times.

‘ For the **SECOND CONCLUSION**, namely, that they were intended to serve the double purpose of belfries, and keeps, or castles, for the uses already specified:—1. Their architectural construction, as will appear, eminently favours this conclusion. 2. A variety of passages, extracted from our annals and other authentic documents, will prove that they were constantly applied to both these purposes.

For the **THIRD CONCLUSION**, namely, that they may have also been occasionally used as beacons and watch-towers:—1. There are some historical evidences which render such a hypothesis extremely probable. 2. The necessity which must have existed in early Christian times for such beacons and watch-towers, and the perfect fitness of the round towers to answer such purposes, will strongly support this conclusion.

‘ These conclusions—or, at least, such of them as presume the towers to have had a Christian origin, and to have served the purpose of a belfry—will be further corroborated by the uniform and concurrent tradition of the country, and, above all, by authentic evidences, which shall be adduced relative to the erection of several of the towers, with the names and eras of their founders.’—pp. 2-4.

‘ We have no wish to anticipate the reader and defraud the author, by condensing the ingenious and interesting process with which Mr. Petrie has extracted his evidence to these facts, as well from the details of the buildings themselves as from the manuscripts of Irish literature. The second part of the work is still to come, and in this we may hope for still more minute delineations of the several edifices; but even thus far the evidence is to our own mind complete; and there is one deeply interesting fact which must be impressed on the mind of every candid reader who will follow the line of argument—it is the extraordinary value of that mass of unpublished and neglected documents which now lie cobwebbed and worm-eaten, and often uncatalogued and unknown, on the shelves of public or of private libraries, under the despised title of Irish manuscripts. Once more—the fact cannot be repeated too often—let it be remembered that there was a time when

when Ireland was the sanctuary of Christian truth, the school of Europe, the nurse and mother of the holiest men, and the enlightener of an age of darkness. Upon this period a cloud has hitherto rested, enveloping it in the profoundest obscurity. Its most heroic and saintly names have been dealt with as the shadows of a myth. The memory of it has been preserved in our own days only by a few faint allusions to it in authors of more than ordinary research. No traveller visits Ireland with the thought that he is treading ground hallowed and ennobled as one of the brightest sanctuaries of the Church. He looks upon its border castles and ruined abbeys, numerous as they are, contemptuously, as compared with the grander monuments of England, and painfully as associated only with records of turbulence and crime. A Danish rath or a Druidical stone may catch his attention for a moment; a slight question may cross his mind as to the reality of a St. Patrick, or the schools of St. Columba; but to look for any trace of their footsteps, or any light upon their history, would seem a delusion like a struggle to exhume the relics of a Preadamite nation.

Meanwhile there lie sleeping, not only in many a poor cabin of Ireland, but even on our own book-shelves, in the Bodleian, in the Royal Irish Academy, in Trinity College, Dublin, at Stow, in the British Museum, in the collection of Sir Thomas Phillips, a vast collection of records, unequalled for their minute historical accuracy, and accessible, without any extraordinary difficulty, to any fair Irish scholar—records which, patiently and thoughtfully analysed, would throw a flood of light upon this very period, and render it perfectly intelligible. Let us not be misunderstood. It is not said that these records contain intentional detailed descriptions of the sixth or seventh centuries in Irish history, or philosophical disquisitions on the state of domestic society, or political relations at that period, such as we expect and demand from a modern writer of history. To find among them any such treatise would be like finding a steam-engine, with the name of Watt upon it, in a Pictish barrow. It would prove them to be forgeries. Neither must a lover of poetry expect any very delightful food for the imagination in the songs and poems which form the main feature in them.\* Poems, indeed,

\* The passion of the Irish at the present day for poetry, as the sweetener and reliver of graver studies, may be understood by a little anecdote which, whether somewhat heightened or not, may be worth subjoining. A distinguished and benevolent English scholar was appointed not many years since to one of the highest ecclesiastical stations in Ireland. He is said to have shared the fate of Englishmen in general, in being little acquainted with the real state of Ireland—even with the existence of the Irish language. But his zeal for benefiting the people was

indeed, are the passion of the Irish, and their poets formed a distinct class of society; and St. Columba himself did not think it beneath him to interfere, with the whole of his influence, to preserve them from a sweeping and meditated destruction. He himself became their reformer. But we candidly confess that the specimens of epic verse which have recently been given to the world by the labours of the Irish Archæological Society, and which record the wonders of the battle of Magh Rath, are not such as yet supersede, in our own case, the perusal of Milton and Shakspeare. It is true that even Eton and Oxford possess an alembic in which the choruses of *Æschylus* and the glories of *Homer* are transmuted daily into the most absurd, disjointed, abominable rhapsodies which a barbarous imagination could devise. Construed by a schoolboy or an under-graduate, according to the uniform principles of our English scholarship, even the battles of Troy sound by no means unlike the battles of Magh Rath. We therefore suspend our judgment; and until it should be possible for ourselves to peruse the original documents in their native language—a possibility which looms far beyond the distance even of the removal of the income-tax—we pause before we pronounce that the poems which still lie imbedded in the Irish language may not be models of elegance and sublimity.

Still, though neither poetical nor philosophical—though composed, to a great extent, of a bare catalogue of names—Irish manuscripts may be of incalculable value as historical documents. They are authentic, for each monastery had its annalist—each family its historiographer; and it is something to possess even a dry

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worthy of his character. The fact that the Irish language was still spoken, and its extraordinary influence on the people having been at last brought home to him, he bethought himself of some mode in which it might be most successfully turned to account in elevating the character and ameliorating the condition of the peasant. And it appeared that a deeper insight into the principles of political economy would prove one of the most powerful instruments in the regeneration of the country. He procured therefore the assistance of a good Irish scholar, and commanded him to translate for popular circulation some extracts from some of his own writings on the theory of rent, wages, value, stock, capital, bullion, &c. &c. The work was completed—the translation brought. To test the accuracy of the translation, and remove a still lingering doubt, whether the Irish language was not still a dream and a fiction, the illustrious author took his own work in his hand, and commanded the humble translator to translate his own translation. Nothing could be more accurate—all doubt was dispelled. The author's benevolent eye gleamed with delight at the thought of the impoverished peasantry crowding to purchase and peruse a true philosophy of wealth. At last he observed the translator turning over several pages in the midst of a most profound but demonstrative argument on the true theory of rent. 'What are you about?' was the question—'What are you hiding, sir?' 'O, nothing, please you, my lord.' 'But I must insist on knowing. Why did you turn over the leaves?' 'Nothing, indeed, my lord. It was nothing.' 'Nothing!' exclaimed the prelate. 'What is here?' and he took up the book. 'What is this that you have inserted in the middle of my essay?' 'If you please, my lord,' said the blushing and confounded translator, 'if you please, my lord, it is only a poem. I did not think they would read the rest.'

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rough-hewn causeway of pedigrees and genealogies by which to wade safely and firmly into the unsounded depths of antiquity. Our Egyptian discoveries have given us little more—but who does not feel even here that to touch solid ground in a period of history, in which, before this, every fact seemed impalpable and unreal, is a very healthy check to a dangerous scepticism, and that the confirmation of an already recognised historical truth, even in the minutest detail, may be of considerable importance in supporting a whole body of tottering evidence, and in laying open a vast field of interesting philosophy? We have heard, and we have no reason to doubt the anecdote, that for the volume now before us—which has drawn up a veil from the most interesting period of the history of Ireland—we are indebted to the following fact:—Mr. Petrie, it is said, was visiting, as a tourist, the ruins of Clonmacnoise, once the richest bishopric, the grandest monastic establishment, the most celebrated royal burial-place in Ireland, now a barren dreary desert on the banks of the solitary Shannon. He was climbing a stile, over which he was obliged to ascend and descend by a flight of seven or eight rude steps. To his surprise he found that they were formed of stones inscribed in the Irish character. He passed into the adjoining grave-yard, thickly strewn with tombs, lying like corpses round the ruins of its ancient churches, its exquisitely sculptured crosses, and its two ghost-like Round Towers; and still there met him on every side the same inscribed stones. He collected from that one spot no less than three hundred epitaphs in the Irish language. He catalogued the names, and then turned to Archdale's Chronicle of that abbey, and found that these stones were the tombs of the very men there recorded as among the most eminent ecclesiastics in Ireland, from the seventh century downward.

Let us imagine another instance of coincidence and mutual support presented by the old structures and the old records of Ireland—and the hypothesis shall be a fact (*Inquiry*, p. 163). It has been sometimes questioned by antiquaries whether or not St. Patrick really had any nephews, and whether they came, as it is hinted, from Gaul. There is indeed mentioned, in the *Lives* of St. Patrick, one nephew, a Gaul of the name of *Lugnath*, or *Lugnaden*, whose mother was named *Liemanian*, and the names occur nowhere else among all the innumerable catalogues of saints. He was located in the neighbourhood of Lough Corrib, on an island still called the 'Island of the Devout Foreigner,' close to a church, the foundation of which popular tradition at this day assigns to the age of St. Patrick, and the ruins of which still remain and bear his name; and upon this island, at a little distance

distance in front of the church, an antiquarian, in 1820, stumbled on a stone—an upright pillar of dark limestone, about four feet high—with the following inscription, in characters apparently of the earliest Christian antiquity to be found in Ireland:—‘*Lie Lugnædon macc Lmenueh*’ (The stone of Lugnædon, son of Limenueh).

In the same manner, during the most interesting operation of the kind ever carried on in any country—the Ordnance survey of Ireland—a party who were examining the hill of Aileach, in the county of Derry, found on the summit of it the remains of a large fortification, formed of concentric circles of walls, now mouldered and covered with grass, and intersected by a broad level passing from the foot of the hill to the gateway of a keep or central inclosure. What was the nature and meaning of this? Their attention was directed to the ‘*Dinn Seanchus*,’ a manuscript originally of the sixth century, and in its present interpolated form certainly not later than the tenth century, and in this they found the place delineated with the greatest accuracy—its green banks described as walls, and the level as the road of horses, and the locality marked as the celebrated palace of the kings of the northern half of Ireland down to the twelfth century.

Once more: in the old manuscripts of the twelfth century, which are, for the most part, transcripts and compilations from much earlier authorities, it is stated as a fact, which has received the usual credit of the mythical tales of antediluvian history, that in the great contests between the *Fir-bolgæ* and the *Tuatha de Danann*, centuries before the Christian era, the *Fir-bolgæ* were defeated in the battle of North Moy Tuiry, and driven across the bay of Ballisadare into the peninsula of Cuilirra, on the south of the bay of Sligo, and that their king, Eochy, was killed in crossing the strait. In this peninsula there is found at this day a space of about a square mile which a few years ago presented one series of circles of stones, each with its cromlech in the centre, and of which no less than sixty-five circles were marked by Mr. Petrie in the Ordnance map. These, there can be no doubt, were sepulchral, not Druidical monuments, because in all the circles, and beneath all the cromlechs, cinerary urns and burnt bones, and other indications of interments, are invariably found; and in the middle, beneath one of the largest cromlechs, and covered with a cairn, have been discovered not only human remains, but a vast mass of bones of animals, chiefly horses, such as has been found in other parts of Ireland, and lately in the county of Meath. Now in all the battle-fields of the *Fir-bolgæ* similar stone monuments are found, as at the Northern Moy Tuiry in Sligo, and at the Southern Moy Tuiry in Mayo. But there is a singular peculiarity in the Cuilirra cemetery coinciding with the statement  
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in the manuscripts (and this is the point we are now illustrating). The History states that the king was killed in crossing the water. And at this day, nearly in the centre of the vast tract of level sand from which the sea retires at low tides in the Bay of Ballisadare, and where the bay is still fordable, there rises above high-water mark a cairn of stones, marking, according to O'Flaherty, the very spot where the monarch fell.

But for the most interesting of any of these inquiries we must be once more indebted to Mr. Petrie's own publications in the '*Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.*' His essay on the celebrated Hill of Tara exhibits, on the authority of manuscripts, a topographical account of that locality as it stood in the twelfth century, with all its features, its raths or circular forts, the foundations of its ancient regal halls, its Lia Fail, or stone of destiny, on which the ancient kings of Ireland were crowned,—which the credulous visitor of Westminster Abbey at this day firmly believes that he sees in the seat of King Edward's chair—and to the possession of which is attached, by the old traditions of Ireland, the talisman of the empire. This stone, or Lia Fail, is an upright pillar, about nine feet high; it stands at present on the grave of a body of rebels, who were buried there in 1798; and whither it was removed from its original spot to mark the place of their interment. But its existence on the Hill of Tara may be traced, by manuscripts, from the sixth century downward. And the stone on which the sovereigns of England are now supposed to be crowned, as the Lia Fail,—the stone on which the kings of Scotland used, on the same hypothesis, to be crowned;—which Edward, for this reason, brought, in the same hope, away from Scotland—which the Scots, an Irish colony, had borrowed from their ancestors of the mother-country—which, as they believed, the Irishmen of the mother-country had brought with them from the East; and which possessed the miraculous power of attesting the legitimacy of their sovereigns by roaring as those sovereigns were enthroned on it—this stone, it appears—O wonderful phenomenon of Irish prudence and caution in the sixth century!—O miraculous insight into the spirit of acquisitiveness and economy, which the mere climate of Scotland seems to have breathed from the first even into the profuse and generous character of the colonists from Ireland!—this stone is found to have been a sham. When the colonists, as the Scotchmen say themselves, begged it as a loan from the mother-country, the mother-country thought it safer to retain the original in her own maternal hands, and to send over a duplicate, or fragment, which the colonists accepted in faith as the genuine article, and cherished the loan too highly ever to think of returning it. The original is still at Tara.

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But the artificial remains of Tara are not the only points indicated in the manuscripts. Tara was deserted in the seventh century: and the manuscripts of the twelfth century describe it as it then stood; and that description was found to tally exactly with its condition now—with the number, position, and character of its earthen mounds and walls. But a still stronger attestation to the historical accuracy of these documents still remained. On the Hill of Tara are three springs—one of them is known, both in the manuscripts and in the traditions of the neighbourhood, as the spot on which the first mill in Ireland was erected; another, indicated in the manuscripts, had not been discovered by the party who were prosecuting the Ordnance survey on the spot. Mr. Petrie recurred to the manuscripts, traced out exactly the point where this spring might be expected to lie, walked across the hill in that direction, and came down immediately upon a very copious well, which had escaped all former observation. This fact may be found in a note appended to Mr. Petrie's remarkable Essay on Tara in the 18th volume of the Transactions.

These few instances may be sufficient to indicate two of the remarkable trains of evidence, one derived from manuscripts, and the other from monumental remains still existing, which may be brought to bear upon the early history of Ireland, and the chief value of which consists in their mutual and independent confirmation of each other. But there is a third, of very considerable value, and the weight of which can scarcely be appreciated by an English reader—it is the uninterrupted chain of popular tradition. In England we possess no such literary records of the contemporary period of English History, because England at that time was in darkness, while Ireland was in light: and our monumental remains have been obliterated by the hand—shall we say of civilization? We pull down churches to build docks—would carry a railroad over Glastonbury Abbey—would build a lighthouse out of the remains of St. Cuthbert's chapel on Farne Island—and would pave New Sarum with Stonehenge. In the same manner, with civilization, as it is called, and with that which accompanies civilization, the breaking up of families, the destruction of local ties, of the superstition of hereditary rank, of the charm of oral records, preserved from parent to child, and familiar as household words, there have perished our popular traditions. In Ireland they are still preserved: the very efforts made to extinguish them, by the suppression of the Irish language, by the uprooting of ancient families, by the confiscation of property, which followed on repeated rebellion, seem rather to have preserved and perpetuated them. They are cherished, as a vanquished but noble nature cherishes the memory of its former state under the pressure  
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of a defeat and oppression, from which it hopes and believes that one day it shall again spring up. To this hour the supposed lawful owners of the confiscated estates in Ireland are known as well as the present possessors. Families, which to strangers' eyes are no more than private gentlemen of moderate fortunes, or, it may be, even sunk in poverty, are esteemed and honoured as still representatives of royal blood.

And by this popular tradition the strongest confirmation is given to the minute accuracy of the manuscript documents, coming as they did originally from a regularly authorised class and profession of writers, attached to each monarchy, and family, and monastery. Let us give an instance. In the pedigree of the O'Brien family, preserved in all the ancient genealogical books of Ireland, there occurs the name of Brecan, who is described as an ecclesiastic and a distinguished saint, and the first bishop of Ardbrackan: and it is stated that he died in the island of Aran. He was the second son of Eochaidh Balldearg, king of Thomond, who was baptized by St. Patrick at Saingel, now Singland, near Limerick, and was the direct ancestor of the illustrious family of the O'Briens. Here is the statement of the manuscripts: now follows the popular tradition. At the present day, in the island of Aran, there is a groupe of seven churches, in the midst of which (see Inquiry, p. 136) there is an inclosure of a circular form, which is known by the name of St. Brecan's tomb, and is held in the greatest veneration by the natives, who cherish his memory, honour his anniversary, and recognise him as the tutelar saint of one half of the island. Now follows the monumental evidence. About 1800 the tomb is opened to receive the remains of a distinguished and popular ecclesiastic, who left a dying request that he might be buried in it; and in the interior is found a small round stone, with an inscription, which those who preserved it did not understand. The stone is now in Mr. Petrie's possession. The inscription is in the Irish character and language; and the translation of it is 'A prayer for Brecan the pilgrim.' Mr. Petrie obtains leave in 1820 to reopen the tomb, and he finds, at the depth of six feet, the original stone which covered the grave, inscribed with the words 'Capiti Brechani'—'over the head, or the headstone of Brecan:' perhaps a singular corroboration of the fact mentioned by Colgan, that it was not unusual at that period to bury bodies in an upright posture. And this last supposition is still further confirmed by the size and shape of the stone itself, which could not have covered a recumbent figure.

Once more. An antiquarian (and the case is but one out of many) extracts from manuscript records the pedigree of one of the oldest regal families of Ireland: by these he is enabled to trace  
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up this family, from son to father, from the time of Queen Anne to the fourth century. He can even fix the year of the death of every father, and, what is more, of every mother, in the chain. He desires to prosecute the inquiry further, and bring down the pedigree to the present day. He inquires in the neighbourhood where the family property lay, and is then told that a poor woman, in a country town at a distance, is the lineal representative of the family. He ascertains her residence, finds her in a cabin surrounded by poverty, but with superior manners. By the fire, stirring something in a pipkin, is sitting a young man with the marks of high blood in his manner and appearance, but dying in a consumption, and apparently pained and offended at the intrusion. The stranger makes his inquiry, and learns from the female that she is the representative of this regal family; that the young man is her son. She gives her visitor the whole pedigree of her family back from that day to the time of Queen Anne, and ten or twelve degrees beyond it, which degrees exactly tally with those in the records, although those records can never have been seen by the informant. Not an error is made: and the informant could have gone further back, but her memory had failed; and the inquirer, having nothing more to learn, is unwilling to trouble her. It may be added, that when pressed to give information respecting one of her sisters, she begs to be excused: the other sisters had married into old families of noble blood; but the one passed over in silence had demeaned herself by a low connexion with a tradesman. We have touched on one or two anecdotes of this kind, not only from their intrinsic interest, but as illustrating the nature of the evidence by which the ancient history of Ireland and Mr. Petrie's researches must be tested. And they will be peculiarly valuable when brought to bear upon that part of the volume before us which illustrates the ecclesiastical remains of the fifth, sixth, seventh, and following centuries, down to the twelfth, which are still extant in Ireland.

1. There are then to be seen in Ireland at this day (let not the reader be surprised) authenticated remains of churches—humble indeed, and simple even to rudeness, but of the deepest interest—anterior to the eighth century, to the number of perhaps several hundred.

‘ These churches, in their general form, preserve very nearly that of the Roman basilica, and they are even called by this name in the oldest writers; but they never present the couched semicircular absis at the east end, which is so usual a feature in the Roman churches, and the smaller churches are only simple oblong quadrangles. In addition to this quadrangle, the larger churches present a second oblong of smaller dimensions, extending to the east, and constituting the chancel or sanctuary, in which the altar was placed, and which is connected with the

the nave by a triumphal arch of semicircular form. These churches have rarely more than a single entrance, which is placed in the centre of the west end; and they are very imperfectly lighted by small windows splaying inwards, which do not appear to have ever been glazed. The chancel is always better lighted than the nave: it usually has two and sometimes three windows, of which one is always placed in the centre of the east wall, and another in the south wall; the windows in the nave are also usually placed in the south wall, and, excepting in the larger churches, rarely exceed two in number. The windows are frequently triangular-headed, but more usually arched semicircularly, while the doorway, on the contrary, is almost universally covered by a horizontal lintel consisting of a single stone. In all cases the sides of the doorways and windows incline, like the doorways in the oldest remains of Cyclopean buildings, to which they bear a singularly striking resemblance. The doorways seldom present any architectural decorations beyond a mere flat architrave or band, but are most usually plain; and the windows still more rarely exhibit ornaments of any kind. The walls of these churches are always perpendicular, and generally formed of very large polygonal stones carefully adjusted to each other, both on the inner and outer faces, while their interior is filled up with rubble and grouting. In the smaller churches the roofs were frequently formed of stone, but in the larger ones were always of wood, covered with shingles, straw, reeds, and perhaps sometimes with lead.

‘To the above general description I may add, that no churches appear to have been anciently erected in Ireland, either of the circular, the octagonal, or the cross form, as in Italy and Greece,—though it would appear that churches of the last form were erected in England at a very early period,—and the only exception to the simple forms already described, is the occasional presence of a small apartment on one side of the chancel, to serve the purpose of a sacristy.’—pp. 159, 160.

It must be added, that they are almost invariably of small size, their greatest length rarely exceeding eighty feet, and being usually not more than sixty. And there are evident traces of the preservation of a particular type and proportion in these structures.

2. Besides these churches, there are the remains of oratories—probably the first stone buildings erected for Christian purposes in Ireland, and which served as a species of chapel for the saint who dwelt, and often was buried, near them. These are small quadrangular structures, built of uncemented stones admirably fitted to each other, and their lateral walls converging from the base to the apex in curved lines. In many instances, according to ancient records, they were built of wood, and have perished: and yet there is reason to suppose that a number may still be traced scarcely inferior to that of the primitive churches. The oldest of these are built without cement, but with the greatest art, and may possibly be anterior to the age of St. Patrick himself; but, for drawings  
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and descriptions of them we must refer to Mr. Petrie's own book (p. 130).

3. There are still in existence the great cemeteries appropriated to the interment of the princes of the different races, who ruled as sole monarchs, or provincial kings or toparchs. And such cemeteries were well known to the people in Christian times, and in one or two instances the localities have been consecrated to the service of Christianity. The authority for this is to be found in one of the most celebrated Irish manuscripts (see *Inquiry*, p. 95), the '*Leabhar nah Uidhre*,' a work compiled at Clonmacnoise, and transcribed by a distinguished writer of that great abode of learning in the twelfth century. The treatise alluded to is called a '*History of the Cemeteries*,' and its age must be referred to several centuries previous to its transcription. From this and other documents we know not only the use of these localities, but the very names of the persons buried in them: and when we wonder that no articles of value are found in some of them, as in the magnificent mounds on the Boyne at Drogheda, Dowth, Knowth, and New Grange; this also the manuscripts enable us to explain, for they tell us that these very sepulchres were opened and plundered by the Danes in the year 862.

4. There are still in existence, though in a more or less advanced stage of dilapidation, several hundred specimens of the round, or beehive houses, partly pagan and partly the habitations of the earliest Christian saints in Ireland, and the form of which is still retained in the wigwags (they are scarcely more) of some of the islands of the coast of Connamara. Of those of St. Finan Cam, who flourished in the sixth century—and of St. Fechin, a saint of the seventh, Mr. Petrie has given drawings and accurate admeasurements (p. 127).\* The roof of these is formed by the gradual approximation of stones laid horizontally, till it is closed at the top by a single stone; and two apertures in its centre served the double purpose of a window and a chimney. The dimensions of St. Finan's house is 16 feet 6 inches by 15 feet 1 inch; and the height at present 9 feet 9 inches. The doorway is 4 feet 3 inches high; its width is 2 feet 9 inches at the top, and 3 feet at the bottom. The jambs of the doorway converge, in the Egyptian form, a form repeated in many subsequent buildings of much later date; but exhibiting another among many remarkable indications of the Orientalism of Ireland. In the

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\* When the subject of drawings is mentioned, we ought to add that the number and beauty of those contained in the present volume render it in themselves a remarkable work. And, what is of great importance in the illustration of an architectural theory, their accuracy may be depended on in the smallest minutiae, as they were made upon the block by Mr. Petrie himself.

Christian structures of this form the interior becomes square instead of round, and, singular enough, the transition itself is indicated in early manuscripts by a prophecy.

We must extract from Mr. Petrie's book one more account, perhaps the most interesting of all, of another class of most ancient ecclesiastical edifices, of which many remains, in various stages of decay, are scattered over Ireland. It describes the state of the anachoretic or heremetic establishment, founded by St. Fechin, in Ardoilen, an almost inaccessible island off the coast of Connamara.

Ardoilen, or High Island, is situated about six miles from the coast of Omev, and contains about eighty acres. From its height, and the overhanging character of its cliffs, it is only accessible in the calmest weather, and even then, the landing, which can be only made by springing on a shelving portion of the cliff from the boat, is not wholly free from danger: but the adventurer will be well rewarded for such risk; for, in addition to the singular antiquities which the island contains, it affords views of the Connamara and Mayo scenery of insurpassable beauty. The church here is among the rudest of the ancient edifices which the fervour of the Christian religion raised on its introduction into Ireland. Its internal measurement, in length and breadth, is but twelve feet by ten, and in height ten feet. The doorway is two feet wide, and four feet six inches high, and its horizontal lintel is inscribed with a cross, like that on the lintel of the doorway of St. Fechin's great church at Fore, and those of other doorways of the same period. The east window, which is the only one in the building, is semicircular-headed, and is but one foot high and six inches wide. The altar still remains, and is covered with offerings, such as nails, buttons, and shells, but chiefly fishing hooks, the most characteristic tributes of the calling of the votaries. On the east side of the chapel is an ancient stone sepulchre, like a pagan kistvaen, composed of large mica slates, with a cover of limestone. The stones at the ends are rudely sculptured with ornamental crosses and a human figure, and the covering slab was also carved, and probably was inscribed with the name of the saint for whom the tomb was designed, but its surface is now much effaced; and as this sepulchre appears to have been made at the same time as the chapel, it seems probable that it is the tomb of the original founder of this religious establishment. The chapel is surrounded by a wall, allowing a passage of four feet between them; and from this, a covered passage, about fifteen feet long by three feet wide, leads to a cell, which was probably the abbot's habitation. This cell, which is nearly circular and dome-roofed, is internally seven feet by six, and eight high. It is built, like those in Aran, without cement, and with much rude art. On the east side there is a larger cell, externally round, but internally a square of nine feet, and seven feet six inches in height. Could this have been a refectory? The doorways in these cells are two feet four inches in width, and but three feet six inches in height. On the other side of the chapel are a number of smaller cells, which were only large enough

enough to contain each a single person. They are but six feet long, three feet wide, and four feet high, and most of them are now covered with rubbish. These formed a *Laura*, like the habitations of the Egyptian ascetics. There is also a covered gallery, or passage, twenty-four feet long, four feet wide, and four feet six inches high, and its entrance doorway is but two feet three inches square. The use of this it is difficult to conjecture. Could it have been a storehouse for provisions?

‘The monastery is surrounded by an uncemented stone wall, nearly circular, enclosing an area of one hundred and eight feet in diameter. The entrance into this enclosure is at the south-east side, and from it leads a stone passage twenty-one feet in length and three in width. At each side of this entrance, and outside the great circular wall, were circular buildings, probably intended for the use of pilgrims; but though what remains of them is of stone, they do not appear to have been roofed with that material. Within the enclosure are several rude stone crosses, probably sepulchral, and flags sculptured with rude crosses, but without letters. There is also a granite globe, measuring about twenty inches in diameter.

‘In the surrounding ground there are several rude stone altars, or penitential stations, on which are small stone crosses; and on the south side of the enclosure there is a small lake, apparently artificial, from which an artificial outlet is formed, which turned a small mill: and, along the west side of this lake, there is an artificial stone path or causeway two hundred and twenty yards in length, which leads to another stone cell or house, of an oval form, at the south side of the valley in which the monastery is situated. This house is eighteen feet long and nine wide, and there is a small walled enclosure joined to it, which was probably a garden. There is also adjoining to it a stone altar surmounted by a cross, and a small lake, which, like that already noticed, seems to have been formed by art.’—pp. 419-421.

And now having exhumed thus briefly these singular relics of antiquity, before we pass from them, let us reflect once more who were the men by whom they were raised, and by whose memories they ought to be hallowed in the eyes of even the nineteenth century. Ireland at this period was known, in Colgan’s words, as the ‘*Communis Europæ bonarum literarum officina, communique ascetarum sacrarium.*’ To Ireland, as a place of refuge, as a school of learning, as an abode of holy discipline, flocked crowds, by thirties, fifties, even by one hundred and fifties at a time, of Saxon, British, French, Italian, Roman, and Egyptian Christians. A remarkable proof of this is found in the Litany of St. Aengus, the Culdee, in which are invoked numbers of foreign saints buried in Ireland (*Inquiry*, p. 134). In the great Island of Aran may still be seen the Grave of the Seven Romans, with an inscription of the remotest Christian antiquity. In the town of Cell Belaigh (*Inquiry*, p. 351) there were the  
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seven streets inhabited by strangers. Saxon kings, among them an Alfred, came to be educated in Ireland for their regal duties; and when wearied with those duties retired to Irish monasteries to close their lives in peace and devotion. In the meanwhile Ireland was pouring forth a tide of holy and educated men to carry all which then existed in the world of Christian knowledge and discipline into the rest of Europe. It was to such a degree the recognised nurse and mother of such men that in foreign churches a saint whose nation was not known was at once reputed an Irishman. Without dwelling on the illustrious Iona—of which not only the founder St. Columba, but every abbot, with the exception of one, was for 700 years an Irishman—St. Cuthbert, the founder of Lindisfarne, was an Irishman. So also was St. Chad. Glastonbury is known in manuscripts as the Glastonbury of the Irish. The Palatine school of Charlemagne was Irish. The Saints venerated in Cornwall, and to a great extent in Wales, were Irishmen. Pinkerton himself acknowledges that all the great ecclesiastics of Scotland, down to the twelfth century, were Irish. Even in Iceland are found Irish bells, croziers, and shrines. The monasteries of Bavaria, of Austria, and those along the banks of the Rhine, were formed from Ireland. In France, in Switzerland, and Italy the same phenomenon occurs. Whatever superior intellect and piety irradiates the darkness of that period, is connected with Ireland and the Irish under the name of Scoti. It is a fact to be remembered and cherished, not only by Ireland at this day, but by England even more. What has been once produced upon a certain soil from certain elements of national character, may be produced again. And amidst all the miseries of poverty and neglect, of superstition on the one hand, and laxity of rule upon the other, no observant eye can examine the state of Ireland even in the nineteenth century, without detecting elements of intellect, feeling, energy, faith, piety, and self-devotion, even in both the extremes of its religious divisions, which promise a most fertile harvest in return for wise cultivation.

And in carrying on this great work no little encouragement is supplied even by the interest which the revelations of Mr. Petrie have already created; and which must tell, sooner or later, directly or indirectly, upon every class of society, from the peer to the peasant. But we should ill appreciate the value and extent of the ecclesiastical antiquities of Ireland and of Mr. Petrie's researches, if, before this brief outline is closed, a few words were not added on other portions of ecclesiastical remains, such as no country—on this side the Alps at least—can match, and for our knowledge of which, as indeed for nearly all our knowledge of this most interesting

interesting subject, we must be indebted to Mr. Petrie's incidental remarks in the volume before us, and to many scattered little notices which he has placed before the public in various forms.\*

In the first class of these remains we must place its manuscripts, beginning with those of a very early date, and immediately connected with the most venerated ecclesiastical names of Ireland. And when the surprise of the reader is roused, as it will be, before he questions, as he will do, the authenticity of these remains, let him transfer himself from England to Ireland, and remember the following facts. Religion in the heart of an Irishman is a passion, of which the cold hesitating independent spirit of the nineteenth century can scarcely form a notion. It throws him at the foot of his priest, or before the relics of his saint, with an entire devotion both of the understanding and the affections. We may call it by what name we choose; but the devotion still exists. And by it were canonized and preserved inviolable for successive generations, in the hands of appointed families, endowed with landed property as the keepers of the treasures of the nation, nearly all the important relics which we know from existing documents to have been left by the great saints and ecclesiastics of the country. These relics have been guarded with the most mysterious awe. They have been screened from detection by any who would be likely to profane or misappropriate them. At the same time their existence has been generally known by whole districts. They have been applied publicly and habitually to a variety of, it may be, superstitious uses. And nothing but abject poverty has prevailed on the hereditary keepers to part with them. In this manner they can be traced, for the most part, up to a very short time back, and beyond this their existence and authenticity, and preservation in certain families, is proved by indisputable historical evidence from an uninterrupted series of manuscript documents.

In the first rank of these relics for exquisite decoration, we must place the Book of Kells, now in the possession of Trinity College, Dublin (*Inquiry*, p. 203), 'a manuscript,' says Mr. Petrie, 'which for beauty and splendour is not surpassed by any of its age known to exist.' This manuscript, a manuscript

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\* We have heard incidentally (perhaps it is scarcely delicate to allude to it, and yet we can scarcely refrain) that a young nobleman who, if Providence spares his life, will hereafter be at the head of the peerage of Ireland, has appreciated so justly and warmly the value of these scattered notices, and their important bearing not only upon the interests of literature, but upon the welfare of his country, that he has expressed a wish to be allowed to bear the whole expense of their publication in a collected form. If this is the spirit now rising in the higher classes of Ireland, especially in the coming generation (and we know from our own observation that it is rapidly spreading), what may we not hope for Ireland, when those who have hitherto felt ashamed of their country learn to honour and reverence it in its past history, and to devote themselves with earnestness and zeal to its future improvement?

of the four Gospels, was given to the College by King Charles II., with the Library of Archbishop Usher. It is proved to have been originally in the possession of the monastery of Kells, by a variety of records and documents relating to the property of that monastery, which are inscribed in blank leaves of the folio. We know from the Irish Annals that in that monastery was preserved a remarkable manuscript of the Gospels belonging to St. Columba—and held in the greatest veneration. The style of writing fixes it undoubtedly not later than the sixth century. Its exquisite beauty of illumination can only be described in the words of Giraldus, speaking of a manuscript of a similar kind at least, at Kildare—‘*inter universa Kyldariæ miracula nil mihi miraculosius occurrit.*’ It has been generally identified by the most eminent critics with Columba’s own book of Kells. It may even be a question whether this was not the identical manuscript described in such glowing terms by Giraldus in the twelfth century, as then in the possession of the church of Kildare, and known as the Book of the Angel; and perhaps is the same which St. Columba is known to have taken away as a relic of St. Patrick from Armagh, and transferred to Kells.

In the same Library is a copy of the Gospels, known by the name of the Book of Durrow. By inscriptions, which in Bishop Nicholson’s time (see *Irish Historical Library*) were still upon the silver ornament of the case, it is proved that this book had belonged to St. Columba’s great monastery of Durrow; and that it had been decorated at the expense of Flan O’Melaghlin, who was monarch of Ireland in the ninth century. And it is ascertained by the uniform tradition of manuscript history, that this volume was in the handwriting of St. Columba himself.

In the Royal Irish Academy is the Cathach, a manuscript of the Psalms in the hand-writing of the same Saint. It is a small quarto, very imperfect. It was deposited in the Academy by the present Sir Richard O’Donnell—who is considered as a descendant of Columba’s own family. In the possession of the O’Donnells, as Lords of Donegal, it has been preserved since the close of the eleventh century. Beyond that, by the undoubted evidence of manuscripts, it can be traced in the possession of the tribe, a branch of whom were its hereditary keepers, and held the lands of Bally Mac Rafferty on this very title. Like other relics of the kind, it was enshrined in a magnificent case, which a superstition of the remotest antiquity, and traceable in every age of Irish history, forbade to be opened. Even a few years since, when Sir W. Betham was allowed by the family to inspect it, the same stipulation was solemnly made, under the belief that some awful calamity would follow on its violation. As one of the great re-

liquaries of the North of Ireland, it was carried, like other similar treasures, before their chiefs in battle, as a sort of standard, and from this derives its name—the *Cathach* or warrior—and was employed as the most solemn sanction which could be given to oaths. According to the *Life of Columba* by O'Donnell, this was the identical manuscript which was the occasion of Columba's leaving Ireland and establishing himself in Iona.

Another manuscript in the hand-writing of St. Columba, must have been extant at no very distant period, and may perhaps even now be recovered; though at present nothing remains but the richly ornamented case of sculptured silver and enamel. This case itself is repeatedly mentioned in ancient manuscripts as the *Meeshach*. The keepers of it were the family of O'Muirghessan, who held lands in Donegal on this title, as is proved by an inquisition of James I., to inquire into the state of church property. The inscription on it shows that it was repaired by one of the family as late as 1533. From that family it passed into the hands of Dr. Bernard, Bishop of Derry. By the assistance of Mr. Petrie, and the munificence of Viscount Adare, it was recovered from hands into which it had fallen, without the interest attached to it being known, at the sale of the Duke of Sussex, and is now deposited in the hands of its fittest possessors, in the new founded College of St. Columba.

But a still more ancient and interesting manuscript than these is still in existence. In the possession of Lord Rossmore is the *Domnach Airged*, or *Silver Dominica*, a case similar to the *Meeshach*, of highly ornamented silver set with gems and enamelled, and exhibiting a remarkable instance of three distinct ages of Irish art—in the eighth, the fourteenth, and the sixteenth century;—work of each of which periods may be traced on the case, and indicates a gradual decline. No chain is attached to it; but as one of the great reliquaries of Ireland it is not improbable that, like the *Meeshach*, it was carried before the armies to battle. The size of this case is that of a quarto volume; and it contains an interior wooden case, in which is deposited a copy of the four Gospels, each Gospel being a separate manuscript. The vellum is now so conglutinated and massed together that as yet no one has ventured to separate all the leaves. But from the examination already made by the learned and accomplished Dr. Todd, it appears that the version is different from any one known, is anterior to the version of Jerome, and is written in characters which bear the mark of the fourth and fifth century. The gift of this manuscript by St. Patrick to the first Bishop of Clogher is mentioned under the same name in the '*Tripartite Life of St. Patrick*,'

Patrick,' a work, even in its interpolated state, anterior to the tenth century. Under the same name it has always been known among the peasantry down to this day: and the inscription, of various dates, on the case describes it as the reliquary in the possession of the Bishop of Clogher or Clones. A very full account of this relic has been given by Mr. Petrie in the '*Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*,' and to this we must refer for a more minute delineation.

In the possession of the Rev. Mr. Brownlow, of the county of Derry, there is also the celebrated Book of Armagh, the identical book mentioned by St. Bernard (see *Inquiry*, p. 328) as one of the three relics of St. Patrick—the bell, the crozier, and the book—the possessor of which the people without inquiry recognised as their bishop. The bell also is still in existence, and the crozier is known to have been destroyed in Dublin at the Reformation. The manuscript was considered of such inestimable value that its safe stewardship, like that of so many other relics, became an hereditary office of dignity, and was held by a family connected with the church of Armagh, who derived their name, Mac Moyre, or son of the steward, from this circumstance, and as a remuneration for it held no less than eight townlands in the county, still known as the lands of Bally Mac Moyre, or Mac Moyre town.

The subsequent history of this volume is given by the celebrated antiquary Humphrey Llwyd, and is published in O'Connor's '*Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*.' In 1680 it was taken to London by Florence Mac Moyre, who went there to give his evidence, probably false evidence, against Oliver Plunkett, titular Archbishop of Armagh, who was executed for high treason. Mac Moyre fell into extreme poverty, pledged the volume to an ancestor of the present Mr. Brownlow for five pounds, returned to Ireland, died a beggar and an outcast, and his memory is at this day held in such detestation that the common people are in the habit of purposely defiling his grave. The manuscript itself is evidently not older than the seventh century, and is a transcript from an older one. It contains a copy of the Gospels, the Confession of St. Patrick, the oldest known lives of that saint, some epistles and canons, and a life of St. Martin of Tours. The silver shrine in which it was originally deposited is lost. But the outer case, or satchel, is still in existence, and is a very elegant specimen of stamped leather, of the workmanship of the tenth century, a fact which is ascertained by a record in the '*Annals of the Four Masters*.'

In the 17th century we know that there was also in existence another copy of the Gospels given by St. Patrick to the first

Bishop of Duleek, and preserved with similar care. All immediate traces of this have now been lost; although among the manuscripts of Trinity College there is one the age and character of which might justify us in supposing it to be the same.

We find in the same library St. Cronan's copy of the Gospels, described by Sir W. Betham in the '*Antiquarian Researches*,' and evidently of the date of the seventh century. There is also the great reliquary of the Cavanagh family, Kings of Leinster; by whose representatives it was deposited here. It is a small manuscript of the Gospels in the handwriting of St. Moling, a saint also of the seventh century. Both these manuscripts were preserved in silver covers richly ornamented, which still exist. These are but some of the many relics of the kind, of which there are traces in the manuscript records of Ireland, and which even now may be in existence, though known only to the possessors, and carefully hidden from profane eyes.

But besides these relics so deeply interesting, there are in existence vast collections of manuscripts of a date anterior to the twelfth century: the works of the old poets, of the family historiographers, and chroniclers of the monasteries—manuscripts which throw extraordinary light on the history and topography of the country; but from which we have only space to select one portion, the examination and publication of which is a duty imperative on the University of Dublin. These are the Brehon Laws. A very large collection of these was made by Humphrey Lhwyd, and from him passed into the possession of the Sebright family, by whom, at the suggestion of Mr. Burke, they were presented to the University, in the confident expectation that their contents would be made known to the world. The value of these, as the only records which could give us an insight into the state of society in Ireland anterior to the twelfth century, must be inestimable. The laws themselves are apparently pagan, but modified under the influence of the church to suit the Christian system. The documents contain the original laws, their modifications, and copious commentaries upon them. They did undoubtedly hold a very close relation to our own Anglo-Saxon codes. They exhibit a most minute detail, entering into every variety of crime, every ramification of domestic life, every branch of art and property—as may be inferred even from the incidental notices of them with which Mr. Petrie has illustrated his present volume; especially one which prescribes the sum to be paid to the builder of a round tower, and the proportion which the tower should bear to the chapel—a proportion which even now may be detected

tected. Without a thorough examination of these records it is idle to think of inquiring into the early history of Ireland; and so long as they are permitted to sleep unknown and unnoticed upon the shelves of an Irish University, that University will forfeit one of its first claims to the respect of the nation.

If the University should much longer neglect this duty, there is still hope that it may be undertaken by the Irish Archæological Society, which has been formed under high auspices for the very purpose of exploring and laying open this field of inquiry. And the admirable manner in which, with small resources, they have already prosecuted their labours, demands the gratitude and encouragement of every one interested in the history and literature of Ireland.

We would willingly point out some few more relics among the many still remaining, which, with Mr. Petrie's information, to detail their history and association, must fill the most cold and sceptical inquirer with astonishment and interest. He will see in Mr. Petrie's own museum, in that of the Academy formed under his superintendence, and even in the hands of private individuals, bells, croziers, shrines, and other remains, of which there cannot be a doubt that they were fabricated for St. Patrick and St. Columba, and other most eminent saints of the Irish church. Like the copies of the Gospels belonging to those saints, they have been deposited in the hereditary keeping of certain families, and have been known and almost worshipped by the people through successive generations. Their existence is noticed repeatedly in the usual manuscripts. The evidence which authenticates them is irresistible: and many of them (the bells especially) are used at the present day for the very same purposes as of old—for enforcing oaths, honouring funerals, curing diseases, exercising a species of ordeal, and attending the festivals of the patron saint of the district—just as we find them used in most ancient histories of the country. The very last possessor of the celebrated bell of Armagh—the identical bell noticed by St. Bernard as one of the three palladiums of the see—bore the same name as that of its hereditary keeper, inscribed upon its shrine of jewelled silver and gold in the eleventh century, when it was newly cased for the archbishop by Donald Mac Laughlan, then king of Ireland. These bells are usually from nine to twelve inches in height, and about six in width. They are formed of a dark bronze, and are remarkable for the sweetness of their tone. They are quadrangular like the Roman bells, from which they probably derive their shape. Sometimes they are cast in one piece; but at other times they are formed of two or three plates riveted together, and subsequently

quently fused into one mass by some singular process of founding, which in the present day appears to have been lost.

The croziers of the founders of the churches in Ireland were preserved in like manner—short, simple-shaped, and yet elegant bronze crooks, remarkable chiefly for the beauty of their detailed workmanship, especially the interlaced triquetra filagree so peculiar to Ireland; and they are not unfrequently ornamented with enamel and jewels. Of these very many are still in existence, and may be authenticated as genuine relics of the most eminent saints of the sixth and seventh centuries, the original form being preserved, although repaired and embellished at different periods.

Of a still later date may be seen in the Museum of the Academy the most beautiful specimen of jeweller's work to be found in the empire, the celebrated cross of Cong—the identical cross, as inscriptions on it prove, made to receive the piece of 'the true cross' which was sent over by the Pope to Turlogh O'Connor king of Ireland in 1123; and the casing of which in gold is recorded in the Annals. In the abbey of Cong it was preserved apparently from the death of the last king of Ireland, Roderick, who died in the twelfth century within the walls of the abbey. At the dissolution of the body it passed into the hands of the priest of the parish, who still held the nominal office of abbot, as the head of the Augustinian order in Ireland, and was recognised as such by the people—even with the title of lord—though living in a poor cabin, and stripped of all the dignity of his order. With the death of the last priest this order became extinct; but before he died Mr. Petrie had obtained a sight of the relic—had learned that it had been found in an old oak chest, together with many illuminated manuscripts of exquisite beauty, which, during the absence of the priest on the continent, his curate had torn up and destroyed. At the death of the priest it became the property of his successor, by whom it was allowed to be exhibited in the chapel, and there most seriously injured; and from him it was obtained by Professor Mac Cullagh for the sum of one hundred guineas, and deposited in the Academy, of which it now forms the most remarkable ornament, though it must be added that as an ecclesiastical relic it might be deposited in a more appropriate locality. The ecclesiastical interest of this cross is not a little enhanced by remembering that it is a memorial of the strenuous efforts made at this period by the see of Rome to subjugate the Irish Church. And as a work of jewellery it is no less valuable from exhibiting, as the inscriptions on it prove, the extraordinary perfection of Irish art at a period when it is commonly imagined that the whole country was lost in barbarism.

And now we must close these remarks with one practical suggestion,

gestion, with a view to which they have chiefly been made. To those who really understand the state of Ireland, it is obvious that any attempt to pacify, to elevate, or to purify it will be futile, which does not take into consideration two great elements on which an English politician in the nineteenth century will be very much disposed to look down as the extravagances of an idle enthusiasm—nationality and religious feeling. In what way these elements are to be dealt with, so as to draw most closely the ties which may bind together the hearts and minds of the Irish people to the British empire, is a question on which we have no intention to enter here; but to overlook them, or to think of extinguishing them, is as mischievous as it is idle. Such instincts in the minds of a people are vast powers, which a wise statesman will think not of destroying, but of employing to good. And we do believe that one of the great avenues to the hearts of the Irish nation is by recognising, fostering, appealing to, valuing as a great treasure, in which Englishmen have a common interest, their deeply cherished, worthily cherished nationality, fed as it is to this day by the traditions and memories of that very period to which Mr. Petrie's researches have carried us back. These memories have been never forgotten among the peasantry: and now that they have been exhumed and set before the more cultivated classes, they will produce on them also a very powerful impression. The nobility of Ireland are beginning to take in them deep and increasing interest. The formation of the Museum of Antiquities in the Academy, a work the merit of which must be given to Mr. Petrie, has given a powerful stimulus to his own branch of study. The cultivation of the Irish language is proceeding rapidly, and a class has been formed in the Academy itself. To the same Academy, and the Prize proposed by it for the Investigation of the Round Towers, we owe the present volume; and had the Society accomplished nothing more, it would deserve the support of every lover of Ireland. Within the last year, in consequence of the zealous energy of Lord Adare, three great exertions have been made, all bearing in the same direction. A large and valuable collection of Irish manuscripts has been purchased, and deposited in the library of the Academy. A College has been founded (under the highest ecclesiastical authority) for the purpose of providing for the higher classes in Ireland the highest form of education, and giving to them at the same time a knowledge of the Irish language, as the most powerful means of reaching the hearts and understandings of the people, whether as their landlords or their clergy. And efforts, we hope and believe not yet to be wholly despaired of, have

have been made to bring before the Government, and to obtain from it aid in carrying on, one of the most grand designs of topographical and antiquarian research ever projected or commenced.

When the Ordnance survey of Ireland was undertaken, the active and intelligent officers to whom it was intrusted (and we believe more particularly the Local Director, Captain Larcom), conceived the idea of employing at leisure hours the expensive machinery required by it for a far wider field of inquiry than the mere geometrical survey. For the utility of this survey itself, it was of great importance to fix with accuracy the topographical names. To do this they recurred to the manuscripts, of which so much has been said already; collected every mode of spelling they could find, and selected, with the assistance of good Irish scholars, the most correct etymology. In making this inquiry they collected from the manuscripts and digested a vast amount of curious topographical and antiquarian history. They followed it up by examinations into the oral traditions of the places where they were stationed, and by careful investigations of all discoverable monuments of antiquity, in which they had the assistance of able draughtsmen, and of Mr. Petrie's own antiquarian knowledge. They extended their search into the geological and natural history of their localities, and by this employment of the time which was not required for the survey, they formed an interesting and very valuable museum. The result of one portion of these researches has been given to the world in the 'Memoir of the County of Derry,' the antiquarian part of which was executed by Mr. Petrie. And a vast mass of materials has been accumulated for more publications of the kind, if Government will venture to undertake the expense; and the expense would be well and wisely incurred, if it only indicated a consciousness and feeling that the whole empire is interested deeply in all that relates not only to the physical well-being, but to the national glory and ancient memorials of Ireland.

The more that our thoughts can be carried back to the period of its greatest glory, the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, the better spirit will be awakened in all classes. Ireland and England were then bound together in the closest and most endearing ties by which nation was ever united to nation. England placed her children under the teaching of the saints of Ireland, and Ireland threw open her sanctuaries as a refuge of peace and holiness to the nobles and kings of England. Rome had not yet succeeded in setting subject against sovereign, and brother against brother. The early church of Ireland, like the churches of the East, offers one of the strongest protests in history against her  
aggressions

aggressions and usurpations. Political society, though rude, was neither barbarous nor irreligious: it exhibits its distinct classes, its defined rights; a homage paid to literature and talent—cultivation of arts—reverence for piety, courage, and honour, and patriotism, even amidst the war and bloodshed which form the history of every federal people until, what never happened in Ireland owing to the invasion of the English, the supreme power is permanently established in some one branch.

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ART. III.—1. *Military Miscellany; comprehending a History of the Recruiting of the Army, Military Punishments, &c. &c.* By Henry Marshall, F.R.S.E., Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals. London, Svo. 1845.

2. *A Sketch of the Military History of Great Britain*. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, Principal Chaplain to the Forces. London, 12mo. 1844.

3. *A View of the Formation, Discipline, and Economy of Armies*. By the late Robert Jackson, M.D., Inspector-General of Army Hospitals. A New Edition, from the Copy corrected by the Author immediately before his decease; with a Memoir of his Life and Services, prepared from the personal records of the Author, and of his friends. London, 1845.

THE three works of which we have transcribed the titles, are all possessed of merits peculiarly their own. Mr. Marshall's contains a well-digested account of the causes of many of the evils which attach to our military system; of the improvements which have in late years taken place; and of the still further improvements of which it is susceptible. Mr. Gleig's is what it undertakes to be, a rapid but interesting and correct account of the rise and progress of the British army from the earliest to the latest times, and of the manner in which it has conducted itself in the presence of an enemy in every age—those of Julius Cæsar and the Duke of Wellington inclusive. The author's style is familiar to us all: we think on the present occasion he has been more successful than in several of his preceding performances—writing with a love and an intimate knowledge of his subject, he condenses clearly, and now and then expatiates with happy energy. Dr. Jackson's is a more elaborate performance than these, and though here and there out of date, well deserves attention. However our present business is not to give a detailed account of works which are sure to find their own level in the world of readers. We have a graver and more important object before us.

Perhaps

Perhaps there is nothing which more surprises a foreigner, on his first visit to this country, than the almost total absence from the streets and public places in the capital of military uniforms. A few sentries planted beside the royal palaces, and in other situations where the call for them is of more doubtful urgency; a couple of orderlies at the entrance to the Horse-Guards; with here and there a group of private soldiers lounging upon the esplanade, or passing to or from their quarters in Portman Street, at Knightsbridge, or in the Wellington Barracks: these make up the whole amount of the 'pomp and circumstance of glorious war' which on ordinary occasions meets the eye of the stranger in London. To be sure, guard-mounting is a fine thing, and so is a review in Hyde Park; for the household troops, both infantry and cavalry, are magnificent, and their bands and corps of drums and trumpets perfect; and if we pass but a few miles beyond the suburbs, we arrive on Woolwich Common, at the head-quarters of the best appointed, best worked, best organized, and most efficient artillery that the world has ever produced. But guard-mounting in London is an affair of duty, not of show; and reviews occur but rarely; and the Royal Artillery, few in number, practise their evolutions in order to become perfect in them, not to gratify the sovereign or amuse the people, or rouse in the bosoms of the more ardent of the youth of England a thirst for military glory. Accordingly, unless he lay himself out to look for it, the stranger may pass whole weeks, perhaps months, in London, without meeting with any external indication of our being one of the greatest of military powers.

We do not object to this state of things, at least entirely. We are not, in the ordinary sense of the term, a military nation; and we desire never to become such. War is a great evil, let it be undertaken for what cause it may; and to create among our young men a love of military parade, and to shun at the same time frequent occasions of war, is impossible. Besides, we are no admirers of those arrangements in social life which give precedence to military rank above all others.

In Russia, such rank is the sole passport to distinction. In Austria, the white coat, if it cover only the back of a serjeant, or even a private, commands very great deference, especially in the more remote dependencies. As to Prussia, she is a nation of soldiers—a gallant and high-minded nation, we acknowledge, yet so completely under the influence of not the best of the impulses to which the military spirit gives rise, that the King has found it necessary of late to reprove them. In France the case is different. A military people, if ever people deserved to be so called, our neighbours have learned discretion enough to keep the profession

profession of a soldier in its proper place, and to honour it with all the honours due, but not with more. The French army may be, in point of appearance, inferior to that of either Austria or Prussia: the men are generally smaller, especially in the infantry, and both their clothing and appointments sit more loosely upon them; but for work in the field, we are disposed to think that the French are still what they proved themselves to be in former wars—the most efficient among the soldiers of continental Europe; and we are satisfied that the social position of the French army, considered as a great national institution, is admirable. The pay of the soldier, of every grade, is moderate. It is sufficient, however, with the allowances that accompany it, to support him in a cheap country comfortably; and the uniform which he wears ensures for him the goodwill of his fellow-citizens, so long at least as they are not in a state of sedition, nor he insolent or domineering. Moreover, the French officers, and particularly the subalterns of the line, are a very different class of men from what they used to be under the Empire. All the boasting and *fanfarronade* which used to disgust and annoy in the *vieille moustache* have disappeared, and you find in their room a love of study, quiet and unassuming manners, a tolerable knowledge of the theory of war, even on a grand scale, and a perfect acquaintance with the details of regimental duty. We have heard some of our own young officers, on their return from a French review, or after being present at one or two garrison parades in a fortress, speak slightly of the infantry, and laugh them to scorn. We venture just to hint to these youths, that under the looseness of movement which may have excited their mirth, there lurk among the small, long-coated musketeers on the other side of the Channel both high courage and great power of endurance, and that it would not be amiss if they were to spend their time, during this present season of profound peace, in making themselves as well acquainted with the science of their profession as are many of the gentlemen of their own grade, whose word of command, prefaced as it is with a sort of compliment, may have struck them with surprise. Our friends may depend upon it that, should war between France and England unfortunately arise, more will be required of them than the display of valour. Manœuvres so bold as those which turned the tide of battle at Meannee and Hyderabad will not do in the presence of a European force; bull-dog courage can accomplish much, but it alone never yet has decided, nor ever will decide, the fate of a campaign in France, or in Germany, or in the Low Countries.

The constitution of the British army is so essentially different from that of all the continental armies, that to institute a comparison

parison which shall be at once rigid and fair, is absolutely impossible. Civilians judge of the qualities of national armies by the external appearance of the minute bodies out of the aggregate of which they are made up. A single battalion is the criterion by which to try the infantry; a squadron of horse, and a demi-battery of nine-pounders, stand for the cavalry and the artillery of a nation. But this is a great mistake. The setting up, the dress, the appointments of the troops in one country may be more pleasing to the eye than elsewhere. An English battalion may march better, and execute any given series of movements with greater precision than a French one; its fire, too, of blank cartridges may be more rapid and better sustained—or the reverse of all this may be the fact; but it does not therefore follow that the infantry of one of these nations shall be upon the whole superior to the infantry of the other; and the same thing may be said in regard both to the cavalry and artillery; for the attainments of which we are now speaking belong exclusively to an army of manœuvre; and however desirable, and indeed indispensable, they may be, they are worth little if they stand alone. It is in its *morale*, much more than in its *physique*, that the value of an army consists; and the *morale* of an army, whether good or bad, is the result of so many and such constantly varying contingencies, that to reason about it in the abstract, much more to assume this or that concerning it, from results which may have occurred a quarter of a century ago, would be nonsense. One thing, however, is certain, that as the *morale* of all armies must, under every variety of circumstance, be to a great extent dependent on the sort of treatment which individual soldiers receive, so it becomes a point of the gravest importance for governments to weigh well and deeply the character, in every particular, of the training bestowed upon their troops, and especially upon their recruits—most seriously—first, midst, and last—what we may call the Moral Discipline of the Army.

The English stands alone among the great armies of Europe in these, among many other respects, that its ranks are filled exclusively by voluntary enlistment, and that its commissions are conferred *per saltum*, through the favour of the Sovereign, or, as much more frequently occurs, on purchase. In Russia, Austria, Prussia, and France, the conscription, modified so as to suit the usages of civil life, equally prevails. Of Russia we need not say much. Every male not devoted to the service of the Church is at the disposal of the Emperor; and so complete is this control, that while all are liable to serve in the ranks, the field-marshal and the lance-corporal may any day change places,

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if such be the will of their common master. In Austria, and the kingdoms dependent upon it, the nobles are by right of birth exempt from military service—yet it so happens that in cavalry, in the artillery, and among the superior grades in the infantry, the army is officered exclusively by nobles. At the same time it is worthy of remark that they all win their gold sword-knots by service, more or less protracted, in the ranks as cadets. Prussia, as we have said, is a nation of soldiers—no matter what their lineage or fortunes may be, all young men from eighteen years of age and upwards, unless incapacitated by physical deformity, or their dedication to some sacred profession, are liable to serve; and all, when drawn, go forth from the schloss or from the cottage, to poise the musket or wield the sabre as privates. Frenchmen of all stations and callings—the clergy, and teachers of youth and public functionaries, of course excepted—come under the operation of a similar law; which is, however, relaxed in favour of such as may be rich enough to purchase substitutes, at the cost of as much sometimes as eight hundred or a thousand francs. In Great Britain alone there is no compulsory levy of regular troops. He who may be disposed to offer himself as a recruit is received, provided there be no physical reason to the contrary; and it must be confessed that, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the fact that a young man has accepted the Queen's bounty, and gone, as his friends call it, for a soldier, furnishes pretty good ground for surmising that he has not been the steadiest or most correct member of the society from which he thus separates himself.

Again, the periods of time for which young men engage, or are required to serve, vary according to the customs of their countries. The Austrian government used to keep its conscripts to their colours fourteen years—they now serve only eight. In Prussia the term of service in the regular army is exceedingly short; it never exceeds three years, and often terminates virtually at the end of one: but the youth is not therefore in any sense of the expression free, for he passes from the regular army into the landwehr, and when too old for that, becomes a member of the *arrière band*. France exacts seven years of service from her recruits. In England they *enlist for life*. But this, after all, is a mere form of speech, of which a great deal too much has sometimes been made; as Sir Howard Douglas on a late occasion showed in the House of Commons, every facility is afforded for the purchase of men's discharges, and at the end of fifteen years they may claim them as a matter of course;—in practice, the longest life service with us usually terminates at the end of twenty-one or twenty-two years; after passing which in the British army, a soldier,

dier, it must be acknowledged, is for the most part pretty well worn out. Yet this much he may boast of—that he is not then cast loose upon the world, but that he is entitled to a retiring pension as his right—which no other worn-out soldier in Europe can look for on a surer ground than the good-will of his sovereign. Granting, therefore, that when he awakens from his fit of intoxication or wild enthusiasm, there may be a good deal to appal the recruit in the thought that he has sold himself to a particular calling *for life*, we are not sure but that, all things considered, it is better that the case should be so; because a competency at least is secured to him in the meanwhile, and he is certain that, should he live to attain to it, he will not be absolutely neglected in his old age. Possibly the late warrants may have reduced the worth of the latter privilege somewhat below what it ought to be. But if this be an evil, it is one which the course of events will be sure to remedy. When the call for a large increase to the army arises, the necessity, if the enlistment system be adhered to, of bettering the veteran's pension will arise with it; and the principle at least has never been lost sight of that he who has devoted the best years of his life to the military service of the country, has a claim of right to be provided for, at the country's expense, after health and strength shall fail him. On the whole, therefore, we are not inclined to regard the practice of life-enlistment, conducted as it is in Great Britain, with disfavour. If indeed we had the conscription among us as it prevails in Austria, or France, or Prussia, the necessity, not to speak of the justice, of assigning fixed limits to military service, would be apparent. But where the recruit comes in of his own accord, it is better for himself and for the country that he should become a soldier for life; the truth is, we do not see how, taking the extent of our empire into account, he could be rendered by any other arrangement an efficient servant of the state.

Another peculiarity in the condition of the British soldier is this—he is the most severely tried man-at-arms whom the world has ever seen. Inferior in point of numbers to that of the least of the four first-rate powers, the English army has a greater amount of hard work imposed upon it than the three armies of Austria, Prussia, and France put together. We have settlements or colonies in every part of the world. We are never entirely at peace. If there be no fighting nearer home, scarce a newspaper comes into our hands which does not describe a skirmish, or a siege, or a battle, or a series of marches in order to come up with an enemy in India or China, or the islands of the Pacific, or on the shores of the Red Sea, or amid the forests of North America. Moreover, the fighting part of his business is the least trying, both

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to the health and the patience of the British soldier. He is a police-officer at home, as well as a warrior, and a severely tried one too, abroad. Take the routine of his existence in what are called peaceable times, and see what it is. At the early age of eighteen or twenty, a boy finds that there is no employment to be had in his native village, or he gets drunk, or runs into some other scrape, and enlists. He is marched off to his *depôt* or battalion, and subjected to the usual course of drill. Having accomplished this, or while it is yet imperfect, he is moved about through the United Kingdom, according to the good pleasure of his superiors. If there be disturbance anywhere, or a well-grounded apprehension of disturbance, he is hurried off at a moment's notice—he is hooted, insulted, it may be pelted by the mob, yet he must never lose his temper. And all this, be it observed, not at remote intervals, but perpetually—as often as a Repeal cry, or a Chartist movement, or the irruptions of Swing into a rural district, shall disturb the equanimity of quiet subjects. For we must never lose sight of the fact that the amount of force retained for home service is well nigh inconceivably small. To provide for the defence of England, Scotland, and Ireland against invasion from abroad—to protect all our magazines, arsenals, forts, and stores, and to maintain order among a population of six and twenty millions, there are available something less than fifty thousand men. In France the standing army amounts to three hundred and sixty thousand, of which two hundred and ninety thousand are always at home; yet the population of France does not exceed thirty-three millions. Austria, with her thirty-six millions, and not a single colony or foreign possession to provide for, keeps up a standing army of three hundred and twenty thousand men. Prussia has her regular army of one hundred and eighty thousand, besides her *landwehr*, of equal amount, to watch some fourteen or fifteen millions; and as to Russia, her legions are innumerable. Verily, even the home service of the British soldier is a trying one; there is nothing at all resembling it anywhere else in Europe.

Having spent a year or two in this fashion, our youth learns that his regiment is under orders for foreign service. He has great cause to congratulate himself moreover, for he is going forth upon the most agreeable tour of duty to which any portion of the British army is liable; his place of destination is Gibraltar, or Malta, or perhaps the Ionian Islands. Away he goes in the highest possible spirits, and at one or other of these stations three years are spent. Now three years in the Mediterranean tell. The sun is hot, the glare from the white cliffs at Valetta is strong—wine is cheap, and there is a sad absence of all such occupations

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as might rouse his energies or his interests. However, he gets through them, upon the whole, pleasantly enough; and then comes a change. He is shipped off for the West Indies—it cannot be said that his condition, either moral or physical, is improved—the fever breaks out, and his friends and comrades die by the dozen round him. The climate is very relaxing both to mind and body. Idleness, even to a greater degree than at Malta or Corfu, is the order of the day; for the authorities, through a humane but mistaken policy, leave him as much as possible to himself. He drinks because of a strong desire of the excitement which he cannot find in any other way, and his constitution suffers. Nevertheless, he gets through his three years in the West Indies also, it might be difficult to explain how, and hears at the end of them with delight that transports may be expected daily. They come, and he proceeds to Canada. Now (unless the constitution has been seriously shaken) this is a change decidedly for the better—the climate of Canada, though it be subject to the extremes both of heat and cold, agrees better, on the whole, with the English soldier than that of any other dependency of the Crown. Yet the soldier, if all thought of home be not by this time obliterated, would gladly exchange even Canada for old England. The shores of England, however, he is not destined to see till he shall have spent three more years in his new quarters—and it does not always follow that, either in Canada or anywhere else, the order of the reliefs is, or can be observed, to the letter.

Our hero has now been—say eleven years in the service, out of which ten have been spent abroad. A happy man, therefore, is he when he reads in the orderly book, that ‘the regiment will march to-morrow morning to Quebec, there to embark on board of the troop-ship *Leviathan*, and to be conveyed to England.’ He marches, he embarks, the passage is a good one, and in due time he and his comrades land at Portsmouth. Is their lot now one of relaxation and repose? By no means—Birmingham is riot—or the colliers of Staffordshire are up: down comes an order for our newly arrived regiment to stow itself away in a set of second-class carriages, and forthwith, with pouches crammed full of ball-cartridges, it flies upon the wings of steam to the scene of action. In all probability the alarm was a false one—but this by no means reconciles our recruit, now matured into a thorough soldier, to the breaking up of all his plans. He had applied for and obtained a furlough to go to his native place, and find out who among his kindred might yet be in the land of the living—but now all furloughs and leaves of absence are cancelled, and he begins to perceive that to be in England is not to be at home.

Riots

Riots and strikes are not, however, perennial. The winter comes; patriots, however ardent, refuse to face the cold; our soldier, if his regiment be yet in England, does get his furlough at last, and spends a whole month with his mother. She has long since forgiven him all the care and anxiety which he cost her, and believes that if she could only keep him with her till she died, the world would not contain a happier woman. But this cannot be—his month is up—he bids her farewell in a cheerful tone—why should she fret?—could they not hear from one another often?—and next year, would not his commanding officer, who had always been kind to him, give him another furlough? The poor old creature is comforted—she gives her boy her blessing—and away he goes, reaching the barracks at Weedon on the day that he was expected, and being recognised by his superiors as one not unworthy of future indulgences. He finds, however, that the regiment is under orders for Ireland, and in a few days it sets out. Of course his hope of a furlough next winter is at an end—there are no such indulgences granted to troops in that ticklish section of the empire; and our man passes in consequence from station to station, till it appears that the period of home service for his corps is ended.

The theory of reliefs for our regiments requires that they continue five years at home, after a return from foreign service, before they shall be sent abroad again; but the exigencies of the moment, and the extreme inadequacy of the force to meet the calls that are made upon it, seldom permit this home service to exceed four years, and not unfrequently reduce it to three—for the total of our standing army, inclusive of infantry, artillery, cavalry, engineers, and colonial corps, does not exceed one hundred and thirty thousand soldiers, whom we must scatter over the surface of an empire at once more extensive, and in its detached portions more widely separated, than has ever before existed among civilized men. Accordingly, the route comes just as our friend was beginning to dream again of Liverpool, and of the means of communication between that great town and his native place;—and he passes with his regiment to Cork. There the ships lie that are to receive them on board; and so, after having spent something less than five years at home, out of the thirteen during which he has worn the Queen's uniform, he proceeds to India. That he will ever return is, to say the least of it, improbable—for regiments once landed in India often abide there a quarter of a century, and some of them even longer. If he do escape the bullet of a Beloochee, or a jungle fever, or an attack of cholera, he must contend against some fifteen years of baking

at the least; at the termination of which, if there be energy enough left to bring him back, he will come only to claim his discharge, and die of sheer exhaustion in Chelsea Hospital.

With this picture before them of the British soldier's career (and it is very far from being overdrawn), our readers will, we conceive, agree with us in thinking that England takes to the full as much out of her troops as she well can—that if their pay be liberal, and their allowances on the whole good, they earn them dearly. We deceive ourselves moreover, if the considerate do not join with us in another opinion—namely, that troops thus employed, thus harassed, tried, and on all occasions found trustworthy, deserve, if they do not always possess, the respect and gratitude of the nation. Now, is the case so? Is the army a popular body in this country? We fear that it is not—and we come to this conclusion, not merely from recollecting the eagerness with which from year to year the army estimates are criticised in the House of Commons, but from some slight knowledge of the temper of the great body of the people in regard to the social position in which they conceive that a young man, however humble his origin may be, places himself by enlisting. Tell a peasant who, thrown out of employ, has no brighter prospect for himself and his family than the Union workhouse—tell even him that his son has gone off with a recruiting party, and he will grieve over the tidings as if some terrible calamity had befallen him. Inform the market-gardener that his boy, worn out with constant toil, has enlisted in a regiment of foot-guards, or taken service with a corps of lancers, and he will sell his horse and cart, and reduce himself to beggary, in order to pay the smart. As to the children of the classes above these, farmers' sons, or the sons of small tradesmen or shopkeepers, they must be put to their last shifts, and surrounded by difficulties of no ordinary kind, before they will think of hiding their shame under the uniform even of the life-guards. Why is this? The English are a brave people—they are jealous of the renown of their armies, and amazingly proud of the triumphs which they have achieved; neither are they afraid to face either hardships or restraints, should the necessity so to do be forced upon them. Indeed, the whole existence of a labouring man—we write it in sorrow, for we believe it to be the fact—is little else now-a-days, in too many parts of the country, than an unbroken series of hardships and restraints; yet these very persons shrink in their sober moments from the thought of military service, and look upon their sons, whenever they enlist, as lost. How may so curious an anomaly be accounted for?

We have heard it alleged—generally, it must be confessed, by parties

parties for whose judgment in regard to such matters we entertain small respect—that this dislike to a military life takes its rise among the English commonalty from that love of personal freedom which they imbibe with their mother's milk, and which no amount of increase to their physical comforts or enjoyments can prevail with them to barter away. Now whatever might have been the case long ago, it is surely ridiculous to predicate this of persons who, to supply imperfectly the commonest wants of nature, subject their offspring, as yet barely passed beyond the stage of infancy, to the harsh bondage and ceaseless toil of the factory. Neither is it easy to imagine how the love of liberty can survive to any practical purpose, among an ill-paid, ill-fed peasantry, who, however willing to work, cannot always find masters, and have perpetually before their eyes the prospect of a Union workhouse. If indeed the humbler classes in England were the bold and happy race, of whom the poet speaks as flourishing at the period 'when every rood of land maintained its man'—then indeed we could listen to the argument. For there can be little doubt that the prospect of exchanging his father's whitewashed and honeysuckled cottage, with all the rural felicity that lingered beneath its sloping eaves, for the noisy barrack, the crowded transport, and the comfortless bivouack on a foreign shore, would be the reverse of inviting to young bumpkin, so long as he kept his sober senses about him. But where are we to find such whitewashed honeysuckled cottages? Not in Birmingham, nor in Manchester, nor in Leeds, nor in Bolton surely; no, nor in Cambridgeshire, or Dorsetshire, or Kent, or Sussex either. Besides, so far is the young peasant from being restrained by his love of personal liberty from listening to the blandishments of the recruiting-serjeant, that it is invariably the wildest and most reckless of the youth, both in our towns and villages, that take the bait. Scapegrace won't work and will play; he prefers the tap to the mill, and thinks toying with Sukey a more pleasant occupation than cleaning out a wet ditch. And so, observing that Corporal Trim is free to indulge at all hours in these intellectual amusements, he becomes inspired with the ambition of rendering himself equally independent, and with this view enlists. Moreover, it is not because their son has bartered personal freedom for a shilling, that the father and mother of the recruit refuse to be comforted. No, a sharper pang is theirs; a deeper seated and more praiseworthy apprehension; they look upon soldiers, of all ranks, as a godless and dissolute race; and therefore they weep that their Will should have cast in his lot among them. For changed as in many respects our national character may be, there is still a strong religious feeling among the agri-

cultural poor, which may not show itself either wisely or on common occasions, but which is invariably brought to light when some unlooked for calamity befalls them, and they feel or fancy that their children, even more than themselves, are rushing into situations of peril to their souls. This it is—this strong persuasion—which renders the military service, if not the army itself, unpopular in England; and though we readily believe that the notion is exaggerated, we are nevertheless constrained to acknowledge that there is too much ground for it.

As far as regards the absence of crimes of violence, such as murder, robbery, rape, and even riot, we believe that the British army may be compared not disadvantageously with any other in the world. Our military code is a very strict one; and the jealousy in the civil power of military outrage is so keen, that for soldiers to be guilty of violence to the persons or property of the inhabitants of the district in which they are quartered, is almost impossible. His very dress marks the soldier. He cannot hope to escape detection if he commit a crime; for there is not only no protection for him within the barrack-gates, but the authorities there would be the most eager to search for him, and the first to deliver him over to the constable and his peace-warrant. In like manner drunkenness, if it become habitual, is punishable by sentence of court-martial, and though flogging be happily abolished, at least virtually so, the new provost prisons, and even the barrack cells, which have sprung up of late, and are still multiplying themselves in various quarters, hold out to the culprit soldier no prospect of a bed of roses. As far therefore as the absence of great crimes can be said to refute the charge which is brought against the moral state of the army, the refutation is complete. In a body of a hundred and thirty thousand men, all in the full flow of life, and taken for the most part from the lowest classes, it would be strange indeed if you could not find many scoundrels. But as far as concerns the observance of those broader laws of right which forbid us to kill, to steal, perhaps to bear false witness, we believe that our soldiers may be fairly placed on a footing of equality with civilians of their own age and belonging to their own station in society.

It is not, however, because he fears that his deluded boy, now gone to be a soldier, will be hurried into the commission of offences such as these, that the virtuous peasant mourns. He believes that his son has become a member of a society wherein, as far as it is possible to do so in this country, men live, or strive to live, without God in the world. The peasant is wrong again: our soldiers do not *strive* to live without God in the world. That many of them do thus live is, we are afraid, too true; but the circumstance

circumstance is attributable not to any positive effort or even wish on their parts to forget God, but in some degree to that tendency towards mutual corruption which is more or less discernible in all societies composed exclusively of young men; in some degree to the indifference which, if not felt, certainly appears to have prevailed, we had almost said from time immemorial, among the authorities—both regimental, and in higher places—in regard to the soldier's habits of thinking and of acting on all subjects not immediately connected with his professional duties.

First, let us look to the officers; not merely because they deserve our attention to the full as much as the men, but because the example which they set is far more operative either for good or for evil than most gentlemen of their class seem to imagine. What are they—as we find them—in any one of the very best of our corps, either of cavalry or infantry? ‘Fine, high-spirited young fellows,’ we shall be told, ‘men of the strictest honour, the most unimpeachable veracity.’ Granted—they are all this, and a great deal more—they are generous, open-hearted, liberal-minded, gallant; but their moral code, what is it? Do they never shock you in their talk? Are they patterns in their conduct? Have they right notions of the value of time, and of the heavy responsibility that attends the abuse of it? Is the desire general among them to cultivate those higher faculties which distinguish men from mere animals; to discipline the body and keep it under, in order that the intellect and a still loftier principle may be free to work within them? Here and there you meet with an individual who strives, and not unsuccessfully, to walk by the light of this principle; and wherever you find him, take him to your heart, for the world does not contain a nobler creature. But he is an exception, and a remarkable one, to the general rule—for a regard to truth compels us to acknowledge that in all those moral accomplishments which go to form the character of the Christian soldier, the officers of the best British regiments come infinitely short of the point to which, considering their station in life, we have a right to expect that they should attain; and to which we verily believe that they would attain, if not universally, at all events in the aggregate, were proper measures adopted to introduce among them correct views of their own position, and of the importance of the trust committed to them.

If the officers of our very best corps be thus far wanting, it will surprise nobody to be told that in regiments not remarkable one way or another, the average rate of moral feeling is miserably low. Let us not be misunderstood; the young men of whom we are speaking err rather from want of thought than  
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through any corruption of principle; but why are steps not taken to call their powers of thought into operation? why are vice and folly not rendered as unfashionable in British regiments as they are sometimes held to be the reverse? Here then is a tolerably correct representation of the state of what is called a good regiment—of which a smart officer is at the head—and where every detail of military duty, every movement on parade and in the exercise-field, is executed with a degree of precision and celerity which cannot be too much commended.

The corps of officers usually present with our regiments of infantry, may consist of five and twenty or thirty gentlemen, whose ages range from forty-five or fifty down to seventeen. The majority are lads of nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, and so on up to thirty-five years of age. The field-officers may or may not be married. It is a great misfortune to a regiment if *all* the field-officers be married—because married men do not dine at the mess; and the presence of an officer of rank and influence there does infinite good. However, most of the captains are single, and it sometimes happens that the standing of one or two of these is such as to have obtained for them the rank of major by brevet.

In a society so constituted, the natural order of things seems to be, that while the commanding officer gives a tone to his majors, and the majors to the rank next to their own, the captains should endeavour, both by example and precept, to render the subalterns all that young gentlemen circumstanced as they are ought to be. For it is worthy of remark, that the subalterns are attached not so much to the battalion, as to the several companies of which it is composed. Is this done? Never;—unless there be some private tie between them, the captain takes no more charge of the general conduct of his subalterns than he does of the general conduct of his men, which he studiously avoids to notice, unless by the commission of offences, military or otherwise, it be forced upon him. In fact, no one officer in the generality of British regiments seems to think that he has any business to concern himself about the behaviour of the rest, except on points of duty—that is, of military duty—and the consequence is, that, from the oldest to the youngest, they do—every man what seemeth best in his own eyes.

Extravagance and luxury are vices not peculiar to the army; we find them everywhere, in our public schools, in our colleges, in our private houses, in our social institutions—in every place, in short—and among all classes of the community, except the humblest. Nobody in what is called the position of a gentleman, thinks, now-a-days, that he is properly furnished and equipped,  
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and fed, if his style of living be not equal to that which he witnesses in the houses of the nobility; and the obvious result is, that with immense profusion and show, there is more poverty, more trouble, more anxious consideration as to the ways and means in society at this day, than there ever was since England became a nation. But the extent to which all this is carried among the officers of the British army, is in too many instances appalling.

We defy either the Duke of Norfolk or the Baron de Rothschild to furnish forth his board with costlier plate and glass than are to be found in the mess-rooms of most of the regiments in the service. The dinner to which the officers sit down daily is *recherché* in the extreme, and the wines, always when guests are present, not unfrequently when they eat alone, of the richest flavour and the highest prices. Of course such a style of dining is inconsistent with self-denial on other occasions. The breakfast mess is equally sumptuous—so are the luncheons; and then in his private habits—each subaltern must live as the others do—that is, like gentlemen of large fortune. Horses, dogs, guns, quantities of apparel—not uniforms, be it observed, but coloured clothes, for no officer of spirit ever thinks of wearing his uniform except on duty or parade—these are accumulated to such an extent, that unless it be the young fop's practice to put on a different suit every day, it seems difficult to conjecture to what use he intends to turn his stock. Then there must be carriages bought or hired; cabs, phaetons, dog-carts, where-with our gallants may cut a dash; supper-parties at inns or hotels every night; private theatricals and balls; his subscription to one of which swallows up the whole of the lieutenant's pay for a month, and makes a tolerably deep hole into that of the captain. Moreover, habits of living so luxurious as these, lead to other, and, morally speaking, still graver offences. The regiment may become a slang regiment, in which case we have dog-fights got up, and heavy bets made to depend upon them; races patronised, and entered into eagerly; badgers kept for the purpose of being baited; and a constant talk of what has been or what is to be in these lines. As to adultery, fornication, and all uncleanness—these are trifles not worth considering; but there is a matter which cannot be overlooked. The officers' pay is quite inadequate to meet these demands upon it. His allowance from his father, however liberal, fails in like manner. Nevertheless the young gentleman must keep up the credit of his corps; and to owe money to tradesmen beyond a certain amount is neither creditable nor convenient. Having run up an account therefore with Mr. Buckmaster, the tailor, of some two or three hundred pounds,

pounds, and perhaps got his name into the books of jewellers, gun-makers, saddlers, boot-makers, and so forth, to an equal amount, the young man still finds that money is needed, and he raises it—sometimes from the Jews—but more frequently at country banks on accommodation bills. The process is this:—Lieutenant Black wants a hundred pounds—he gets Ensign White to put his name to a promissory note; and for a consideration the good-natured banker cashes it, and all is well. Three months however soon steal away—and now comes Ensign White's bill, to which Lieutenant Black puts his name, and the money being raised, which on the present occasion amounts however to two hundred pounds, instead of one, the first bill is redeemed, and the two subalterns divide the surplus between them. What can be said of such practices as these—to what results must they lead? Not merely to the ruin of individuals, for that is inevitable, but to the demoralization of the army, by the lowering of that tone of honourable and virtuous feeling, without which, looking at them merely in a professional point of view, officers become useless. For it is of the nature of such habits to render every occupation, except pleasure, irksome to such as fall into them; and the restraints and roughnesses of military duty particularly insupportable. And then, when we look above this—what is it that meets our view? Can gentlemen, who thus spend their time, ever have a thought to waste upon eternity?

It would be most unjust to pass a sentence of sweeping condemnation upon a whole profession in regard to this matter; we know well that in every grade you may find examples of a very different sort—but, speaking generally, of one thing we are certain, that wherever the officers of the British army retain any reverence for their Maker, any love of religion, any desire to become good men as well as good soldiers, they owe it to God's special mercy, or to the lingerings of early associations within them—certainly to nothing which they either hear or see in the general run of the society of which they are members.

If the preceding sketch come at all near to the truth, and we could name more than one crack regiment which might sit as the original of the portrait, the virtuous peasant seems to have too much ground for assuming that his son, when he enlists, has joined himself to a society of persons who live without God in the world. For the officers of the army deceive themselves quite, if they imagine that their proceedings, whether within the barrack-square or beyond it, pass unnoticed by the men, or that the latter are not acted upon, both for good and for evil, by the example which is set to them. No doubt there is strength enough in martial law to maintain the external appearance of discipline everywhere;—

everywhere;—indeed there are limits in folly beyond which a soldier, be his rank in the service what it may, cannot pass, yet escape punishment; but is this all that is needed? Surely not. Force and the dread of punishment may compel men to come both clean and sober to parade; they may be restrained by the same influence from the commission of outrages, and rendered meek and submissive, and respectful, when in the presence of their superiors; but if you desire to infuse the right spirit into them, you must teach them to respect *themselves*. How is this to be done?

We should do great injustice to the present authorities, both at the Horse-Guards and in the War-Office, were we to deny that there exists among them a laudable anxiety on this head. Many measures have been adopted within these last ten or twelve years with a view to the accomplishment of the end at which we are hinting, and, as far as they go, they are all unexceptionable. The barbarous punishments of former years have fallen into disuse; and the soldier, though sternly dealt with if he commit a fault, is treated, even when under sentence of a court-martial, like a man. Moreover, the erection of prisons purely military, wherein individuals convicted of purely military offences, shall undergo their punishments, is most judicious; for military offences, as we need hardly stop to explain, are much more frequently the results of imprudence, or want of temper, than of vice; and it was a cruel thing to see the youth who might have been hurried into one or other of these, placed side by side on the tread-mill with the pick-pocket and the petty-larceny burglar. Again, the encouragement of athletic and manly sports among the troops—the building of racket-courts and laying out of cricket-grounds for their use, is most judicious. So is another establishment, for which the army owes a debt of gratitude to Lord Howick (now Earl Grey), for he it was who, when secretary-at-war, laid the foundation of the garrison libraries, both at home and abroad, out of which, when they shall have had time to mature themselves, we anticipate that the happiest results will arise. Nor must we forget to give the praise that is due to the *theory* of regimental schools, as they exist in our service. It is true, that even in theory, these fall infinitely short of the school system that has been established in the French army; and we fear their practical working is less satisfactory than could be wished. They exist, however, and that is something; they are maintained ungrudgingly by grants from Parliament; and they are open to improvement. But there is a point, and in our opinion it far exceeds in importance all the rest, wherein the indifference of the government, if indeed we are justified in using so mild a term, has heretofore been such as to admit

admit of no excuse. The moral and religious education of the British soldier was too long neglected altogether, and is not even now, we are afraid, attended to as it ought to be. You take young men away from their village homes, where they were subjected to the wholesome restraints of domestic example, where the curate used to see and converse with them freely, not only during his pastoral visits at their fathers' cottages, but while taking his daily walk in the fields;—you entice them to quit the place where Sunday after Sunday they were accustomed to array themselves in their best attire, and to worship God in his house of prayer, and to hear his holy word read and preached;—you induce them to relinquish all these chances at least of attaining to a right frame of mind—and you throw them into a state of society where there is no connexion that deserves the name between them and any minister of religion; where God's laws are habitually violated, however carefully the laws of men may be enforced; where dissolute talk, dissolute conduct—immorality, indecency, drunkenness, being considered as the mere outbreaks of youthful spirit, are—not applauded—no—we have ceased to run into such extravagance as this—but are certainly not discountenanced and condemned as they deserve;—and yet you lament that crime should be so common in the army, and wonder that the defaulters' list should be so extensive, and that the provost prisons should be so crowded, and barrack-cells never without their full complement of occupants. Moreover, you know that the root of most of the soldier's military offences is drunkenness, and yet if you do not entice him to spend his surplus pay on strong liquors, you furnish him with a very convenient opportunity of doing so.

Look at your canteen system; see how it operates even in London. Will the readers of this paper believe that a not inconsiderable portion of the new barracks in St. James's Park—a portion so considerable as to cramp the pay-serjeants of companies in their accommodation, and to thrust the regimental school into a low-roofed, ill-ventilated under-ground room—is let by Government as a canteen or drinking-house? And will it further be credited that the amount of rent which the landlord pays is calculated according to the average numbers of the corps by which the barracks are usually occupied—as if it were assumed that each soldier would, perhaps must, lay out so much of his pay in drink, and spend it in the canteen? Common prudence seems to suggest, that if you wish your soldiers to be sober, you shall not bring home temptation to their very doors; but common prudence—to say nothing of a better feeling—seems to be disregarded. Will this charge be rebutted by alleging that canteens being subject to the surveillance of the military authorities, must

must therefore be at all events well ordered places; and that if soldiers must drink (and the British soldier is a thirsty soul), it is better that they should indulge under the eye of their officers than in remote and discreditable public-houses? We know that this argument is used; but if British soldiers be universally addicted to strong liquors, why are attempts not made to wean them from the pernicious disposition; why sanction, by countenancing, in ever so remote a degree, a practice which you denounce? A canteen or sutlery may be necessary in a fortress, because a fortress, it is presumed, is liable to be invested; and it would be hard to cut off the garrison from the opportunity of holding convivial meetings occasionally—that is, supposing there is likely to be either time or inclination for rational symposia during the progress of a siege. But why should you build, at the public expense, a gin-palace or a beer-shop close to every open barrack in the United Kingdom, unless it be that you desire to win back part of the soldiers' pay into the Exchequer, in the shape of a more productive Excise, or an increased malt-tax? And if it should further appear—we do not say that the case is so—but if it should further appear—that these canteens make their richest harvests on Sundays, at hours when other places of public entertainment are shut, then is our perplexity complicated.

But to proceed—the troops of France, of Prussia, or of Austria never go beyond the limits of their own country except to make war. Their wars, too, are all carried on against nations either Christian or Mahomedan, the whole of whom have attained to a certain degree of civilization, and with whose religious opinions there is neither desire nor opportunity to interfere. Our troops, on the contrary, go forth sometimes to fight, but much more frequently to protect and control millions of heathens whom they or their fathers have brought under subjection to the British crown. If not a missionary, therefore, in his own person, there is not a man in our ranks who, if he felt aright, would fail to perceive that he should be a pioneer to the missionary. Why has the dominion of India been granted by the Governor of the Universe to England?—That a few individual Englishmen might acquire enormous fortunes, and a still greater number find employment, and earn a competency in that distant land? Certainly not; but that the victor should carry to the homes of the vanquished his juster laws, his purer morals, his true faith: thus compensating, by the benefits which he confers upon all generations, for the wrong which is done to one in depriving it of its natural right to self-government and a national existence. And how is this to be done

done if you employ, throughout your heathen settlements, a body of troops among whom there is no ostensible appearance of any religious belief whatever—who, by their daily lives, outrage all the precepts of morality? It is thrown in our teeth continually, and the argument is sometimes applied as conclusive against the utility of missionary exertion in the abstract, that we have been masters of India well nigh a century, and yet that our religion has made no converts, or next to none, from among the more respectable of the natives. This is not fair. We have made few converts to Christianity because the lives of our people have been generally such as to inspire the heathen with very little respect for a religion which seems to be despised by its professors; but had our soldiers gone forth from the first imbued with a just religious principle, and lived as Christians ought to live, and worshipped God and the Saviour openly as became them, we will venture to say that the great movement which is only now beginning at Tinivelly and elsewhere, would have begun long ago, and that British India, if not a Christian community by this time, would have shown many a community of native Christians scattered over its surface.

Again, the English army is essentially a Protestant one. Returns showing how the case stands have been repeatedly laid before both Houses of Parliament. Out of a total force of one hundred and thirty thousand men, about thirty thousand, or one-fourth, are Roman Catholics; and of the remaining three-fourths, only one-sixth part, if so many, belong to the Scotch Kirk and to all the sects of Protestant dissenters put together. We think therefore that we are justified in claiming for the English army the character which we have given it, of being essentially a Protestant army; and as the Church Protestants are to the other Protestants in its ranks as six to one, we may fairly assume further that it is a Church army. On the other hand, our European wars are almost always carried on in Roman Catholic countries. In our European dependencies, too, such as Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands, the Greek Church or the Church of Rome is the religion of the inhabitants. What care is taken in these places both that our soldiers shall have the means of worshipping God according to the customs of their fathers, and that their worship shall be conducted in such a way as to impress the lookers-on with a conviction that we affix a just value to the proceeding?

In Gibraltar there is *one* church for the accommodation of the whole garrison—the strongest, in point of numbers, within our empire; *one* clergyman to officiate to the troops in public—to visit the sick—to baptize their children, and bury their dead—to  
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watch over their schools—to visit their families—to influence generally the moral tone of the establishment. Is this sufficient? Can one man accomplish a task so herculean? It is not only assumed that he may, but it seems to be taken for granted that he must have many spare hours upon his hands; for in addition to the garrison, we find that there has within these few years been imposed upon him the spiritual care of the prisoners in the hulks. Malta, thanks to the munificence of Queen Adelaide, has within these two years been enriched with a noble collegiate church, where a portion of the garrison attend public worship every Sunday, while for the remainder a somewhat straitened accommodation is found in the chapel of the palace. As far, therefore, as the material buildings go, the religious wants of this garrison may be said to be tolerably well attended to; and as the bishop is on the spot, and kindly and properly takes his share of the parochial labour, and as there are usually other clergy resident besides, we may fairly conclude that here at least the soldiers are not neglected. Their own chaplain, Archdeacon Le Mesurier, is possessed of unwearied zeal, and moreover they live in the very bosom of the Church, having access continually to Episcopal ministrations. At the same time let it not be forgotten that Government provides for the garrison of Malta only one chaplain; and that had not the Queen Dowager been moved to build a church at her own expense, the public performance of divine worship would have been still such in that place as we hope it will soon cease to be anywhere within the British dominions.

The Ionian islands make up the remainder of our Mediterranean possessions. They are separated one from another by many miles of sea, and to the whole group two officiating chaplains are granted; but there is no church or chapel anywhere. At Corfu the garrison chapel was, for reasons connected, we believe, with the enlargement or strengthening of the fortifications, pulled down a few years ago. Money was voted by Parliament to build another; but owing to some unaccountable differences of opinion somewhere, respecting the proper style of architecture or the convenience of the site, the new chapel has not yet been begun, and we do not hear that a beginning is at all likely to be made. The other station for a military chaplain is Cephalonia, where in like manner there is no church, nor any vote of money to build one even asked for. The consequence is that, amid the sneers and rebukes of a people whose ritual is gorgeous, and their care great to build temples not unworthy of the worship of the Supreme Being, the soldiers of England collect once on each Lord's-day in a barrack-room which is used throughout the week as a school-room, and of which a portion, cut off at one end by a  
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green baize curtain, constitutes at once the chaplain's vestry and the sleeping apartment—indeed the home—of the schoolmaster-serjeant and his wife. Is this decent? Is it creditable to the Government of this great empire that there should be any foreign garrison destitute of its chapel dedicated exclusively to the purpose of Divine worship, and accessible at all times by the soldier? In that barrack-room one of the most painstaking clergymen of the English Church labours, not on the Lord's-day alone, but on other days of the week likewise, to make the poor neglected fellows, and their wives and little ones, who wait upon him, feel that they have souls to be saved. During the short time of his residence at Cephalonia, Mr. Hare has accomplished more to infuse a religious spirit into the garrison than almost any other man, under the circumstances, would have attempted; but the difficulties which he has to contend against are terrible.

It is not worth while to carry our inquiries further into the actual state of things among the rest of the dependencies. Here and there you meet with an exception—but the rule seems to be, that having provided a clergyman, the Government conceives that it has done enough, and that neither chapels nor communion-plate, nor surplices, nor Bibles and Prayer-Books for the desk and altar, are at all necessary. Let us rather try to ascertain how these important matters are cared for at home. For the first service of every member of the profession, of the officer equally with the private soldier, being performed at home, we have a right to assume that according to the spirit in which he is taught to deal with God's worship at the outset of his career, will be his disposition to think of it ever afterwards.

There was a time when to every corps in the service a regimental chaplain was attached. The arrangement did not work well. Indeed it is hard to conceive how it could have worked otherwise than ill, because, independently of the one irremediable evil inherent in the system, of which we shall presently take notice, the abuses of detail to which it lay open were without end. Chaplaincies, like ensigncies, lieutenancies, and companies, were disposed of without the smallest regard to the fitness of the parties applying for them. Being the special patronage of the colonels, they were not unfrequently put up to sale. As to the duties, they might be performed by deputy, or they might not be performed at all—or if the principal attached himself to the corps on the strength of which he was borne, the chances were that the arrangement proved to be the most mischievous of the whole. It was generally found that the charms of the mess-table, rather than any desire to exercise a moral influence over the conduct and opinions of the soldiers, kept his reverence at head-quarters.

quarters. And this brings us to the radical defect in the system, which defies all cure; namely, the entire incongruity between the habits of a right-thinking clergyman and those of a regimental officer, who, passing from barrack to barrack, lives loose upon the world, and finding no leisure for study or sober thought, soon ceases to experience the smallest desire after either. There was no getting over this. Regimental chaplains either absented themselves from their posts, or remaining at them, they, through the absence of a becoming decorum in their behaviour, wrought harm instead of good. They were accordingly reduced one by one as opportunities offered, and the system fell, as it deserved to do, into disuse.

Having thus got rid of regimental chaplains, the Government proceeded to call into existence a body of *chaplains to the forces*, who, being borne upon the general staff of the army, might be rendered available for service, as well in our fixed military stations at home and abroad as in the field. Each of these gentlemen received a commission from the Crown, which ensured to him the rank and privileges of major, with pay at the rate of sixteen shillings per diem, lodging, money-forage for a horse, and other allowances. He was entitled, also, after eight years' service, to a retirement of five shillings a day, which increased at the rate of sixpence daily for each additional year he might serve; but which could not, by any amount of service, be carried higher than ten shillings daily. The income of each chaplain while employed, though not too great, was sufficient, provided he were judicious and economical, to support him creditably—and he had the comfortable assurance that in the event of incapacity to serve longer, he should at least be kept above the workhouse. On the other hand, the outlay to the country was surely not greater than the importance of the interests at stake would appear to warrant. No doubt the device proved, when brought into operation, efficient or the reverse, according to the fitness of the individuals employed to work it out. This must be the case in all arrangements which depend for the effects that are produced by them upon moral and intellectual and not upon mere physical power. But the point is one with which we have no concern. If the greatest care were not taken to appoint to situations so important only clergymen every way calculated to be useful; if they in whom the right of nomination was vested bestowed neither time nor trouble nor caution in the exercise of it—then must the blame of the failure, if a failure occurred, rest with them. We are not asserting either that the device did fail, or that it did not; but this much every unprejudiced person must admit—that there was nothing either in the principle or details of the arrangement which rendered failure inevitable.

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In this state, and subject to the management of the chaplain-general, who again was responsible, in part to the commander-in-chief and in part to the secretary-at-war, the machine continued to work, for good or for evil, up to the year 1830. A new order of things was then devised, and arrangements made that the pay of chaplains to the forces, if *commissioned*, should be 16s. a-day; that after fifteen years' service, it should rise to 20s.; after twenty-two years' service, to 22s. 6d. The half-pay was, in like manner, fixed at 5s. under fifteen years' service; at 7s. 6d. between fifteen and twenty; at 10s. between twenty and thirty; and after thirty years' service, at 16s. a-day.

Had this regulation been carried into effect in regard to new appointments as well as to those actually existing in 1830, it would have conferred a substantial benefit upon the chaplains. They would all have had something to look forward to; an increase of pay while serving; a retirement, small indeed but sure, when worn out. Unfortunately, however, the regulation was not made to apply to new appointments. On the contrary, while the chaplains actually in commission acceded to the proposal, and received the full benefit of their past services, the gentlemen nominated from that time forth stood on an entirely novel footing. *No more commissions were issued*—no more assurance of half-pay or any retirement was given—but on fixed salaries, varying from 300*l.* a year to 150*l.*, they were sent forth to all parts of the world—to do their duty as long as their health and strength might continue—to resign and starve as soon as health and strength should fail them.

Now it appears to us that, be the system in other respects ever so judicious, there is a blunder here which throws a reproach over the whole. You are dealing in no spirit of liberality or even fairness with the clergy. The commissary who takes charge of the soldier's food, and the surgeon who attends to his bodily health, receive both an increase of pay for long service and a pension on retirement. The minister of religion is settled at once on a fixed salary, and may die at his post, but has no retirement provided for him. Moreover, both commissary and surgeon, though resident in an unhealthy climate for a while, are cheered and sustained by the certainty that by and bye, if they escape the contagion, they will be removed; whereas the chaplain becomes for life the inhabitant of one spot, whether his lot fall at Gibraltar, or Malta, or the Ionian Islands, or in the West Indies, or the Bahamas, or the Mauritius, or Hong Kong. For him there is no escape from exile, except to find absolute destitution at home. For ten or twelve years' service on a foreign station are not likely to fit him for a curacy in England; and if he abide twenty years  
abroad

abroad or more, who, on his return to his native country, will find for him even a curacy?

There are but five military stations in all England, three in Scotland, and one in Ireland, having chaplains, or officiating chaplains, whose business lies exclusively among the troops. In London we have, besides the Principal-Chaplain, one commissioned chaplain to the forces, and one assistant chaplain who has no commission. The ordnance corps have their own chaplain and assistant-chaplain at Woolwich—independent, we cannot tell why, of all connexion with the chaplain-general's office. Chatham has its single chaplain, a commissioned officer;—Portsmouth one, and Plymouth one—both of them without commissions. All these gentlemen have their hands full, and all in some way or another stand in need of greater countenance and support. In London, no doubt, we have some gratifying appearances of improvement. At Portman Street the troops still attend on the Lord's-day a hurried and mutilated morning service in the men's mess-kitchen; but the Wellington Barracks are better provided—for here a large though singularly unadorned chapel has within these last few years been built, which affords accommodation to two battalions of foot-guards, a regiment of life-guards, and all the recruiting parties from different corps which may be stationed in the city of Westminster. The clergy, moreover, officiate here in their proper robes, and there is a handsome set of communion-plate. We are happy, too, in being able to add, that in this as in every other respect their present chaplain, the Rev. R. W. Browne, is working great things among the household troops. The spectacle that greeted us on the 25th of last May, when not fewer than one hundred and sixty of these magnificent guardsmen knelt before the altar to receive at the hands of the Bishop of London the solemn rite of confirmation, speaks sufficiently for what this zealous and discreet chaplain has already accomplished. But the difficulties against which Mr. Browne has to contend, though very great, are not to be compared with those which stand in the way of his brother-chaplains. The household troops have but a narrow tour of ordinary duty to accomplish, and come back to their own pastor so regularly, and after so brief an interval, that the tie between them, be it strong or weak, is never absolutely severed. Regiments of the Line, on the contrary, to whom the rest of our chaplains officiate, are the merest birds of passage; they scarcely begin to know their minister ere they go away from him, perhaps for ever. Now it would naturally occur to common men, that on the moral and religious training of soldiers of the

Line greater care would be bestowed than even on the Guards. It is manifest that *they* can be worked upon only through the operation of a well digested system, which shall still go on, let them pass into what hands they may, and still be found the same. And the nucleus of this system we should naturally look for in the recognised garrisons at Chatham, Portsmouth, and Plymouth. Has everything been done for the troops in these places that might be done? Surely not. Each has its chapel, it is true; and the chapels at Chatham and Portsmouth at least—were they differently fitted up within—would be church-like edifices. They have, moreover, their sacramental plate—as has Plymouth in like manner—with the other appliances for the Sunday service complete. But what pastoral connexion is there between the troops and the chaplains? These neither christen the soldiers' children nor marry the soldiers themselves, nor bury the dead. Their chapels are not open for daily prayer, as they ought to be—for a soldier, inhabiting, as he does, an apartment where he is never for a moment alone, cannot pray at all unless a place of worship be provided for him. As to administrations of the Holy Communion, we believe that such things do occur, but that any of the non-commissioned officers or privates have been trained to attend them we very much question.

In Scotland things are a little better managed; the Act of Union having provided that Presbyterian chaplains should be for ever maintained in the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton, the General Assembly has rightly taken care that this number should not be diminished; though it has consented to the removal of one of these functionaries to Fort George, where, as being a more important station, he resides. As each fortress likewise has its chapel, the Presbyterian service may be performed in each, as often as the presence of a Presbyterian regiment or dépôt shall require, with as much solemnity as in a parish church. And the Presbyterian regiments, of which there are thirteen recognised in the service, being as much as possible quartered and recruited in Scotland, it seldom happens that these gentlemen are not in full employment. The pay of the Scotch chaplains is to be sure very small—varying from 100*l.* to 75*l.* a-year; but they are commissioned officers, and have therefore a right to retired allowance when incapacitated.

In Dublin—but we really shrink from touching on the state of things there. Rumours have reached us of a design on the part of the Government to take the subject up, and deal with it in a liberal spirit; and we trust they are well founded. But to describe

describe things as they were in Dublin, when we were last there (which is not very many years ago), is a task to which we cannot bring ourselves.

Look now to the other parts of the United Kingdom—to Canterbury, Dover, Ipswich, Hounslow, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle; to Cork, Kinsale, Limerick, Newport; to Aberdeen, Dundee, Glasgow, Piershill, or to any other of the innumerable stations throughout which our fifty thousand men are disseminated. How are the religious wants of battalions, and depôts, and detachments cared for in these places? Uniformly by the parochial clergy; as if the parochial clergy in each of these places had not as much to attend to among their own people as the strength of man, supposing him to do his duty faithfully, can possibly undertake. However, it must be confessed that the views of those in authority, as to the extent of the soldier's spiritual wants, have not, heretofore, been very extravagant. The regulations require that 'the troops, if not hindered by stress of weather or other good cause, shall attend the public worship of God somewhere on the Lord's day; and that when sick in Hospital they shall be visited—if Members of the Church of England by a Clergyman, if Roman Catholics by a Priest, if Presbyterians by the Minister of their own persuasion.' These are the only services exacted from the parochial clergy by regulation, or remunerated by pay. Let us see how the system works. Attendance at public worship is provided for in three different ways,

In the first place, it is ordered that if accommodation can be found for the troops in one or more of the parish churches, within a reasonable distance—say a mile and a half—of the barracks, they shall be marched thither every Sunday and attend Divine service at the same hour with the ordinary congregation. Now upon the face of it this would appear to be a very proper arrangement. It seems reasonable that while worshipping their common Maker, men should as much as possible lose sight of those differences of rank and occupation which amid the ordinary business of the world keep them more or less apart; and were troops and clergymen and parishioners all fairly dealt with, we do not see that any solid objection could be offered to it. But the practice of carrying whole regiments, or even strong detachments, to our churches during the hours set apart for the worship and instruction of the ordinary congregation, is not fair towards either troops, or people, or clergymen. As regards the troops, it is certain that the slightest shower of rain—indeed we may go further and say the slightest threatening of bad weather—operates, whether to their regret or otherwise, to keep them away from the public service of

God altogether. No commanding officer will march his men half a mile, or a quarter of a mile, or less, through the rain, in order that they may be present at Divine worship; and the men are sharp enough to notice that in nine instances out of ten there is a strong inclination on the part of their officers to vote that the weather is threatening, if it be not positively bad. In the next place, the troops being paraded, are marched through the streets to the sound of their own band, and amid the jeers and jokes of idle and dissolute people. Crowds of these follow them—and continue to loiter about the churchyard. Meanwhile the red coats come in, disturbing by the clatter which they make, the devout, and drawing off entirely the attention of the young and the thoughtless. They are then thrust into all manner of by-places, out of sight very often, and hearing too, of the clergyman; while beardless ensigns, and sometimes their elders, either steal away from the Church door or forget that they have passed beneath its portals for other purposes than to make merry. Not a soldier's wife, or child, except such as attend the regimental school, and not always these, accompany the battalion; there is no room for them, and nobody cares about it. We should like to know how far such a system is likely to create or nourish in the mind of the soldier a reverence for sacred things. He goes to Church at all only if the day be quite fine; he seldom carries his prayer-book with him, because it is contrary to military etiquette that he should march with a book in his hand; he is shoved into some corner where he can neither see nor hear, and is perhaps, as at Norwich, &c., edified by listening to the cathedral service. And finally, he never sees the face of the clergyman except on that occasion; for the clergyman is not paid one farthing for the accommodation which he furnishes to the troops, or the instruction which he gives them from the pulpit; and not being invited to extend his pastoral care to the garrison, he seldom thinks of pressing it upon them. As to the wives and little ones, no Minister takes heed of them; and we need not stop to remind our readers that when a man's wife and children are left destitute of all religious training, his own mechanical attendance at a place of public worship, once in the week, will go but a little way.

2<sup>do</sup>.—But in many instances accommodation cannot be afforded to the troops at the usual hour of Divine worship; and arrangements are made for giving them what is called 'a separate service.' This may be done, and we rather think it is done wherever circumstances will permit, by obtaining the use of the church, either before the usual time of prayer in the morning or after the parishioners have retired. But in truth  
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neither troops, nor people, nor clergyman gain much by this; for all the objections that have been stated above apply to this sort of separate service also; and others present themselves. The weather must still be fine, otherwise there is no church parade—there is the same stir and bustle occasioned by the march of the soldiers—the parishioners are not particularly pleased to get their pews and seats dirtied ere they themselves enter. Moreover, all the *prestige* which is supposed to attend the laying aside of worldly distinctions in the house of God is destroyed. The soldiers are there alone, or if a few civilians come, they come to gratify their curiosity: and, above all, the full service of the Church is never performed. Indeed, it is a standing joke with our young officers that they must get the parson to cut his business short, and the parson humours them; our beautiful Liturgy is in consequence mutilated and defaced. However, if this special service be performed, the clergyman is allowed pay for it, and becomes in some degree connected with the troops; but both the pay and the connexion are held on rather a curious tenure. There used to be enacted in our boyish days a farce or comedy called ‘No Song, no Supper,’ which had a great run. It must, we suspect, have been in the minds of the authorities when they drew up the regulations that now bear upon the performance of separate services to the Queen’s troops. Whenever there happens to be a wet Sunday, or a threatening Sunday, or any other let or hindrance to the troops quitting the barracks, the poor parson may be at his post, if he will, but for him there is no guinea; in fact, so rigid are the regulations on this head, that a distinct declaration upon honour is required from every clergyman, not that he was ready to perform, but that he actually has performed, a certain number of services to a specified number of men, before any pay is allowed him; and such allowance is at the rate of one guinea per service actually performed.

3<sup>do</sup>.—However, it does not always happen that, even in this anomalous way, the red coats can be accommodated in parish churches; and then a separate service (we have a horror of the word) is performed in barracks. Where? Sometimes in the open air, sometimes in one of the men’s sleeping rooms, sometimes in the riding-school: the Guards alone have their church in a kitchen. Of course both the clergyman and his congregation stand all the while. If he officiates in the barrack square, the big drum constitutes both desk and pulpit; if in a barrack room, a deal table probably is substituted; if in the riding-school, a moveable box, not unlike an auctioneer’s desk, is occasionally rigged out. We need scarcely add that the service, which had been cut short at church, is still further mutilated in barracks. Half an hour, or forty minutes at  
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the utmost, suffice to carry us through the whole—sermon and perhaps a Psalm being included; indeed, we have reason to believe that were the latter of these limits exceeded, the clergyman would expose himself to reproof—a good-natured reproof, of course, but still a reproof, from the head of his congregation. Let not our readers forget that in such situations it is absolutely impossible to administer the holiest rite of the Church, and that the soldiers never being invited to it, nor hearing a word about it, come, ere long, to forget that such a thing is. And when we further take into account the uncanonical dress of the clergyman, the absence of all external objects which bear upon Divine things, the associations of ideas that cannot fail all the while to be present to the soldiers' minds, and the bodily fatigue inseparable from standing, even half an hour, in one position—is it easy to conceive an arrangement better calculated to throw discredit upon public worship, and to confirm the soldier in indifference to religion?

We do not admire Divine service as it is performed in a barrack square. In the open air, among the white tents, or near the bivouack when the enemy is in front, the worship of Almighty God ascends to heaven on the wings of the wind with peculiar solemnity; but a barrack square is cheerless in itself, and seems to ring continually with the drill-serjeant's sharp command, and the awkward recruit's low murmur. A barrack room is, for obvious reasons, not much better; but a riding-school is a positive abomination. The place of exercise for beasts during six days in the week, and of corporal punishment for men, whenever such may be inflicted, is surely no fit temple for prayer and praise.

The separate service in barracks, as in a parish church, is paid for at the rate of one guinea per sermon. And here, as well as elsewhere, the sermon must be actually preached. It is 'no service no pay;' and 'no pay,' though it come not so frequently, is of too frequent recurrence even where there is a riding-school.

While the public worship of God is thus provided for, care is taken in the same spirit of hard bargaining that the sick in hospital shall not be neglected; that is to say, that they shall have the chance, at all events, of occasionally seeing a minister of religion, of hearing him read a few prayers, and possibly of conversing with him. The form of certificate which shows that all this has been done, we subjoin.

'I do hereby certify, that the Rev. ——— has from ——— to ——— visited the sick soldiers in hospital at ——— once a week, and more frequently when required, and has also read prayers once at least in each week to the convalescents.

'I further

'I further certify, that the hospital\* is ——— distant from the residence of the clergyman.

(Signed) ' ———

*' Commanding Officer of the Troops.*

' N.B. When separate service is allowed for a less number of men than one hundred, the remuneration of the service will be considered as including that for visiting the sick, and no additional allowance will be granted for the latter duty ; but the clergyman must produce certificates of his attendance on the sick, when required, in order to entitle him to the allowance for separate service.'

\* ' Here mention the exact distance, and the average No. of sick per week. '

The preceding paper demands small comment. It neither expresses, nor perhaps could anything of the kind express, the most remote hint that the sick and dying have been prepared for their great change; that the sacrament has been administered to any of them, or that aught except the routine of a weekly visit has been gone through. The clergyman receives payment for the weekly visits at a rate proportionate to his walk. If his residence be distant from the hospital less than one mile, he receives for his attendance there five shillings weekly; if it exceed one mile, but fall short of three, his pay is seven shillings and sixpence; if it exceed three, or he have more than one hospital to attend, we rather think that he is paid more. But we are not sure;—indeed the impression upon our mind is, that not in any instance is a clergyman, for attendance on ordinary regimental or garrison hospitals, paid more than at the rate of 18*l.* per annum.

There is something so revolting in the whole of these arrangements, they so completely lower the dignity of the ministerial office and the tone of feeling among all parties, that we cannot be surprised to find that the general effect is bad. Not that the clergy neglect the military hospitals—far from it. We verily believe that were all remuneration withdrawn, and the charge thrown upon them as an exercise of charity and Christian zeal, they would bear it, aye, and go through with it too in a spirit of higher and holier devotion than is now present with them. But see to what the system tends. In cases where no special Sunday service is performed, the clergyman who visits the hospital is without the smallest ground to believe that more than this routine of weekly inspection is either looked for or desired at his hands. He is therefore shy of undertaking the general pastoral care of the troops, not only because his time is probably occupied in another direction, but because he does not know how his voluntary attentions may be met. Meanwhile, the Sunday clergyman justly conceives that he has done his part by receiving the troops

troops into his church; and so the men and their families, the officers and theirs, the regimental school, and all that appertains to the moral and religious training of the corps, are left to shift for themselves. To be sure there is a clause in the Queen's regulations, which enacts that the regimental schools shall be visited by the clergy; and we have read a circular addressed by the present principal chaplain to all the clergy who may in any way be connected with the troops, urging them to attend to this matter. And, doubtless, where there are resident chaplains or officiating chaplains present, the Queen's regulation may be enforced; but in all other cases the clergy are manifestly free to exercise their own discretion;—the two points to which they are pledged, and for which alone they receive pay, being these—that when a separate service on Sunday is required, they shall perform it; and that in all cases they shall 'visit the hospitals and read prayers to the sick once a week, and oftener if sent for.'

In short, the clergyman has no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the troops—or of reaching their hearts through the care which he may take in the moral and religious training of their children. The men have no adviser to whom they can go in case their minds be troubled, or their consciences check them. There is no kind friend at hand who, being without professional authority over them, would perhaps, on that account, be the better qualified to be the depository of their fears and hopes; there is a flock nominally Christian, but there is no shepherd.

But what, it will be asked, would we have? The Government, when it enlists young men to serve under the Queen's standard, takes no pledge to make them perfect members of society. The end sought is, that they shall become good troops, and nothing more—brave, orderly, obedient, pliable; and nobody, it is presumed, will deny that of all these qualities the British army is eminently possessed. And for the rest, surely an English regiment, looking even to its moral and religious condition, is at least upon a par with an equal number of persons, belonging to the same station in life, whom you shall take at random from among the thousands of Manchester and Glasgow, or possibly from the average of our agricultural districts.

We shall not stop to consider this latter point—to concede which would no more weaken our argument than to demonstrate its entire incorrectness would strengthen our hands; for we hold that the position of a young man is entirely changed, even in a moral point of view, the moment he puts on the Queen's uniform. So long as he retained the power of disposing of himself after his own pleasure, the blame of his irreligion, if he chose to be  
irreligious,

irreligious, rested with himself; or if it be urged in extenuation of his vices, that the means of learning better were not within his reach, still even in this case it would be unjust to blame the government. Government (under our present state of things) cannot be expected to build churches or plant ministers in the manufacturing districts, proportionate in number to the growth of the population. They who by collecting their fellow men into masses, accumulate large fortunes, or strive to do so, would take care, if they were alive to the responsibility of their position, that neither churches nor ministers of religion were wanting. But the moment the Government withdraws a man from the sphere in which he was born, and makes him its own servant in a sense more absolute by far than can be applied to the connexion between any private gentleman and his domestics, it becomes responsible for the moral and religious, not less than for the physical, treatment of such servant.

Two changes, and only two, appear to us to be necessary, if you hope to place the important matter now under discussion on a right footing. The first of these implies that to every military station within the United Kingdom, as well as in the Colonies, where a permanent garrison of a fixed numerical strength is maintained, a neat, plain chapel shall be attached; the second, that at each of these places a clergyman shall be taken into the public pay, to whom the troops shall be accustomed to look as to their own pastor, and who shall be taught to regard the troops, their wives and families, as his especial charge. We venture to recommend that military chapels be attached only to such barracks as may accommodate the head-quarters of a regiment or a depôt, or be capable of containing not fewer than two hundred men at the least. Were we free to choose, we should indeed greatly prefer that for every detachment, particularly in the manufacturing districts, be it but a single company, a place of worship should be provided;—and that the Government should build on such a scale as that the people might participate in the boon thus conferred upon the troops. But there are obstacles in the way which we cannot hope to see surmounted; and therefore we must be content to leave our smaller detachments to their fate, while we take care of those larger bodies, among which it is worthy of remark that recruits, whether commissioned or otherwise, are invariably to be found. No doubt the measure would be attended with some expense. We do not, however, believe that the expense would be very great; for there is scarcely an old barrack in the kingdom, of which some portion is not at this moment unoccupied, and a little skill in engineering, with an outlay comparatively trifling in money,

money, would easily convert it into the sort of chapel that we want. An empty gun-shed, a deserted store-room, a main-guard raised a little on its walls, or a story added to the piazza beneath which in bad weather guards parade and recruits are drilled, could, with a very little exercise of taste and right feeling, be rendered every way appropriate to the purposes of Divine worship. And with regard to new barracks—as Government has adopted, we believe, the prudent plan of building them on contract, the addition of a chapel will add very little to the cost.

Having thus provided for your troops at each of their principal stations an appropriate place of worship, and fitted it with all the appliances necessary for the celebration of Divine service according to the rites and usages of the Church, your next measure will be to find a clergyman who shall officiate therein on Sundays and other holidays, and read a short service *to such as choose to attend* every morning in the week. Now let it be observed that we have no desire to see the order of regimental chaplains revived, neither could we expect that, in all the places to which the new arrangements might extend, chaplains should be appointed on the same footing with those of London and Chatham, or even of Portsmouth and Plymouth. The utmost that we contemplate is, that, instead of hiring parsons by the job, or doling out to them so many shillings a week in compensation for the shoe-leather which they expend in walking to and from the regimental hospitals, an arrangement be entered into with the incumbent of each parish within the limits of which a barrack may stand, so that either he or the War-Office shall provide an additional curate—and that not to the parochial clergy *en masse*, but to this particular curate, and to none other, the pastoral care of the troops in garrison shall be committed. If the Government pay this gentleman a fixed annual stipend—it need not be very great; perhaps not much more than is now paid as the price of a ‘separate service’ and attendance on one or two hospitals. But the curate will feel that the troops constitute his cure, and unless he be unworthy of his office, he will pay to them the same unremitting attention that he would bestow upon a district of civilians. If this arrangement were adopted, no stress of weather could be permitted to stand between the troops and their attendance at Divine worship. Their little ones also, and the children of the officers, would come to be catechised and instructed side by side at proper seasons, in the chapel; and a bond of union between them, ay, and between their mothers also, would be formed, eminently beneficial to all concerned. There would be no more flirting and levity during public prayer; no more excuse for mutilation of the service; no further difficulty  
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in requiring the men to carry their prayer-books with them, to kneel when the church requires them to kneel, and to take their own part in all her services. The curate would know his people, and the people would know their curate; for though the persons of both might be continually changed, as one regiment arrived and another went away, the system would everywhere be the same; and both curate and people acting steadily upon it, would become alike familiar with the order of their duty, and alive each to what the other had a right to expect.

We venture to say that, were all this done, and canteens abolished, and athletic sports encouraged, and garrison libraries fostered in the liberal spirit which originated them, the unfavourable impression that prevails throughout the country as to the moral dangers attendant on the soldier's career would be got rid of, and a very superior class of young men would come forward to fill the ranks.

In recommending, not that a commissioned chaplain, but merely that an additional curate should be appointed, at the expense of Government, to every parish within the limits of which a barrack capable of containing two hundred men and upwards may be situated, we have kept in view more than the necessity under which the country is laid, of acting in a spirit of just but not of extravagant liberality, while it provides for the religious wants of the Queen's troops. For their own sakes, and for the sake of the parishes, we do not wish to see these barrack curates placed, in regard to pay and emoluments, on the same footing with chaplains or officiating chaplains to the forces. On foreign stations the Government may be bound to provide clergymen to officiate to the troops, sometimes where less than a battalion composes the garrison, and for this reason, that unless the Government acted thus, the troops would live and die destitute of the Church's ministrations; but at home no such necessity exists. All that the Government can possibly desire here is the first growth, so to speak, of a clergyman's zeal. For neither a *dépôt* nor an entire battalion could make such demands upon a chaplain's time as to engross it; and we do not think that the Government ought to pay for more of his time than is ordinarily expended on the service for the troops. The salary, therefore, may be very moderate, so long as it is fixed: while the curate is left free to dedicate the reversion of his time and his labour to the spiritual improvement of the district. Now we need not point out that to many an overworked incumbent the relief occasioned by some such arrangement would be as great as to his flock. And though on the first blush our curate might appear to be the loser, a little closer examination into the subject will show that

that it is not to his wrong. He is not separated by this sort of connexion with the army from the regular line of his profession. He abides still as one of a particular bishop's clergy, and coming under the notice of his diocesan, will have the same claim with other curates upon his lordship's patronage. Whereas, were he paid at the rate of 200*l.* a-year, or even less, and classed among army chaplains, whether commissioned or otherwise, his worldly hopes must be limited to the point at which he has already attained; for no bishop seems to regard the pastoral care of troops, however tenderly and anxiously bestowed, as creating any claim upon his notice or his preferment. And we are not blaming their lordships for this. Military chaplains are the servants of the Crown, and if rewarded at all for length or excellency of service, ought to receive their rewards from the Crown. But, in point of fact, we do not find that, since the days of Marlborough, the Crown has much regarded them: and so it comes to pass that if the soldier's clergyman be not sustained by a spirit of a hearty devotion towards his people, he is entirely without a motive to exertion; for no eye, save that of God alone, appears to notice it. It leads neither to preferment nor to distinctions among men.

Having thus provided a machinery, neither costly nor gorgeous, but complete within itself, and constructed upon intelligible principles, it remains that we apply to it the sort of controlling and regulating influence, without the presence of which no machine, whether moral or physical, ever continues long to work well. And here again we have all the necessary materials at hand. A principal chaplain—or, as he used to be called, a chaplain-general—presides over the clerical department of the army, and conducts such correspondence as the present imperfect arrangements may render necessary. He might do more; and as soon as we shall have begun to re-arrange the department, he ought to be required to do much more. It would then become his duty not only to direct and advise from his apartment in the War-Office, but to visit, from time to time, every military station within the limits of the United Kingdom to which a chaplain or a barrack curate might be attached. Indeed, we do not see upon what principle visitations of this sort come even under existing circumstances to be omitted. Far be from us to insinuate that, to the extent to which the regulations may be their guide, chaplains and officiating clergymen in general do not adhere to the letter of their engagements: but that their spirits should go with the work seems to be impossible, for there is no one to advise when difficulties occur, or to restrain or animate their zeal effectually; yet, the principal chaplain is the ordinary over all those clergymen  
who

who do duty to the Queen's troops in all parts of the world; and most surely his responsibility is a serious one.

There are other points into which, if we had room, we would willingly enter. We allude, first, to the moral—or rather immoral—effects of the existing arrangements that are made in regard to the women admitted into barracks; and next to the state of education in the army, especially in the schools which are maintained in regiments at the public expense for the instruction of the soldiers' children, and, if they desire it, of the soldiers themselves. On the former of these points we must be content to observe, that the more you guard female delicacy and feeling in a barrack the better; and that this cannot be said to be even attempted where married pairs sleep in the same chamber with a dozen of unmarried men at least, without having so much as a curtain wherewith to screen or fence off their couches. With respect to the latter, the value of the system now in force may be judged of when we state that it is, or rather professes to be, that of Dr. Bell; that no provisions are made either for training regimental schoolmasters to their office, or subjecting them, after they enter upon it, to an efficient and regular course of inspection; and that the results, though upon the whole unsatisfactory, are perhaps less so than the defective nature of the plan would lead us to expect. Here and there, indeed, you meet with a regimental school which commands your unqualified approval; for not only are some soldiers, as well as other men, gifted by nature with a rare talent for teaching—but commanding officers, if they take an interest in the moral improvement of their corps, send at their own expense promising young men to training institutions, and appoint them after their return to take charge of the school, and encourage and strengthen their hands by frequent visits. But the latter is a burthen which ought not to be imposed upon individuals; while the former is a contingency on which it is at all times unsafe to calculate—for in truth it is of the rarest occurrence. In France they manage these things better. Yet the annual grant made by Parliament seems to be abundantly sufficient to place our schools at least on a footing of equality with those of our neighbours; and whenever the Government shall think fit to turn a share of its attention to the subject, this truth will probably appear.

To conclude—a fanatical or sectarian spirit in the ranks we do not wish to encourage, and would therefore set our faces against a system of proselytising, whether a clergyman of the Church of England, or a minister of any other class, connected with the army, seemed to adopt it. But we do desire that our soldiers, of whatever church they are members, may become good members

members of the same, and therefore good members of society. Let them see that such is our only design; and though some may sneer at first, all will in the end be grateful, as soon as they have felt, and learned to appreciate, the extent of the benefit that has been conferred upon their order.

While this paper is passing through the press, it gives us unspeakable satisfaction to hear that the beginnings of an improved system are made. The order, if we be rightly informed, has gone forth that no new barrack shall be erected without having both a chapel and a school-house attached. The wants of Corfu and Cephalonia are both under consideration; and at home the principal chaplain has entered upon a course of visitations, from which he will never, it is to be hoped, be required to withdraw. Here and there—at Weedon, at Chatham, at Portsmouth, for example—increased spiritual aid is afforded, and a new zeal awakened. May the righteous work proceed; and may honour be to those at the War-Office, at the Board of Ordnance, and not least at the Treasury, who have thus bent themselves to the performance of it. We must not look to reap the benefit of their exertions in a day: such undertakings as these are slow to mature themselves. But if the seed be sown, and carefully nurtured, it *must* bring forth fruit.

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ART. IV.—*Leaves from a Journal, and other Fragments in Verse.*  
By Lord Robertson. 8vo. London, 1845.

THIS is a very pleasing as well as a beautiful little volume; pleasing because it is a proof that the successful pursuit of a profession little akin to such relaxations has not hardened the heart or perverted, and, as it were, dried up the taste of the learned author; and beautiful because it really abounds in excellent poetry—more than many of the volumes put forth by professed bards. We must add that there is no small novelty in the event of song being heard from the bench; for we have no recollection of this in any former case, unless it be some happy translations and smaller pieces of Sir William Jones, and some celebrated, and justly celebrated, verses of Mr. Justice Blackstone.

Lord Robertson gives in his preface a very simple and modest explanation of the occasion to which we owe the public appearance of these *Leaves and Fragments*. He had, on his elevation from the Bar, now first an opportunity of gratifying his wish to visit Italy, and he showed some friends the pages of his *Journal* when he returned. Their commendations rather unexpectedly rewarded

rewarded his labours and his confidence ; and this led naturally enough to his extending the circle of his readers. We may truly say that having very often heard the subject mentioned, and mentioned with some surprise, both among those who only had known the professional and the social qualities of the excellent author, and among those who only knew of his judicial rank, we have never heard but one opinion expressed, and that all allowed this *ci-devant* brilliant advocate and humourist to have been successful in his courtship of the Muses.

When we proceed to our critical task, let it not betoken any faultfinding spirit, but rather, perhaps, a peculiarity of our own nature, which we share, however, with great critics, our predecessors, that we begin by confessing our dislike of blank verse, and our regret that his Lordship should so cautiously have avoided the charms of rhyme. The very great rarity of success in this rugged line seems to sanction our opinion. Milton, of course, at once presents himself to the mind when the question is raised. But then so is there present the multitude of passages which in even Milton are hardly readable ; and so, too, is there present the inimitable beauty of his diction, its wondrous picturesque effect, its mingled learning and sweetness, its music and its force, above all, on grand occasions, its unapproachable sublimity. Assuredly Milton's success is rather fitted to create despair than to induce attempts at imitation. Thomson comes next, and much that has been said of Milton may be repeated here ; yet as a landscape painter only, a painter of still life, is Thomson known in blank verse, and beyond all comparison his finest poem is that in which he shows himself a master of rhyme. Of Cowper it is difficult to speak too highly ; and after Milton he is the only exception to our rule. Akenside alone remains of all our sons of song, excepting the poets of our own day ; and of him it may truly be said that, though successful, he is far behind his predecessor, while of them we may surely be allowed to say that time has not yet been given for ascertaining how the decrees of the great judge—the public—will ultimately and permanently be pronounced. That Mr. Wordsworth himself has shown great powers of versification in rhyme, as did Milton in his sonnets, is a circumstance to be flung into our scale—admitting, as we at once do, that many high authorities are against us, and citing, as we are ready to do, in Lord Robertson's behalf the dictum of his celebrated 'yoke-fellow of the bench,' so long a brother magistrate in our own literary commonwealth, that 'he could read any number of lines in blank verse, how easily soever he might be tired with middling rhymes.' However, we have said thus much in fairness towards the subject, and also towards the author ;  
for

for if we have found ourselves pleased and never wearied with his blank verse, it has been because of various merits therein displayed, and in spite of the natural inclination of our taste.

We cannot say as much of his rhythm. Here Lord Robertson is really often deficient, and it should seem not always from carelessness, but rather from want of ear. Our first extract, 'The Simplon,' presents an example of this in the second line, though for this there may be some defence made—a worse one in the eighth—and the first would have been better had he transposed Milan, beginning with it, in compliance with the invariable pronunciation which makes it a *trochee*. We give the fragment, however, as a very beautiful one—nay, perhaps the finest in the volume :—

' Basilicas of Florence, Rome, Milan !  
 With all your architectural tracery  
 And pomp, what are ye, to this scene compar'd ?  
 These are the temples of the living God,  
 Rear'd by a mightier hand than that of man,  
 Their deep foundations to the centre piercing,  
 Their summits soaring upward to the sky ;  
 Their hoary antiquity creation's dawn !  
 What are your gleaming marbles, gems, and gold,  
 To snow-flake resting softly on those peaks ;  
 Or glacier glistening, as the golden sun  
 This sanctuary vast lights with his rays,  
 For morning or for ev'ning prayer ? Nor lack  
 They other ornament :—these countless rocks,  
 With herbage interlaced, and here and there  
 With mountain rills besprinkled ;—in the clefts,  
 The trees in bright October's livery clad ;—  
 Such the mosaic wrought by Nature's hand,  
 The dazzling garniture of Nature's shrine !  
 Or with your organ deep, and choral song,  
 Echoed responsive through your vaulted aisles,  
 Compare the voice of roaring cataract—  
 The crash of avalanche : or, 'midst the pines,  
 The piping wind,—the river's psalmody.  
 Then say if piety want priest or dome  
 To point the way unto that God who rides  
 Amidst the storm—nor slumbers in the calm.'—pp. 56-7.

There are not many descriptions to our mind more pleasing than those of Pompeii and Pozzuoli. The former has been more cited and commended, but the latter abounds in merit. The opening description is full of spirit, and some of the lines are admirably picturesque, as those that paint

' The lonely pillars of Serapian Jove,  
 Glassed in the wave which laves their oozy feet.'—p. 30.

Then

Then follow those beautiful verses, in which we have no objection to urge against what has been a matter of exception, the comparison of Vesuvius to jealousy; for the idea is quite correct and natural, though not obvious, the lava being the very cause of the vegetation which it is afterwards to destroy by new eruptions:—

‘What scenes, O Nature, hast thou spread around!  
Isles of surpassing loveliness—that seem  
The very gems of Neptune’s diadem—  
Mountains which from the dark blue waters spring,  
And to the sea give back an equal beauty—  
Sulphureous spots, whose ever-smouldering flames,  
Sullenly oozing thorough the burnt marle,  
Whisper of fires primeval—while over all,  
That mighty monarch, bright Vesuvius,  
Making, like jealousy, “the food he feeds on,”  
Burns with a splendour inextinguishable;  
Scattering his flame and smoke on high to heav’n,  
His scorching embers to the tranquil sea.  
Lo! at his feet—the clustering vine, the fig,  
The cactus, and the olive, and the palm—  
The rarer orange with her golden glare,  
Glistening amidst the fruits of common growth,  
And countless wild flowers, every spot bedecking.  
But who the tenants of the land, whose breeze  
Breathes living loveliness—and glory gone?  
Alas! oppression—crime, her eldest born—  
Disease and poverty, falsehood and fraud,  
With folly in their train—permeate through all;  
Trade seeking truth in vain, to other shores  
Unfurls her trusty sails—while learning grave,  
The best beloved of freedom—shuns the realm,  
And finds in western climes a fitter home.’—pp. 30-2.

Rome is, of course, the great object in all descriptions of Italy; and Lord Robertson has done well here, though we much prefer his lesser pieces. The following passage is excellent—he follows Byron and yet maintains his dignity well: the closing picture being both true and touching—and his own—

‘Nor suits the scene the pensive heart alone.  
Each character of mind finds refuge here.  
Bid him who peers with antiquarian eye  
Go trace on Trajan’s column bas-reliefs,  
Or story writ on arch of Constantine,  
Of Titus, or Severus; or pore o’er  
The faded fretwork of Rienzi’s halls.  
Or if he pant to realize the past.  
Let him content  
Within whose

And drunk with blood, sat consuls, emperors, kings ;—  
 While overhead, tier upon tier up-piled,  
 The countless rabble shout the victor's name ;  
 And Roman maidens, tired in festive garb,  
 Dropt not a tear, as Nubian captive's blood  
 Welled forth, and set the struggling prisoner free.  
*All silent now that scene of strife and gore,  
 Save for the lowly voice of wandering priest,  
 Muttering his evening prayers before the cross,  
 Seem dim amidst the stern arena's waste.*—pp. 40-1.

One other quotation we give, because its truth is correct and the numbers are pleasing, and the idea is ingenious. It is in 'France :—

' He who loves  
 Thy rule, O Nature ! knows, where'er Thou art,  
 There beauty dwells to consecrate the scene.  
 Even so, fair France, with thee :—Plenteous the vine,  
 Though lowly ; rich the pasture of thy fields ;  
 While cottage sweet, village and pleasant town,  
 Besprinkle thee ;—and cheerful peasants smile,  
 Through all the plains of bounteous Burgundy.  
 Go tell the man who sees no beauty beam  
 In sunflower's bloom, or in the trellissed vine  
 Climbing the wall, or autumn's orchard leaf,  
 Shading the ripened fruit ready to drop,—  
 Feels not the bounty of the God of all  
 In garnered grain, or in the gathered grape,  
 Or golden maize, new stored beneath the eaves,  
 For varied want of man ample supply :  
 Sees not the prospect of the coming year  
 In the green promise of the springing wheat :  
 Who hears no music in the living brook,  
 Or hum of bee, struggling on languid wing  
 To catch the latest sweets the fading year  
 Among the blossom'd clover hails betimes :—  
 Bid him but commune with his heart, and say,  
 Where is the stony place—if not *within* ?'—pp. 58-9.

When we stated our preference of the smaller fragments on Italy to the larger description of Rome, we might have extended our remarks to the largest and the most ambitious piece of the whole—'Milton and Galileo'—which is very far from being the most successful of our author's efforts, and is also remarkable for containing more sins against the rules of correct versification than all the rest of the book besides. Not that the lesser pieces are free from such lines, neither to be scanned nor forgiven, as

'Inwrought mosaic—from walls and ceilings.'—*Pompeii*, p. 35.

'Emperor, or king, or pontiff proud.'—*Rome*, p. 44.

But

But the longer piece abounds with such blemishes, and would seem to show that the famous 'Capital of False Quantities,' as Sydney Smith once termed the northern city, extends her influence to English as well as to Greek and Latin. We have such lines as these in defiance not merely of all accent—for that may yield to poetic licence, though 'over,' an iambus, is strange, and 'presence' stranger still, but of number—we mean not poetical, but arithmetical number, which never has yet owned any English poet's sway, except only the magical one of Milton.

'Speak, quick as the thought which guides its magic sway.'—p. 76.

'With wild thyme mingle, or the thorn.'—*ib.*

'Of triple brass, corslet, and spear.'—p. 72.

'Nor think that even philosophy and truth divine.'—p. 74.

(As if the poet could balance his account by giving one line two syllables too many after giving another two syllables too few.)

'Belied, by strong conviction not to be o'ercome.'—p. 80.

'Keenly detract, and mingle pain from day to day.'—*ib.*

'The labouring mind, and lift the soul.'—p. 81.

We have deemed it our duty to give these samples, which we could extend in number were it needful. But we do so, partly because the Judicial Bard will value our commendations all the more when he perceives that they are not indiscriminately bestowed, and partly because they who versify without the restraints of rhyme ought to be the more scrupulous as to their metre, and are the less excusable for its defects. Possibly our own distaste for blank verse may be thought to have some share in our criticism; and we will not deny that we do rather feel a malicious pleasure in seeing those who use an implement which we had rather not see employed at all, fall into slips in their handling of it.

We should ill discharge even our critical duty if we omitted the praise so justly due to the amiable tone which in the little volume before us constantly is perceived. The sound good sense and pure moral feeling of the learned and ingenious author is not more remarkable than the tenderness of heart which everywhere shines through his verse.

ART. V.—*Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope, as related by Herself in Conversations with her Physician; comprising her Opinions and Anecdotes of some of the most remarkable Persons of her time.* 3 vols. 8vo., pp. 1150. London, 1845.

THE publication of private correspondence, and of other matters of a private nature touching individuals deceased, has more than once drawn from us remarks which we deemed it the bounden duty of those who exercise the functions of Literary Police to make.\* The evil then complained of is clearly on the increase. The avidity of the public for memoirs and letters and anecdotes is stimulated, not satiated, by the gratification which the producers of such enjoyment furnish. The appetite, indeed, is not of a very nice or discriminating kind; any disclosure being thankfully received, and the want of intrinsic value being compensated by the pleasure that 'stolen sweets' ever give to unscrupulous palates. Scarce a death happens among the ranks of well known persons that the announcement is not quickly followed by an advertisement. The thirst of the public for news is met by the thirst of the relatives for distinction; sometimes their misplaced wish of fame to the departed—oftener their desire of gain to the survivors. With the office of ransacking the repositories and printing their contents, is joined, in many instances, the pleasing duty of calumniating the living under the cover of performing a duty to the dead, and with the security derived from making the voice of detraction issue from the tomb. No diminution is thereby given to the zest which such disclosure is of itself calculated to possess; but on the contrary, a prurient curiosity as to the most delicate secrets of those who are gone easily allies itself with a malignant enjoyment of slanders on those whose turn is not yet come; and thus, while the King of Terrors may well be said to have acquired one subject more, a new pinion is added to the wings that bear immortal slander through the air, and a new tongue given to the defamatory voice of fame. We are once more brought to dwell on this subject by the appearance of a new feature which it presents in the disclosure, for the first time, by a *medical gentleman*, of the matters communicated to him during his professional attendance—his attendance, too, upon a *lady*—a lady of high rank, and with many high qualities—but unhappy, solitary, ill at ease in body and in mind, an exile among the wilds of Lebanon—having no one near her to whom she could speak of bygone days and buried friends or foes—nobody but this Physician.

\* See particularly Q. R. vol. liv. p. 250, vol. lxii. p. 215, vol. lxx. p. 565.

The duty, to the discharge of which we proceed, is painful while it is important; because, among the motives of various kinds in which such publications have their origin, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that there exists one to be tenderly treated, even while we blame its mistaken course and lament its evil consequences—a pious regard to the memory of the deceased. That this, however, is much more frequently mingled with more unworthy motives than may be always supposed, we have no manner of doubt; and we do not now for the first time make the remark.\*

The right of a family, or of executors, to make public whatever they find in the repositories of a deceased person is, first of all, to be considered. Here two classes of papers present themselves to our view as raising this question. The deceased may have said nothing, either in his latter will or in the papers themselves, to indicate his wishes and intentions; or he may have expressed those wishes and intentions in some way. If he has desired the publication, no choice is left, so there be nothing illegal in the act of publishing. If he has left a permission merely, the discretion must be exercised, while the right is clear; if he is silent, then no duty can be more plain than the considering whether from facts and circumstances his wishes can be collected; and if they can, then those become exactly equivalent to an express injunction or permission, as the case may be. Thus, if a Treatise ready for the press had been found in Mr. Southey's repositories, his leave to publish is plainly to be presumed, as much as if he had expressly given it by his will, or by a note appended to the manuscript. If, on the other hand, there were internal evidence of his own unwillingness to publish, from a long delay of the act and a publication in the meantime of other works—especially of some work expressing different views of the same subject—or from any other circumstances, a prohibition is to be inferred. Where nothing appears, either directly or indirectly, the friends are to exercise their own judgment, and to do what they think he would probably have done himself; or if no such opinion can be formed, they are to do what appears best for his reputation.

It is almost unnecessary to say, that wherever the publication is forbidden, or wherever it appears from facts and circumstances that if leave had been asked it would have been refused; or if it appears probable that, had the deceased been alive and could be consulted, he would have been averse to the act—then most clearly the friends or executors have no choice. They are bound to refrain; and have not only no duty to publish, but no excuse for publishing. No apology can be derived for such an act: it can be obtained, either

for themselves, or for the estate of the deceased, or for the public, by the act of publishing. No liquidation of debts is any excuse; for were the creditors to demand the publication from a court of equity in these circumstances it would be refused, inasmuch as they could never compel personal representatives to publish what the deceased himself had not wished to publish. No gratification of public curiosity, even the most harmless, can excuse it; because that curiosity is only to be gratified by lawful means, and among these is not the publishing what the author meant to be kept secret. It is in vain to say that the truth of history may be promoted by such disclosures. The cause of Historical truth, like that of all other truth, is to be furthered only by just and lawful means; and the same argument might be used, if not to justify torture, certainly to defend the corruption of servants and secretaries, the employment of domestic spies, and the stealing of papers; indeed it would be equally applicable to the use of torture, if we were always sure that the rack obtained only a confession of the truth.

That the presumed or expressed will of the deceased, therefore, is in all cases to be conclusive as to the duty of withholding his papers from the world, we deem to be quite clear; yet not more clear than that his permission, or even his command, may, in many instances, be insufficient to justify the publication. There are certain things which, being confidentially entrusted to a person, and which he could only himself divulge by a breach of duty, no leave, no direction that he can give, will authorise his representatives to make public after his death. In like manner, any slanderous attacks upon individuals found among his writings cannot be published, however plainly he may have desired such publication to be made. We shall be told that by our law, all men's wills being public and accessible to the world in the consistorial registry, any one who pleases may slander his neighbour by inserting his libels in his will. But there is this material difference between a will recorded in Doctors' Commons and a book—that very few read the one, and many peruse the other: beside another important circumstance—that whoever would blacken his neighbour's character in his will, pays the penalty of at the same time blackening his own; whereas if he only leaves a slander in his repositories, without expressly ordering its publication, he attains his object through the instrumentality of another—who also escapes from the blame he deserves, as long as the diseased appetite for such publications continues to make the public easily overlook the fault.

It cannot, then, be too deeply impressed upon all to the custody of original papers, that they have :

discretion vested in them, both when no intention has been testified by the deceased, and when leave is given them to conceal or disclose at their option; nay, even when directions to publish are left. Their discretion refers always to both the reputation of the deceased himself and the feelings of living persons affected by the disclosures in question; and to both of these matters must every honest and conscientious person so entrusted address his best and most anxious consideration.

Let us only for a moment reflect on the inevitable tendency of such publications to injure the living. Can anything be more clear than that slander, proceeding, as it were, from the dead, has a more fatal influence than the same slander would have if promulgated by its author while alive? There is something of solemnity belonging to the voice which comes from the recesses of the tomb. We confound all that reaches us from thence with death-bed declarations, if not with awards by the inhabitants of another world. The defence of a party assailed in this manner is more difficult: he is not allowed to express himself with any vehemence, hardly with the necessary freedom, towards an accuser removed beyond the reach of mortal weapons. He must use no recrimination, he must impute no motives; he must remind his assailant of no former relations between them rendering the attack unfair and unbecoming. The dead man will, moreover, ever have malignant natures so far on his side as to suspect that were the author of the charge living, he might have proofs to offer in support of it. Then the party aggrieved can take no other vengeance, nor resort to any means of redress, how false soever may be the slander. It is in very deed the *Ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum*. He can hardly even remind his assailant that he might have said all this face to face when living, and when he spoke at his peril. This it is that makes such publications in an especial manner reprehensible. No man has a right to postpone his attack upon his neighbour until the grave has closed over himself, and enabled him to level his shafts with perfect impunity. No man can answer the question—Why did you hold your peace when living? or at least this other—Why, if so long silent, did you not keep silence to the end? All these considerations are decisive to load the publisher of posthumous slander with the whole responsibility, and to place him in the very shoes of the deceased author.

As for the folly of those who carelessly treat all that a personal representative may chance to find in the repositories of any one private property, to do exactly what he list—imagine too strong to express our reproach—accident of any writing being left undestroyed

undestroyed by its author should alone be a sufficient indication of his intention to preserve it, and to authorise its being made public after his death, is really too absurd a position to require a moment's reflection in order to its refutation. A thousand circumstances may conduce to prevent him from destroying a paper which he yet may have written only to beguile a tedious evening, or to record matters for his own reconsideration, or to preserve them for the amusement of his family. How apt are men to forget the duty of making a will? Having made one, how often do they omit to alter it when circumstances have occurred requiring a change in the disposition of their property? How often has a legatee, intended to be struck out on a quarrel supervening, or an executor meant to be changed for incapacity, been retained from forgetfulness; indeed, from the reluctance most men feel to touch such instruments? The burning of papers is reasonably postponed, because they may be one day of use. It is naturally postponed, because the operation is of a sad kind, surrounded with mournful associations; nay, much more than making a will, connected with taking leave of this world. Most men, therefore, very reasonably and very naturally leave this operation unperformed, and devolve it upon those who come after them. But all honest men entrust it to those hands, in the sure and certain hope that it will be performed honestly and discreetly; and we will venture to say that no man would have been more astonished at reading the works which are now sold daily in all the shops, than some of the eminent and worthy individuals who have written those very works.

Yes! and they would have been to the full as much mortified as astonished, we will venture to say without any fear of contradiction. We will say it, upon the ordinary rules of probability, having regard to the principles which guide human conduct and regulate men's feelings. We will say it, without any reference to the knowledge we may possess of the parties, but simply and solely upon examining the things which have been given to the careless, the unfeeling world—upon the certainty that these disclosures have been made without the least regard to what would have been the wishes of the persons most immediately concerned in them.

Let us only, by way of illustrating this subject, reflect on the nature of a confidential communication, whether in a letter sent to a friend, or in a conversation held with him, or in a secret diary kept for the writer's own convenience—it may be a journal of his thoughts on moral and religious subjects for his own improvement—or even in a record kept of his opinions respecting men and things, opinions often lightly taken up and as easily laid down, but always noted down unavoidably on the sudden, and as

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unavoidably seldom if ever corrected after the lapse of time and greater experience has afforded the ground and proved the fitness of a change of sentiment. All such communications to an intimate friend are *confidential* in the strictest sense of a word that seems to have dropped from the English and the French vocabularies. All such communings of men with their own heart are more sacred still. Yet of such are composed the greater number of the 'Memoirs, with Original Correspondence and other Unpublished papers,' which are daily printed. Can anything be more certain than that the bitter remarks, for example, which the kindest of men will in a moment of irritation make on a friend, still more on a stranger, import really anything rather than an opinion deliberately formed? A journalist (we mean an individual who keeps a diary) goes into company; he hears a person run down by one of some authority; he goes home; he enters it in the page of the day; he never happens again to see the spokesman, which is very possible; or, seeing him, the subject is not revived, and no retraction takes place—which is almost certain to happen, even though the assailant had altered his opinion the day after the conversation was held. Then the journal-maker dies a few years after; his name (or indeed any name) will sell a work of this kind; the publisher is found; the price is paid; the conversation is printed and is read; and the party attacked finds himself traduced by one whom he had believed his friend, and from whom he possesses respectful and even affectionate letters the week before and the month after the day in question. Two persons suffer by this publication; the man assailed suffers somewhat; his assailant suffers a great deal more, because he passes for a false as well as a spiteful man; and, what is equally manifest, instead of the truth or anything like the truth coming out by means of the publication, both parties are falsely attacked; for the charges were rashly and inaccurately made, and they were made in the firm belief that they would go no further, and he who made them was quite as sincere in all his professions of esteem when he wrote the letters, as in his momentary displeasure or momentary mirth when he spoke the words. The case which we have put may be one of frequent occurrence, and therefore have we put it; but it happens to be within our own knowledge—a case which actually occurred, and the party asspersed only ed from showing the letters because he well knew tha dless imputation on his friend's memory would have an ir perusal. Had he died, and had published, the injury to both the mediless.

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portance of concealment and the danger of publication is the risk of great error being committed and so great injustice done. For the subjects on which men's feelings are most easily excited and their words least likely to be measured are those on which a promulgation of their confidential communications is the most mischievous to themselves—the most unfair, the most cruel, to those they attack. It is in the violence of party hostility, in the zeal of religious controversy, in the heats of domestic strife when the 'love to hatred turned' for the moment pours out the whole soul in its bitterness into a confiding ear—it is in these paroxysms of the feelings that men are most likely to employ the strongest language; and this language on subjects like these is sure to inflict the deepest wounds. The most consistent and honest and self-denying of partisans has disappointed the unreasonable desires of some over-zealous political ally; he is talked of and written of as an apostate—a renegade. The most sincerely pious of men differs from one whose zeal exceeds his knowledge, and whose charity is less than either, yet one entirely well meaning and conscientious; he is classed among the infidels and the reprobates; or because his faith was built on another foundation or measured by a different standard from that of his friend 'righteous over much,' he lived, peradventure he died, without religion. The best of sons displeases the kindest of parents in some match; or the tenderest of wives is, because of her tenderness, for the moment jealous of some attention shown to another by the most faithful of husbands; or the cherished member of some family, a member possibly standing high in public estimation and a candidate for exalted office, may be seized with a temporary alienation of mind—and into the ear of confidants are poured the grievances of the child, the displeasure of the parent, the agonies of the wife, the indignant defence of the husband, and the sorrows of the statesman's alarmed kindred. How would any of these parties receive a proposal to detail his griefs or his complaints in a public company? How, to make his wrongs or his sorrows known among the people at large? How would he look, how scream, were he told that the confidant he had chosen was about to make his secret communication public? How, were he informed that his most private letter was on its way to the press? Yet of such matters are the publications composed of which we are now treating; nay, again, some of the cases put are not imaginary. All these confidences are made in the certain assurance that the utmost secrecy will be preserved. Upon most of them such secrecy is unlimited in point of time; and the death of the parties works no release the strict obligation of concealment. How then has the person whose possession the communications accidentally come, the

right to call in the multitude and make public the private and confidential statements of those no longer able to give a release?

If it be said that the representatives of deceased persons are thrown into a difficult and embarrassing position by not knowing what to publish and what to suppress, when no wish has been signified by the author or owner of the papers—we make answer that nothing can be more plain than the great rule of fair conduct, and nothing more easy than to follow it. They have one test at hand readily applied to every case alike. Would the party, were he alive, have allowed the publication considering all circumstances? If it is most likely that he would not, there is an end of the case—there can be no publication. If, again, it is sufficiently probable that he would, then the next question arises—is the publication certain to reflect no discredit on him? If this question is also answered favourably, it only remains to ask whether any other party would have just cause to complain of the publication? Now there can be no objection to publish mere reflections upon a man's conduct, so as no matters are handled but those of public notoriety, and only virulence or scurrility is to be suppressed. That suppression is a plain duty, because the deceased having withheld such violent invective and vituperation himself while living, no one is justified in printing it after he is freed by death from all responsibility; much less justifiable is it to publish any secret history which destroys the reputation or injures the feelings of survivors; nay, their death will not make such a slander of their memories justifiable under the cover of a person's statement who is himself no longer alive to vouch his narrative.

We have adverted to the confidence of private society; and assuredly it is worth considering whether any one is justified in noting down of an evening all that he heard men say while speaking with the freedom which that confidence inspires; at least, whoever so writes down his *'visa et audita,'* seems under a manifest obligation to provide that his journal shall not be published till a long while after the parties are gone whose sayings he has recorded. For, observe, men go into society and express themselves frankly and unguardedly from being wholly ignorant that their words are to be taken down, and the journalist has himself led them into this error by concealing the fact of his historical habits. Suppose the question to be asked by the journalist, like those we have already framed for his executor, 'Would such a one have spoken as he did of the Sovereign or of the Church; or such another, would he have spoken of religion and sacred had they been aware that all they said in the unguarded social intercourse would, before they slept, be reduced to

The answer to this question would in every such instance

instance dictate the absolute duty of taking care that no publication of their words should take place till long after their decease.

It has sometimes been said that the publicity which is in these times given to most of the transactions of society would seem to be paving the way for a still bolder and more universal intrusion of the public upon all the intercourse of private life, at least of the private lives of those who fill eminent stations in the world. The press has already, but with the entire consent of the parties, made good its footing in all entertainments not only of a public nature but of a general description. Some persons connected with the *fourth estate* (as Mr. Windham, half in jest but half in alarm too, termed it) are admitted to most of the great evening and morning entertainments given by our nobility. They have not as yet claimed this as their right, nor have they complained that, though admitted to the balls and concerts of the sovereign and her nobles, and admitted for the purpose of reporting all that passes, they have not as yet been called in to assist at court dinners, or cabinet dinners, or even at large dinners given by persons in or out of office to their private friends. But at least this must be said, that if ever the day shall come when this *addition* is made to our social intercourse, no one will be deceived; all who speak round a table, or in the drawing-room, will have themselves to blame if what they say should see the light. It is not so with the concealed reporter; his function is unknown to all; and all discuss, and jest, and sneer, and prose in the belief that it goes no further; yet all the while there are reporters, as it were, behind a screen: nay, the press has occasionally interfered on the decease of some one known to have left papers of 'an interesting description' or of 'an important kind;' and the surviving family are charged with breaches of duty to the 'country' if they shall presume to withhold documents of such value or such curiosity that they are not to be treated as private but as public property. It is only necessary to mention such pretensions in order to expose their extravagant absurdity; but, ridiculous as they are, they rest on the same foundation with the greater part of the arguments urged to vindicate the posthumous publications of which we have been treating and complaining.

Before quitting the more general view of the subject, we may refer to one form of the offence under consideration, and which is of a somewhat peculiar nature, for it embraces the publication of matters which for the most part are not of so private a nature that they should never at any time see the light. We allude to State secrets, to cabinet or to party consultations, to secret patches, which for the most part may be safely made public, thus aid history by throwing a light upon the secret spring  
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political conduct, and the proximate or remote causes of public events. We say for the most part—and no more; because there are obviously some things of this description which, for the sake of great national interests, never ought to be made public at any time. Of late we have witnessed some flagrant breaches of all propriety in this respect, some gross infractions of the obvious rule that all the official communications of official persons are to be deemed public property and wholly withdrawn from individual control; nay, that no official person can have a right to make and to keep copies of such documents, any more than he has a right to appropriate any other portion of the public archives. We have heard of what would be deemed a still greater outrage upon all official decorum, and indeed a violation of all good faith among colleagues in the same government—of men keeping a journal of all their cabinet consultations, and leaving it behind them at their decease. The combined honour and discretion of their surviving relatives has hitherto prevented this bad practice from bearing its evil fruits—but the seed is sown—the thing has been done.

Having now expounded the principles which ought to guide men in the circumstances under review—as no rules can be of any value without instances to exemplify their application, we proceed to select a few of the cases in which there has been a manifest violation of the considerations that ought to govern the conduct of all who happen to find themselves possessed of a deceased person's papers, whether they regard their duty towards those now no more or towards the survivors. We make the selection with no prejudice or partiality of any kind, guided only by general and by public views of clear duty, and indeed pursuing the same line of observation which we took when these works were more particularly the subject of our criticisms. Their continued circulation, however, with all their original sins retained in spite of remonstrance, is a fact on which due weight will be laid.

We begin with the sons of 'Sir Samuel Romilly,' who in the year 1840 gave to the world the whole of their father's manuscripts, which were of a private and personal nature, but none of his writings upon subjects of jurisprudence, the only ones which it was quite clear that they were fully entitled to make public. We do not hazard this assertion rashly; for their volumes contain the most irrefragable proofs of its truth. It there appears that Sir S. Romilly had occupied much of his leisure, at almost every period of his life, with composing dissertations upon the most important questions of our civil and criminal law, with a view to

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if not an unbeliever, was yet of no known Christian Church or sect. No man's want of belief on revealed religion, as it is commonly received, ever can be held less blameworthy than Sir S. Romilly's, because he must have reached that unfortunate state of scepticism after full consideration, and with a very reluctant step. Yet no one can read the Prayer and suppose that he was a believer in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Nor can any one doubt that this Prayer was the communing only with his own heart, and was of all the things he ever wrote the one he must the last and the least have desired to see published.

But the Diary abounds in statements, and in remarks on others, which the benevolent author was the last man to intend ever laying before the world. The editors tell us (i. 6) that these animadversions are 'such as the terms in which they were expressed, and the object for which they were written, would not have justified them in suppressing.' The author has himself declared his *object*: he only intended the diary as furnishing himself with the means of self-examination. Mr. Dumont, in a letter on the subject of publishing the papers—(a letter never sent, he it remarked, and which, being only found among his papers, we have a right to presume does not contain his final judgment)—while he admits in terms 'that Sir S. R. never had thought of publishing them,' only says that the leave to publish would have been given by him in case his friends should think the publicity 'could injure no one.' Then let us just see how far the editors could think so, and how far, to use their own words, 'the terms in which the animadversions are expressed did not justify their suppression;' for on this high ground do they most foolishly and thoughtlessly put the issue. They are, forsooth, not merely allowed, but compelled to print, and compelled by the tenour of the statements. Take then a few examples.

The attacks on Lord Erskine, Chancellor of the Government to which Sir S. Romilly belonged as Solicitor-General, are unsparing. He is not merely held up to ridicule by details of what passed in a private company at dinner around his own table—he is not only distinctly charged with utter incapacity for his high office—an incapacity avowed by himself to Sir S. in a confidential interview fully described—but he is plainly charged with partiality in an important case before him, and partiality arising from his having in early life been on a friendly footing with one of the parties. Further reflection would probably have altered this opinion of Sir Samuel Romilly on all points, as it certainly did on one; for the Chancellor's refusal to commit the party charged by Sir Samuel with constructive contempt, which called for little animadversion at the time the Journal was made, a

after some years to have been in accordance with Sir S. Romilly's own more mature opinion, when he had become, in 1810, an adversary of the House of Commons' doctrine upon that important subject.

Again, 'the terms in which the animadversions are expressed,' and which 'left no power of suppressing,' may be illustrated in what the Diary represents Lord Ellenborough, then Chief Justice of England, to have said at the Lord Chancellor's, but said privately to Sir S. Romilly. Of Lord Redesdale's Insolvent Act, his Lordship was pleased to say that it 'was nonsense and unintelligible'—of Lord Redesdale himself, 'that he ought to be put in a straight waistcoat' (iii. 20)—of some one else who had charge of the Bill in the Commons that his Lordship 'knew him, and he was a great fool;'—and although the book here gives the name only by way of asterisks, in another page of the Diary we have it at full length (conf. ii. 109—120).

Of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning the Diary records that they spoke for the Catholic Question like men not in earnest, and who were not concerned at being defeated. Yet this was five years after Mr. Canning had made the most strenuous and even successful exertions on behalf of the emancipation—exertions wholly out of Sir S. Romilly's recollection when he penned this uncharitable passage—but which, had he ever dreamt of its being published, he would as a just and honest man have remembered and acknowledged. So when, with great eulogy, he also condemns Mr. Brougham for want of temper and judgment—in a hasty memorandum written in a moment of party disappointment, 1816—he never would have suffered this to stand unqualified, probably never to stand at all, since we find him in a more deliberate act, his last will, two years after, leaving to the same individual's discretion the question of selecting his papers for publication. The mention of this recalls to our recollection that the selection now made, and which leaves out the papers on jurisprudence, can scarcely be supposed to have had Lord Brougham's concurrence, because he has in his own biographical sketch of Romilly expressed his regret at the omission. Why the executor and editors consulted others and themselves rather than him whom the testator expressly desired to be consulted, it would be for them to explain.

In what we have said, nothing we trust will have appeared to detract from the great and unfeigned respect with which we have ever regarded the eminent and truly amiable individual whose family we have felt it our painful duty to condemn for their use of his papers convey a most pleasing idea of his character, though it is plain that their publication without authority from the author, we may say

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from the subject of them, we still are disposed to think that had certain portions been suppressed, more good than harm might have resulted from the course pursued.

The parties whose conduct we feel it necessary next to bring forward in illustration of our general remarks, are the sons of another distinguished individual, the late Mr. Wilberforce. We have already (vol. liv. p. 50) had occasion to show how far from raising their father's memory in the eyes of mankind their indiscriminate printing of his most imperfect, most inconsiderate, and most rambling Diaries and Correspondence has been. We now must add, that nothing can be conceived more apparent on the face of every page both of the Letters and of the Journals and Minutes of Conversations, than that they were all of a purely private description. The Journal of Religious impressions is plainly a writing only intended for the unburthening of the good man's own mind, and for aiding him in the pious task of self-examination. All his doubts and his fears, his qualms and his scruples, his alarms lest he should have had short-comings in his aspirations after sanctification and humility and spiritual abstraction, are registered for his own use and his own edification. The dialogue or the monologue of the Confessional might as well be made public; but though nothing could more astonish or more shock the humble-minded and pious author than to find his soul thus, as it were, tabled for dissection, yet the operation is comparatively harmless, and may be considered as a risk he knowingly exposed himself to when he wrote and left his Diary. No such excuse can be offered for giving the secret and confidential letters of others, and those portions of the Conversation Minutes which reflect on persons alive, or on the memory of persons deceased—nor can any one affect to doubt, that applying the tests formerly given to such publication, they would at once have given a negative result.

Thus, who can doubt that if Dean Milner's letters upon the state of his mind touching spiritual matters had been shown him or recalled to his memory, he would at once, and sternly too, have told the sons of Mr. Wilberforce to print them at their peril? So in Dec. 1799, he writes, 'that all his bodily complaints are nothing to the great darkness and temptation of his mind:—' You would not believe my narrative of what passes, day and night, and even in dreams.' He then speaks of occasional flashes of hope in his despair, but compares them to the lightning in a tempest, and says that he all but despairs. In Sept. 1804, when in the very vigour of his faculties, he writes, 'In one word, I have no confidence towards God, and of late have been very much with lamentable temptations.' After much more to the effect, he adds, 'Say nothing of this—I could not help you

*my spirit a little to you—you know not what I suffer* ' (Corr. i. 320). The Dean of Carlisle little foresaw that his injunction of secrecy was to be observed by causing it to be printed! So much for what concerns the Dean himself; but he is just as uncharitable to his neighbours, and would have liked just as little to have his privately vented vituperations thus published to the world. In one letter he says as plainly as possible, 'that Dundas (Lord Melville) is a man whom nobody thinks well of, as duplicity and artifice are his character, and that he is always acting with design in the worst sense' (Letter, 1792, Life, i. 347)—a character as much the reverse of Lord Melville's as it was possible to describe; the passage as false as slanderous.

In the same niche with the publication of this letter we place the printing that entry of Mr. Wilberforce's own Diary, in which he says that for some time before the famous Tenth Report against Lord Melville appeared, and wholly independent of it, Mr. Pitt and he were hardly on speaking terms. Some one must have deceived Mr. Wilberforce as to this; the thing is both untrue and impossible.

Again, Lord Loughborough had for more than half his life filled the highest legal offices—solicitor general, chief justice, lord chancellor. As lord chancellor he had been assumed to hold the religious opinions of the Church, while he was patron of between nine hundred and a thousand of her livings, was keeper of the sovereign's conscience, and visitor of many colleges in the universities. Indeed a letter of his is given in the Life of Mr. Wilberforce, expressing his lordship's 'sincere hope that the work on Vital Christianity will be read by many with that just and proper temper which the awful circumstances in which we stand ought to produce' (Life, vol. ii. 102). This was written in 1797. But behold, it now appears that the lord high chancellor was all this time neither more nor less than an infidel—for in vol. i. of the Correspondence, p. 29, the sons of Mr. Wilberforce are pleased to print a letter from Mr. Gisborn to their father in April, 1805, soon after Lord Loughborough's decease, in which it is related that he came to Bath a year or two before he died, and after a long and acute argument with Dr. Randolph against the truth of Christianity, was converted by reading 'Burgh on the Divinity of Christ,' his lordship avowing that he 'had come to Bath an infidel' (p. 31).

The publication of such things is bad, but worse remains behind. What shall be said of the reckless haste of these gentlemen printing a letter of their father to Mr. ————'s death, complaining that till six weeks before the Bishop had never spoken to him

on religion, and yet left the dying man under the impression, a false one according to his bosom friend, Mr. Wilberforce, that he was in a satisfactory state as to religion? (Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 508.) But still more, what shall be said of those editors, who print another letter written by their father to Mr. Gisborn a few days after Mr. Pitt's death, and communicating to his friend, he expressly says, 'in the strictest confidence what he is bound by promise not to mention generally' (vol. ii. p. 71), that he (Mr. Pitt) apparently for the first time prayed, but with a great impression of 'not being worthy to offer up prayer in his present state.' He adds that this appeared to be all that passed on so important a subject at the minister's death.\*

Unwilling to mingle water with our wine, we say nothing of the various other persons who are either when living or after their decease assailed by the disclosures of confidential letters or conversations contained in these seven volumes of *Life and Letters*. Many things are also to be found in them which cannot be called attacks upon men's reputation, but which nevertheless hold them up to contempt, or pity akin to it, or to ridicule—things which the amiable and kind-hearted writer would sooner have put his hand in the fire than have written down had he ever foreseen that they were to be published to all the world. We cannot doubt that the Messrs. Wilberforce now, after the lapse of some years, severely reproach themselves for all this indiscretion—but the thing is done!

But no offender has been greater than the present Lord Malmesbury, and no other's offence is graver than his. We have already made reference to his most unjustifiable publication of papers which contain matters of State, and which past all dispute belong to the public. What possible right had he to use them for his own private advantage, and to print them without obtaining leave from the Government, whose servant his father was, to whom he was amenable, for whom every one of his official papers, whether marked private or not, was exclusively written? That by applying to the Court of Chancery an injunction to stop the publication would at once have been obtained, we upon the most unquestionable authority affirm; and we are extremely sorry that this course was not pursued. Justice towards Sir Robert Adair requires us to note the great difference of his proceedings from Lord Malmesbury's: he carefully abstained from publishing one line of his own dispatches until he had obtained the express per-

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\* The omission of all blame on this publication of such a letter, so described as strictly confidential by its writer, is very remarkable in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1840, which, to give it the more publicity, extracts the whole letter, and makes no comment whatever; indeed rather seems thankful for the publication.

mission of all the secretaries of state who were in office both when he was preparing his valuable, because instructive and interesting, work, when he had it ready for the press, and when it was actually given to the public.

We now come to the book itself, which has given occasion to the preceding dissertation. It is a new offence, aggravated no doubt by the peculiar position of the party, but not by any increase of the evil arising from the nature and tendency of his disclosures. The author is the physician who had attended Lady Hester Stanhope for many years, at several different periods, beginning in 1810, when he accompanied her on her travels in the East. From that time he remained with her till 1817. He again joined her in 1829, after apparently attempting repeatedly to do so during about three years, being always prevented by what he considers as cross-accidents, but which really resolve themselves into his want of resolution. He now had married and took his wife with him, whose society seems little to have suited the humour and tastes of his patient; so, after about a year and a half, he returned to Europe. Towards the end of 1836 Lady Hester was seized with a desire again to have this doctor about her person; with his usual undetermined mind or procrastinating habits, he takes seven or eight months to resolve—arrives in Syria late in the summer of 1837—and after another residence of twelve months makes his formal exit at her own express desire, conveyed in her usual unceremonious words, ‘The sooner you take yourself off the better’ (vol. iii. p. 255). This, however, arose from no quarrel, but was chiefly owing to her embarrassed circumstances. She died about two years after, June, 1840.

The volumes before us consist of anecdotes related by her, opinions expressed by her, letters written by her, during those several residences of this physician under her roof, and to him, in that confidential capacity, all communicated by her, of course without the least expectation of their being sold and published; though we are bound to add, from the knowledge we have of her nature, and indeed from the internal evidence of the book itself, all or almost all such as the doctor might have made public without the least chance of her disapproving of the proceeding, could her assent have been asked.

During the earliest and the longest residence the doctor does not appear to have kept a journal, which however he did during the two last periods of his intercourse with her. It is one of the many ----- publishing such journals that great errors can ----- en by all the care which may be used. The person who keeps such a

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diary is not, peradventure, of the same class with those to whom the 'Anecdotes and Opinions' relate. He, therefore, is sure to misapprehend much that he hears, from ignorance of the persons described, or from unacquaintance with the usages and habits of the society in which they moved. But a more fruitful source of error is the carelessness with which familiar and easy conversation is unavoidably carried on. Most persons, we might say almost all, are accustomed to talk for relaxation, and without curiously choosing or accurately weighing their words. Many epithets are applied, now of praise, now of blame, which the same individuals never would employ on the same subjects even in writing a familiar letter to a private friend. Much error, in the way of exaggeration, creeps in from the love of amusing one's self and others at the moment. Much inaccuracy in detailing facts occurs from mistake, through want of recollection, through indulging in the whim of the hour, through the impossibility of stopping at every sentence to reflect, to inquire, to compare, to weigh. The whole structure of conversation is alien to the nature of an exact historical record. Down it all goes, and is preserved and made public as if it were a spoken history. Yet tell any of the prolocutors whose words, unknown to him, are thus taken down, that what he says will be entered in the journal immediately—he will pause and reduce his talk within a narrow compass. Tell him that all will be printed after his death—the volume of his conversation will shrink, and its texture will become even more sober, less brilliant, than before. Tell him that all will be published before his decease—and he will be reduced, if not to silence, at least to the most concise, the most matter of fact, the most uninteresting of discourses. When Mr. Boswell's first work in this kind appeared, possibly the earliest sample of it in existence, his Journey with Dr. Johnson to the Hebrides, all society was in an uproar, and the privacy of social life was supposed to be at an end; if, indeed, an end was not put to all such intercourse. Repeated and daily increasing instances of the same kind have accustomed us to this outrage without reconciling us to it. But we are at present only noting the causes which unavoidably operate to destroy all confidence in the correctness of either the 'Opinions' or the 'Anecdotes' which such publications contain. The Opinions are rarely quite real; the Anecdotes never quite accurate. A single but a sufficiently striking instance of this may be given in connexion with the work before us. Scarce had it appeared when Lady Hester Stanhope's brother, who had been severely censured by her in one of the conversations recorded, for having dined with Mr. Fox while Mr. Pitt lay on his deathbed, published a  
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flat contradiction of the whole story.\* No one who knew anything of Lord Stanhope could have for a moment swallowed such a story of him; and as the conversation of Lady Hester must have plainly shown to her physician that there existed family quarrels—the fruit of which was this ‘Anecdote’—he is exceedingly to be blamed for having given it publicity without further inquiry. But indeed the flighty and fanciful character of Lady Hester’s mind, and the extreme violence of her temper, should have warned him against publishing any of her harsh judgments—if it did not operate to forbid the whole publication. He represents her repeatedly as of a frame of mind hardly other than diseased. Surely such a person, however endowed with genius, if sitting in judgment upon the conduct of individuals, ought not easily to find one who will both record her decisions and promulgate them to the world.

These remarks seem quite necessary in treating of a work like the present, in addition to the more general observations above delivered, within the scope of which, too, its contents frequently fall. The warning thence arising to the reader, that he should be on his guard, is the more necessary for the sake of common charity, and indeed common justice, because the nature of such a book unavoidably is such as to give it extraordinary attractions. These volumes are such as no one who takes them up can easily lay down. The character of the principal personage is one of no ordinary interest. The granddaughter of Lord Chatham, she had all his spirit and his fire, much of his penetrating quickness, some of his fancy, not a few of his eccentricities. She was not well-informed; for though she had read a good deal, her reading had been very desultory; and though she had lived with some of the ablest men of her day, she had mingled in their conversation with an overweening confidence in her own powers, little likely to make her a docile auditor or a careful storer up of what she might hear. For many of the latter years of her singular life she neither read, nor con-

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\* ‘*To the Editor of the Times.*—Sir,—I regret that it should be necessary for me, in justification of my own character, to notice an assertion made in “*The Memoirs of the Lady Hester Stanhope*, as related by herself in conversations with her Physician” (vol. ii., p. 296), that I went to dine in company with Mr. Fox when Mr. Pitt was on his deathbed. This is utterly unfounded, for I never dined in company with Mr. Fox, and never had any personal acquaintance with him—and at the period referred to I dined at Mr. Pitt’s house in Downing Street, with a large party, assembled as usual before the meeting of Parliament. There are in those Memoirs several other misrepresentations and mis-statements concerning myself, which I forbear to mention, as they relate to private and family affairs.—I may also express my concern that any physician should have considered it as consistent with his sense of propriety to publish the report of conversations between himself and one of his patients.—I am, Sir, your faithful humble servant, STANHOPE.’

‘*London, July 9.*’

versed with those who had ; her intercourse being only with her servants, a few of the natives, some occasional visitors, for a few excited moments each,—and this journalizing doctor, whose share in the performance indicates very scanty literature or information of any kind. But in the great faculty of seeing clearly into character she excelled to the last, and was seldom mistaken, unless when her temper or her prejudice dug pitfalls for her judgment. Her courage was undaunted at all times ; her patience and fortitude far greater than such a temperament could have easily made credible ; her pride towering, like that of all her house ; her honour, like theirs, pure from every stain ; her generosity so boundless as to spurn all the limits which her means prescribed. In her ideas, and so in her projects, there was ever somewhat of the romantic—much of fancy—little of reason or reflection ; yet with all this, which points to the ideal and impracticable, she acquired an influence, an ascendant, over those with whom she came in contact, whether public or private parties, which seems all but fabulous ; and she was truly, for some years, regarded as a kind of power in the Levant, though living with a small retinue, in a lone house, on a moderate income. This she owed to her firm and commanding will. Difficulties she contemned, and impossibility was not a word of her vocabulary, any more than of her grandfather's. That her illustrious uncle derived his cool and practical judgment from the cross of the Grenville blood, can well be conceived ; but then we must, in contemplating the niece, have recourse to the supposition either that Chatham's fervent heat had, with his gout, passed over one generation, or that the Stanhope admixture had neutralized the Grenville influence ; for, assuredly, no two characters ever resembled each other less, in all but generous neglect of self and high principles of honour, than did those of Mr. Pitt and Lady Hester. Nor was there less of likeness in the outward form than in the interior of these remarkable relatives. Lady Hester was, though tall, of a fine and feminine form ; and as her figure was graceful, her features were both beautiful and expressive. She might well, in her early day, fix the deepest affections of as noble-hearted a soldier as ever died on the bed of honour. She might well, ere that cruel termination of her hopes gave the ultimate dark shade to her temperament, have been the chosen solace of the private hours of Mr. Pitt.

She was the daughter of his favourite sister, and lived with him for the last years of his eventful life. With her great talents, her lively and various conversation, her admirable manners, her frankness—so likely to relieve one whose shyness was habitual and painful—she became the favourite associate of his leisure, and was quite necessary to his existence. Before her he freely un-

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bent himself; and as she remembered much that had passed in his society, and was naturally fond of dwelling upon the subject, the principal charm of these volumes is derived from their constant reference to the habits of that great man. Nor can anything be well conceived more attractive than his simple, amiable character as it appears in their pages. He is hardly ever mentioned that he does not rise in our esteem. We give a few passages almost at random, selecting such as there seems no reason whatever to question the correctness of:—

“It is wonderful,” said she, “what a man Mr. Pitt was. Nobody would have suspected how much feeling he had for people’s comforts who came to see him. Sometimes he would say to me, ‘Hester, you know we have got such a one coming down. I believe his wound is hardly well yet, and I heard him say that he felt much relieved by fomentations of such a herb: perhaps you will see that he finds in his chamber all that he wants.’ Of another he would say, ‘I think he drinks ass’s milk; I should like him to have his morning’s draught.’ And I, who was born with such sensibility that I must fidget myself about everybody, no matter whom, was always sure to exceed his wishes.

“Would you believe, doctor, that in the last weeks of his last illness he found time to think about his groom in a way that nobody would have suspected in him? He had four grooms who died of consumption, from being obliged to ride so hard after him; for they drank and caught cold, and so ruined their constitutions. This one I am speaking of, when first attacked in the lungs, was placed at Knightsbridge, and then sent to the seaside. One day, Mr. Pitt, speaking of him, said to me, ‘This poor fellow, I am afraid, is very bad: I have been thinking of a way to give him a little consolation. I suspect he is in love with Mary, the housemaid; for one morning early I found them talking closely together, and she was covered with blushes. Couldn’t you contrive, without hurting his feelings, to get her to attend on him in his illness?’

“Accordingly, soon after, when he was about to set off for Hastings, I went to see him. ‘Have you nobody,’ I asked him, ‘whom you would like to go to the seaside with you?—your sister or your mother?’ ‘No, thank you, my lady.’ ‘There is the still-room maid, would you like her?’ ‘Ah, my lady, she has a great deal to do, and is always wanted.’ From one to another I at last mentioned Mary, and I saw I had hit on the right person; but, however, he only observed, he should like to see her before he went. Mary was, therefore, sent to him; and the result of their conversation was, that he told her he would marry her if he recovered, or leave her all he had if he died—which he did.”—vol. i. pp. 187—189.

“When Mr. Pitt retired from office, and sold Hollwood, his favourite child, he laid down his carriages and horses, diminished his equipage, and paid off as many debts as he could. Yet, notwithstanding this complete revolution, his noble manners, his agreeable condescending air, never forsook him for a moment. To see him at table with vulgar sea captains,

captains, and ignorant militia colonels, with two or three servants in attendance—he, who had been accustomed to a servant behind each chair, to all that was great and distinguished in Europe—one might have supposed disgust would have worked some change in him. But in either case it was the same—always the admiration of all around him. He was ever careful to cheer the modest and diffident; but if some forward young fellow exhibited any pertness, by a short speech, or by asking some puzzling question, he would give him such a set down that he could not get over it all the evening.’—vol. ii. pp. 67, 68.

‘Mr. Pitt’s consideration for age was very marked. He had, exclusive of Walmer, a house in the village, for the reception of those whom the castle could not hold. If a respectable commoner, advanced in years, and a young duke arrived at the same time, and there happened to be but one room vacant in the castle, he would be sure to assign it to the senior; for it is better (he would say) that these young lords should walk home on a rainy night than old men: they can bear it more easily.

‘Mr. Pitt was accustomed to say that he always conceived more favourably of that man’s understanding who talked agreeable nonsense, than of his who talked sensibly only; for the latter might come from books and study, while the former could only be the natural fruit of imagination.

‘Mr. Pitt was never inattentive to what was passing around him, though he often thought proper to appear so. On one occasion Sir Edward Knatchbull took him to the Ashford ball to show him off to the yeomen and their wives. Though sitting in the room in all his senatorial seriousness, he contrived to observe everything; and nobody’ (Lady Hester said) ‘could give a more lively account of a ball than he. He told who was rather fond of a certain captain; how Mrs. K. was dressed; how Miss Jones, Miss Johnson, or Miss Anybody, danced; and had all the minutæ of the night as if he had been no more than an idle looker-on.’—*Ib.*, pp. 72, 73.

‘Lady Hester said, that those who asserted that Mr. Pitt wanted to put the Bourbons on the throne, and that they followed his principles, lied; and if she had been in parliament she would have told them so. “I once heard a great person,” added she, “in conversation with him on the subject, and Mr. Pitt’s reply was, “Whenever I can make peace, whether with a consul, or with whosoever is at the head of the French government, provided I can have any dependence on him, I will do it.” Mr. Pitt had a sovereign contempt for the Bourbons; and the only merit that he allowed to any one of them was to him who was afterwards Charles X., whose gentlemanly manners and mild demeanour he could not be otherwise than pleased with. Mr. Pitt never would consent to their going to court, because it would have been a recognition of Louis XVIII.’—*Ib.*, pp. 73, 74.

‘After Mr. Pitt’s death, I could not cry for a whole month and more. I never shed a tear, until one day Lord Melville came to see me; and the sight of his eyebrows turned grey, and his changed face, made me burst into tears. I felt much better for it after it was over.’—*Ib.*, p. 79.

‘When Mr. Pitt was going to Bath, in his last illness, he told me he had

had just seen Arthur Wellesley. He spoke of him with the greatest commendation; and said, the more he saw of him the more he admired him. "Yes," he added, "the more I hear of his exploits in India, the more I admire the modesty with which he receives the praises he merits from them. He is the only man I ever saw that was not vain of what he had done, and had so much reason to be so." This eulogium, Lady Hester said, "Mr. Pitt pronounced in his fine mellow tone of voice, and this was the last speech I heard him make in that voice; for, on his return from Bath, it was cracked for ever."—*Ib.*, pp. 81, 82.

"I recollect one day Mr. Pitt came into the drawing-room to me—"Oh!" said he, "how I have been bored by Sir Sydney coming with his box full of papers, and keeping me for a couple of hours, when I had so much to do!" I observed to him that heroes were generally vain: "Lord Nelson is so." "So he is," replied Mr. Pitt; "but not like Sir Sydney: and how different is Arthur Wellesley, who has just quitted me! He has given me details so clear upon affairs in India! and he talked of them, too, as if he had been a surgeon of a regiment, and had nothing to do with them; so that I know not which to admire most, his modesty or his talents; and yet the fate of India depends upon them."—*Ib.*, p. 292, 293.

The following is not an exaggerated account of Mr. Pitt's simple tastes, and of his hard work:—

¶ "When Mr. Pitt was at Walmer, he recovered his health prodigiously. He used to go to a farm near Walmer, where hay and corn were kept for the horses. He had a room fitted up there with a table and two or three chairs, where he used to write sometimes, and a tidy woman to dress him something to eat. Oh! what slices of bread and butter I have seen him eat there, and hunches of bread and cheese big enough for a ploughman. He used to say that, whenever he could retire from public life, he would have a good English woman cook. Sometimes, after a grand dinner, he would say, "I want something—I am hungry." And when I remarked, "Well, but you are just got up from dinner," he would add, "Yes; but I looked round the table, and there was nothing I could eat—all the dishes were so made up, and so unnatural." Ah, doctor! in town, during the sitting of parliament, what a life was his! Roused from his sleep (for he was a good sleeper) with a despatch from Lord Melville;—then down to Windsor; then, if he had half an hour to spare, trying to swallow something:—Mr. Adams with a paper, Mr. Long with another; then Mr. Rose; then, with a little bottle of cordial confection in his pocket, off to the House until three or four in the morning; then home to a hot supper for two or three hours more, to talk over what was to be done next day:—and wine, and wine!—Scarcely up next morning, when tat-tat-tat—twenty or thirty people one after another, and the horses walking before the door from two till sunset, waiting for him. It was enough to kill a man—it was murder!"—*Ib.*, pp. 64—66.

The following passage shows how easily and how well he could enter into the most ordinary matters, and with an interest  
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in them which showed the singular frankness of a mind from its earliest years occupied with the greatest affairs, and worn by the heaviest cares:—

‘People thought Mr. Pitt did not care about women, and knew nothing about them; but they were very much mistaken. Mrs. B——s, of Devonshire, when she was Miss W——, was so pretty, that Mr. Pitt drank out of her shoe. Nobody understood shape, and beauty, and dress, better than he did; with a glance of his eye he saw it all at once. But the world was ignorant of much respecting him. Who ever thought that there was not a better judge of women in London than he? and not only of women as they present themselves to the eye, but that his knowledge was so critical that he could analyse their features and persons in a most masterly way. Not a defect, not a blemish, escaped him: he would detect a shoulder too high, a limp in the gait, where nobody else would have seen it; and his beauties were real, natural beauties. In dress, too, his taste was equally refined. I never shall forget, when I had arranged the folds and drapery of a beautiful dress which I wore one evening, how he said to me, “Really, Hester, you are bent on conquest to-night: but would it be too bold in me, if I were to suggest that that particular fold—and he pointed to a triangular fall which I had given to one part—were looped up so?” and, would you believe it?—it was exactly what was wanting to complete the classical form of my dress. He was so in everything.

‘Mr. Pitt used to say, when I went out in my habit and a sort of furred jacket, that women, when they rode out, generally looked such figures; but that I contrived to make a very handsome costume of it.

‘He had so much urbanity, too! I recollect returning late from a ball, when he was gone to bed fatigued: there were others besides myself, and we made a good deal of noise. I said to him next morning, “I am afraid we disturbed you last night.” “Not at all,” he replied; “I was dreaming of the Mask of Comus, Hester, and, when I heard you all so gay, it seemed a pleasant reality.”—vol. i. pp. 181, 182.

We have no doubt of the general accuracy of all these passages. Often in other places we detect plain carelessness—as at vol. i., p. 175, where she makes Mr. Pitt remark the resemblance of her voice to his father’s, and also of an observation she had been making,—‘Good God! if I were to shut my eyes I should think it was my father! And how odd! I heard him say almost the very words forty years ago!’ Now, as he was only forty-six when he died, he could not have any recollection of his father’s opinions, delivered when he was six years old. So, though it may be quite true that he had a great dread of the intriguing nature of Lord A., and the chattering of his wife, it cannot be true that he ever gave as his reason for not marrying the eldest daughter that ‘for his king and country’s sake he must remain a single man’ (vol. i. p. 179). Again, he never could have ‘always thought well of Sheridan’ (vol. ii. p. 58). Indeed we set this down to the  
doctor’s

doctor's inaccuracy rather than hers. The exaggerated account of Mr. Canning's defects we can only ascribe to Lady Hester's own hatred of him, which, notwithstanding his sedulous attentions to her, appears to have been intense; and it would have been better had she confined her abuse of that gentleman to her own language, and not invoked her illustrious relative's aid, whom she would represent as having a very low opinion of his young friend, nay as even disliking him and quarrelling with him. It is quite possible Mr. Pitt may have censured his intriguing disposition, and possible even that, as she represents (vol. ii. p. 316), he had resolved never to give him a Cabinet place—though without any gift of prophecy we may discover that to this resolution he never could have long adhered. But that he was fond of Mr. Canning's society, and had so much kindness for him as to overlook his faults, no one can doubt. Other inaccuracies we are at a loss how to apportion, whether setting them down to the account of the doctor's lack of memory or the patient's abundance of imagination; as when at vol. ii., p. 61, she describes a deputation from the city coming to offer Mr. Pitt an annuity. Though the fact be true, and that he refused it, the sum was assuredly not 10,000*l.* a year; nor did any one come with a gold box containing 100,000*l.* to offer it as a bribe or a gratuity. Such blunders as the making Mr. Pitt sit in the company of Horne Tooke (vol. ii. p. 31) must of course be placed to the doctor's own account alone.

The following is a portion of the various passages which give a lively picture enough of Lady Hester Stanhope herself, and her mode of life. After describing her as retiring very late to bed, and then keeping her whole household on the alert half the night with orders and counter-orders, at length towards sun-rise she would be still for a season:—

‘ Worn out with the fatigue of ringing, talking, and scolding, at length Lady Hester Stanhope would fall asleep; all would be hushed, and so the silence would continue for three, four, or five hours. But soon after sunrise the bell would ring violently again, and the business of the morning would commence. This was a counterpart of the night, only that the few hours' sleep gave her a fresh supply of vigour and activity. As she seldom rose until four or five in the afternoon, the intervening hours were occupied in writing, talking, and receiving people; for, as she then sat up in her bed, her appearance was pretty much the same as if she had been on a sofa, to which her bed bore some resemblance. She would see, one after the other, her steward, her secretary, the cook, the groom, the doctor, the gardener, and, upon some occasions, the whole household. Few escaped without a reproof and a scolding; her impatience, and the exactitude she required in the execution of her commands, left no one a chance of escape. Quiet was an element in which  
a spirit

a spirit so restless and elastic could not exist. Secret plans, expresses with letters, messengers on distant journeys, orders for goods, succour and relief afforded to the poor and oppressed—these were the aliments of her active and benevolent mind. No one was secure of eating his meals uninterruptedly; her bell was constantly ringing, and the most trifling order would keep a servant on his legs, sometimes a whole hour, before her, undergoing every now and then a cross-examination worse than that of a Garrow.—vol. i. pp. 128, 129.

The doctor's estimate both of her faculties and of the importance of her occupations, is perhaps excessive; but he thus paints her:—

'In the same day I have frequently known her to dictate, with the most enlarged political views, papers that concerned the welfare of a pashalik, and the next moment she would descend, with wondrous facility, to some trivial details about the composition of a house-paint, the making of butter, the drenching of a sick horse, the choosing lambs, or the cutting-out of a maid's apron. She had a finger in everything, and in everything was an adept. Her intelligence really seemed to have no limits; the recesses of the universe, if one might venture to say so, absolutely seemed thrown open to her gaze. In the same manner that she frustrated the intrigues and braved the menaces of hostile emirs and pashas, did she penetrate and expose the tricks and cunning of servants and peasants, who were ever plotting to pilfer her. It was curious to see what pains she would take in developing and bringing to light a conspiracy of the vile wretches, who, from time to time, laid their deep schemes of plunder—schemes of which European establishments have no parallel, and machinations which Satan himself could hardly have counteracted. She used to say, "there are half a dozen of them whom I could hang if I chose;" but she was forbearing towards culprits when she once had them in her power, although unwearied and unflinching in her pursuit of them.'—vol. i. pp. 129, 130.

Her tyrannical spirit is seen both in such passages as the following, and in various traits and anecdotes throughout the whole work:—

'No soul in her household was suffered to utter a suggestion on the most trivial matter—even on the driving-in of a nail in a bit of wood: none were permitted to exercise any discretion of their own, but strictly and solely to fulfil their orders. Nothing was allowed to be given out by any servant without her express directions. Her dragoman or secretary was enjoined to place on her table each day an account of every person's employment during the preceding twenty-four hours, and the names and business of all goers and comers. Her despotic humour would vent itself in such phrases as these. The maid one day entered with a message—"The gardener, my lady, is come to say that the piece of ground in the bottom is weeded and dug, and he says that it is only fit for lettuce, beans, or *selk* [a kind of lettuce], and such vegetables." "Tell the gardener," she answered vehemently, "that, when I order him to dig, he is to dig, and not to give his opinion what the ground is fit

fit for. It may be for his grave that he digs, it may be for mine. He must know nothing until I send my orders, and so bid him go about his business."—vol. i. pp. 130, 131.

Her conversation, however rich, eloquent and various, must have been from its excess a sore infliction. We question if 'Sicilian tyrants' ever invented a more severe suffering than the following passages describe:—

'In the latter years of her life social and unrestrained conversation was out of the question—it was difficult to unbend before her—to spend a couple of hours with her was to go to school. She was unceasingly employed in laying bare the weaknesses of our common nature. Mercy, in the sense of tenderness for people's foibles, she had none; but, to her honour be it said, although she was constantly drawing a line between the high and low born, good qualities in the most menial person bore as high an estimation in her mind, as if she had discovered them in princes.

'It was wonderful how long she would hold a person in conversation, listening to her anecdotes and remarks on human life; she seemed entirely to forget that the listener could possibly require a respite, or even a temporary relief. It may be alleged that nothing was more easy than to find excuses for breaking up a conversation; but it was not so—for her words ran on in such an uninterrupted stream that one never could seize a moment to make a pause. I have sat more than eight, ten—nay, twelve and thirteen hours, at a time! Lady Hester Stanhope told me herself that Mr. Way remained one day from three in the afternoon until break of day next morning, *tête-à-tête* with her; and Miss Williams once assured me that Lady Hester kept Mr. N. (an English gentleman, who was her doctor some time) so long in discourse that he fainted away. Her ladyship's readiness in exigencies may be exemplified by what occurred on that occasion. When she had rung the bell, and servants had come to her assistance, she said very quietly to them that in listening to the state of disgrace to which England was reduced by the conduct of the ministers (this was in 1818-19), his feelings of shame and grief had so overpowered him that he had fainted. Mr. N., however, declared to Miss W. that it was no such thing, but that he absolutely swooned away from fatigue and constraint.

'Her conversation was generally familiar and colloquial, sometimes sarcastic, sometimes rising to eloquence, so noble and dignified, that, like an overflowing river, it bore down everything before it. Her illustrations were drawn from every sensible or abstract thing, and were always most felicitous. Her reasoning was so plain as to be comprehended and followed by the most illiterate person, at the same time that it was strictly logical, and always full of strength and energy. She had read all subjects without books, and was learned without lore; and, to sum up all, if she was mad, as many people believed, she was, like the cracked Portland vase, more valuable, though damaged, than most perfect vessels.'—vol. i. pp. 136-138.

Her opinions were of the most extraordinary cast; she was religious,

ligious, constantly meditating on the Deity, and endeavouring to walk purely before Him both as to her conduct and as to her boundless charities. She believed in the Scriptures, and read scarce anything but the Bible; but she firmly expected the second coming of the Messiah as close at hand, kept two horses always ready, one for his use, the other for her own to attend him, and never suffered any one to ride either of them. Then in the influence of stars and of the evil eye, she as firmly believed as any of the most unenlightened Orientals; and in dæmonology she placed such implicit faith that she conceived the air to be at all times peopled by pure and invisible spirits, with whom she not only held an imaginary converse, acknowledging their influence, but such was the mixture of the natural with the spiritual in her notions of their nature, that she considered a person ought to move carefully, to shut the doors or windows with caution, and to handle the furniture with circumspection, lest he might chance to injure their delicate frames.

Her imagination so mastered her reason that, notwithstanding her knowledge of mankind, her eminently suspicious nature, and her boasted power of seeing through characters, she was the easy dupe of impostors. Thus projectors were ever obtaining money from her; some man, designated as X. in these volumes, but whose real name should be made known, pretended to bear a message from the Dukes of Sussex and Bedford to her with offers of pecuniary assistance to liquidate her debts, and obtained entire possession of her confidence, which of course he must have turned to his own profit and to her loss. The rumour of a Colonel Needham having left his property in Ireland to Mr. Pitt, who predeceased him by a few days, made her never doubt that his heir-at-law, Lord Kilmorey, must make over the estates to her, at least after his own decease; and she is for years in expectation of a favourable answer on this head from Sir Francis Burdett, to whom she had written as her negotiator, but who no doubt considered the whole affair as some Irish joke or Syrian dream.

After all, however, her embarrassments appear clearly to have resulted from her boundless charities and her noble munificence to those she protected. Her country and her countrymen reaped largely the benefits of all her expenditure, into which nothing mean, or paltry, or selfish, or calculating, entered; and we must say that we feel truly disgusted at the return she received from the British ministry for all her generosity—a return which appears, if not illegal, yet to approach the very limits of the law. Some money-lender complained that she was in debt to him, whereupon Lord Palmerston thought proper to issue his orders to the consuls in the Levant that they should refuse to sign any  
certificate

certificate of her being alive, which ceremony was necessary in order to give her the right to draw her pension quarterly! The consequence was that, on a mere statement by one party, she was deprived for the last two years of a pension as much her right as his lordship's rent, perhaps as well earned as his lordship's salary. We verily believe this instance of official oppression is without an example, and we are curious to hear by what law it was justified, and what use Lord Palmerston or his colleagues could by law make of the Parliamentary pension which they thus stopped. The statement is plainly made; it is placed before the public in the most distinct terms. There can be no denial of the fact, because the letters of the consuls are given in the book: there must, therefore, be some explanation given—why the signature was refused to Lady Hester, which operated as a stoppage of the pension, merely because some one *claimed* a debt from her, of which the noble ex-secretary had no official knowledge; and there must be some account rendered of the arrears which thus accrued, not one penny of which the government had any right to apply in payment of Lady Hester's debts, be they ever so clearly due, any more than in payment of Lord Palmerston's own. This explanation and this account we shall hope to see.

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ART. VI.—*The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield; including numerous Letters now first published from the original MSS.* Edited, with Notes, by Lord Mahon, in 4 vols., 8vo. London. 1845.

TWO scions of the old knightly house of Stanhope were raised to the peerage by James I. The elder (and only surviving) branch was advanced to the earldom of Chesterfield by Charles I., in whose cause its zeal and sufferings were conspicuous. Two of its cadets earned early in the next century by great public services the separate earldoms of Stanhope and Harrington; and in the former of these junior lines the succession of remarkable abilities has ever since been uninterrupted—a circumstance perhaps unique. We believe, taking the blood all together, not one race in Great Britain has produced within the last two hundred and fifty years so many persons of real and deserved eminence; but still for the brilliant variety of his talents and attainments, the general splendour of his career, influence, and fame, the fourth Earl of Chesterfield remains the *facile princeps* of his house and name. Either as statesman, or diplomatist, or orator, he stood

below no contemporary who never held the prime management of a great party, and below but two of those who ruled the Empire. As the ornament and oracle of the world of fashion, the model of taste and wit, and all personal graces and accomplishments, his supremacy was undisputed; but it is to his connexion with the literature and literary men of his age that he owes mainly the permanence as well as the prominence of his celebrity. He survives among us, and will survive, by reason of his connexion with Pope, Gay, Atterbury, Arbuthnot, Swift, Voltaire, Johnson; and (though we are far from undervaluing others of his writings) because his Letters on the Education of his son are in point of style a finished and classical work, contain instructions for the conduct of life that will never be obsolete, and constitute some of our most curious materials for estimating the moral tone of aristocratic society during a long and important period of English history.

These famous Letters were published the year after his death, and have since gone through many editions; but it cannot be said that until now they had received even a decent measure of editorial care. Lord Mahon has (with a few trivial and proper omissions in the earlier part of the series) reproduced them entire, and for the first time filled up names left in blank, and explained hints and allusions which the lapse of another generation would have condemned to hopeless obscurity. As the original editrix was actuated solely by motives of pecuniary interest, no addition to the text could be expected—she, we may be sure, printed every scrap that had been preserved. They are now, however, incorporated with a more general correspondence which had been originally dealt with in a widely different manner. Bishop Chenevix and Mr. Dayrolles were friends of Chesterfield, and men of character and honour. In whatever they communicated to the public they had a just regard for the claims both of the dead and the living: if they erred at all, it was on the side of over-delicacy: accordingly, the mutilations were severe; and as respects this, the larger share of his materials, when we compare Lord Mahon's copy with what we had had before, it is hardly too much to say that he has given us a new work. Whatever could wound anybody's feelings had been omitted; in other words, a very large proportion of whatever could throw light on the secret history of parties and public men in Lord Chesterfield's time—very many letters entirely—the most striking paragraphs of half the rest. The *lacunæ* are now filled up as far as was possible—and the whole illustrated by notes, which we recommend to the study of all who may be tempted to undertake tasks of this description; for

for they are brief and clear—and wherever a judgment was called for, convey that of a sagacious mind in language as terse as the great kinsman himself could have employed. Lord Mahon has also collected and arranged the various Letters that had more recently emerged in the Suffolk Correspondence, the Marchmont Papers, Coxe's ponderous compilations, and elsewhere. We are, however, we must confess, somewhat surprised that his diligence has not brought out more of absolute novelty in this way. Mr. George Berkeley, we know, had kept carefully some specimens of Chesterfield's epistolary vein, even of the boyish Cambridge time. The writer attained extraordinary repute in his earliest manhood, and he lived to the edge of eighty in the enjoyment of all but unrivalled admiration. With such social connexions and predilections, such literary habits and facility, his correspondence must have been vast—and even now we can have seen but a very insignificant fragment of it. Where is it? Even in those comparatively careless days, who could have burnt a letter of Lord Chesterfield's? We have no doubt that in the repositories of those who represent his various political and fashionable associates, innumerable relics must still be lying disinterred. Lord Mahon tells us that he inquired in vain at Bretby; but it was not there that we should have expected to find much—Lord Chesterfield was the last man to keep copies of his own letters—we should greatly doubt whether he ever wrote anything twice over in his life. But we are not told of any researches in places which we should have conjectured to be among the likeliest for discovery—at Castle Ashby, for instance, at Stanmer, at Clumber, or Longleat, or Hagley. Among his closest connexions was that with Mr. Waller, the last male representative of the poet, himself a man of extensive acquirements, an elegant scholar, through life a student. Where are the Waller MSS.? Has Mr. Upcott no information of their fate? Then, is there not reason to suppose that a very considerable body of Chesterfield papers exist in the Castle of Dublin? The Earl's brief vice-royalty is on the whole the most honourable feature in his history. Some inedited letters or despatches of that date were quoted with effect a few years ago in the House of Lords by the Marquess of Normanby; but though the noble Editor's attention was thus directed to the point, the result is *nil*. He states that his applications were received with the anticipated courtesy both by Lord Normanby and by the present Lord-Lieutenant; but that in neither case were the desired documents placed at his disposal. *Cosas de España*:—we think it highly improbable that a trip to Dublin (within the last twelve months at all events) could have failed of its reward. But as no man ever devoted himself to the ladies

with more zeal, or carried to the grave with him the reputation of more triumphant success in the quest of their favour, nothing certainly strikes us as stranger in this case than that so few specimens should have yet come out of the Earl's correspondence with the fair sex. That he hardly spent a morning between his 20th and his 50th year without penning some effusion of gallantry—*nulla dies sine lineâ*—we may assume as not less certain than his regular observance of the toilette. That letters of this class should not have been forthcoming at an earlier period, no one can be surprised;—but we can scarcely think the heirs, or even the heirs-esses of the beauties concerned, would feel any hesitation in now producing the evidence of their appreciation by that peerless Knight of the Garter. Did the adorable Lady Fanny Shirley, for example—of his devotion to whom,

‘ In that eternal whisper which begun  
Ten years ago, and never will be done,’

we have hardly any record but in this couplet of Hanbury Williams, and one or two not always decent songs by Chesterfield himself—did she preserve none of her worshipper's epistles? Did Madame de Monconseil destroy all but the evidently interrupted as well as mutilated series with which it was left for Lord Mahon to connect her name?

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\* ‘When Fanny, blooming fair,’ &c. &c. It is probable that the Verses on a Lady's drinking the Bath Waters were also inspired by Lady Fanny. We quote the opening—the close would not do:—

‘ The gushing streams impetuous flow  
In haste to Delia's lips to go:  
With equal haste and equal heat  
Who would not rush those lips to meet?—  
Blest envied streams, still greater bliss  
Attends your warm and liquid kiss;  
For from her lips your welcome tide  
Shall down her heaving bosom glide;  
There fill each swelling globe of love,  
And touch that heart I ne'er could move.’

We have heard that it was the same lady who found these lines written in her copy of *Sherlock upon Death*:—

‘ Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by,  
His doctrine is deceiving;  
For while he teaches us to die,  
He cheats us of our living.  
To die's a lesson we shall know  
Too soon without a master;  
Then let us only study now  
How we may live the faster.  
But if thus blest I may not live,  
And pity you deny,  
To me at least your Sherlock give—  
‘Tis I must learn to die.’

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We have no doubt the reception of these volumes will be such as to encourage further investigation not only in England and Ireland, but also in France, Italy, Germany, and Holland. No Englishman of the time had more intimate connexions with foreign courts or with foreign literati. He was as much at home in France as Bolingbroke or Horace Walpole—as familiar with Germany as Sir C. H. Williams; he knew Italy well; and had a more thorough acquaintance with Holland than any other first-rate Englishman subsequent to Sir William Temple. Equally admired by Voltaire and Frederick of Prussia (who used to call him *L'homme d'Angleterre*), he contrived to keep quite clear of their feuds, and was cultivated and confided in by both to the last. But indeed if no man was more feared and dreaded for satiric wit than Chesterfield, and if, as we believe, no man ever paid dearer for the indulgence of that faculty in its results to his political ambition, it must be allowed that no great wit ever passed through the world with so few social quarrels. We may be sure he practised diligently the precept so often inculcated on his son—'Be always ready to embrace any man whom you don't feel entitled or disposed to knock down.'

We may also, we think, consider ourselves as having a claim on Lord Mahon for a fuller collection than has as yet appeared of his celebrated relation's miscellaneous works, both in prose and in verse. We know that some 'Dialogues of the Dead' remain in manuscript, and have heard them highly commended by a most excellent judge. They were, we suppose, inspired by his propensity for quizzing his solemn friend Lyttleton, and withheld from the press in tenderness to the respectable victim. Several light pieces of verse, commonly ascribed to his pen, are only to be found in magazines of his day, or in books of elegant extracts. Others inserted as his by Maty, or Maty's successor in the confidence of Lady Chesterfield, are now known not to be his; though we can see not the least reason for supposing with Sir Egerton Brydges (*Collins's Peerage*, vol. iii.) that the Earl himself ever claimed in any sort the parentage of a stanza that did not belong to him. Sir Egerton, no doubt, disliked Lord Chesterfield for his sneers at the bibliomania, to say nothing of worse heresies; but we believe he in this matter allowed himself to be mystified by the eternal malice of Horace Walpole, who hated Chesterfield with a perfect hatred, as son, as partisan, as rival wit—hated him as a substantive magnate, as far above the gossip of coats and crests as above accumulating teapots and smelling-bottles—hated him even in his vices, not because they were vices, but because they were manlier vices than his own. We infer from

Lord Mahon's preface that Mr. Evelyn Shirley is in possession of various things hitherto inedited; and if among these be any more *characters* equal to those of Pope, Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Chatham, Newcastle and Bute—or to that now for the first time printed of Arbuthnot—the public would be very grateful for them. But at any rate Chesterfield's miscellaneous works have long been out of print; and his speeches, his political tracts, his essays on the follies and affectations of his day, his songs and metrical *jeux d'esprit*, all need and are well entitled to revision and illustration of the same kind that Lord Mahon has now bestowed on the gathered specimens of his Correspondence.\*

Prefixed to this collection is a sketch of the life and character of Chesterfield, extracted nearly *verbatim* from the third volume of Lord Mahon's History of England, with some additional matter explanatory of his immediate task and objects. The sketch is a very excellent one—concise yet comprehensive, and in style highly graceful. As a chapter in a History, a preface to a series of letters, or, we may venture to say, as an article in a Review, nothing could be better. But if Lord Mahon should, as we hope he will, undertake a general edition of Chesterfield's works, we trust he will accompany it with a complete biography. Dr. Maty's is a wretched performance: it is true he did not live to correct it finally for the press; but at any rate he wrote so close on the time, and so entirely under the directions of the

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\* Of Chesterfield's lighter Essays, one of the best is that on the dress of women. Two classes are thus neatly disposed of. Of the *plain* we read—'Their dress must not rise above plain humble prose; any attempts beyond it amount at best to the mock-heroic, and excite laughter. An ugly woman should by all means avoid any ornament that may draw eyes upon her which she will entertain so ill. But if she endeavours, by dint of dress, to cram her deformity down mankind, the insolence of the undertaking is resented; and when a Gorgon curls her snakes to charm the town, she would have no reason to complain of some avenging Perseus. Ugly women, who may more properly be called a third sex than a part of the fair one, should publicly renounce all thoughts of their persons, and turn their minds another way; they should endeavour to be honest good-humoured gentlemen; they may amuse themselves with field sports, and a cheerful glass; and, *if they could get into Parliament, I should, for my own part, have no objection to it.* Should I be asked how a woman shall know she is ugly, and take her measures accordingly, I answer that, in order to judge right, she must not believe her eyes, but her ears, and, if they have not heard very warm addresses and applications, she may depend upon it, it was the deformity, and not the severity of her countenance that prevented them.

\* There is another sort who may most properly be styled old offenders. These are exceedingly numerous: witness all the public places. I have often observed septuagenary great-grandmothers adorned, as they thought, with all the colours of the rainbow, while in reality they looked more like *the decayed worms in the midst of their own silks*. Nay, I have seen them proudly display withered necks, shrivelled and decayed like their marriage settlements, and which no hand but the cold hand of time had visited these forty years. The utmost indulgence I can allow here is extreme cleanliness, that they may not offend more senses than the sight; but for the dress, it must be confined to the elegy and the *tristibus*.—*Miscellaneous Works*, vol. ii. pp. 48, 49.

Earl's widow, that it was impossible for him, even had his abilities been much greater than they were, to produce a satisfactory Life of Lord Chesterfield. He is evidently in leading-strings where his pace is best, and then it is stiff and pompous to a most doctorial degree of absurdity. Wherever there was a point of real delicacy or difficulty, he either flounders through a splash of unintelligible verbosity, or skips the whole matter with the lugubrious smirk of a German dancing-master. Not one of the questions that have in the sequel given rise to serious debate is clearly propounded—far less have we an opinion on it, expressed with manly directness one way or another. This is the led-chaplain style of memoir—less detestable only than that (now more in vogue) of the valet de chambre. Unfortunately it so happens that Lord Mahon's sketch, having been originally drawn up for the purposes of a general history, omits entirely what are now for the majority of readers the most interesting of the vexed topics alluded to. We will instance the theory, gravely transmuted into solemn fact by Archdeacon Coxe, that Chesterfield missed the favour of George II. because he sought it by courting Lady Suffolk instead of the Queen; and the whole story of his connexion with Dr. Johnson, the Boswellian impression as to which is still so prevalent as to have inspired perhaps the most popular picture in the Royal Academy's exhibition of May, 1845. Lord Mahon is by talents and opportunities better qualified than any other man in England to write a worthy Life of Lord Chesterfield. It is wanted: and we shall be extremely sorry for his sake and our own if he does not supply this blank. We hear with pleasure that his lordship is again in office: for our experience is all in favour of Chesterfield's dictum—'the men who go through most business have most leisure.'

Meanwhile, with his present Preface before us, there would be considerable imprudence in attempting another sketch of the Earl's life on the scale suitable for this journal. We shall, therefore, venture merely on a few sentences with reference to one or two of the circumstances that seem to be, even now, most commonly misapprehended or misrepresented. And first, let us take Walpole's story about Lady Suffolk, and its adoption by worthy Mr. Coxe. The Archdeacon, in his *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole*, says,—

'Lord Chesterfield had requested the Queen to speak to the King for some small favour; the Queen promised, but forgot it: a few days afterwards, recollecting her promise, she expressed regret at her forgetfulness, and added, that she would certainly mention it that day. Chesterfield replied, that her Majesty need not give herself any trouble. Lady Suffolk had spoken to the King. The Queen

on seeing the King, told him that she had long promised to mention a trifling request to his Majesty, but it was needless, because Lord Chesterfield had just informed her that she had been anticipated by Lady Suffolk. The King, who always preserved great decorum with the Queen, and was very unwilling to have it supposed that the favourite interfered, was extremely displeased with both Lord Chesterfield and his mistress; the consequence was, that in a short time Lady Suffolk went to Bath for her health, to return no more to court: Chesterfield was dismissed from his office—and never heard the reason till two years before his death; when he was informed by the late Earl of Orford (Hor. Walpole) that his disgrace was owing to his having offended the Queen by paying court to Lady Suffolk.—vol. ii. p. 283. (Edit. 1816.)

This story (embalmed of course in Walpole's own *Memoires of George II.*, which Coxe had not then seen) has since been repeated in we know not how many books and essays; and yet we must say that we think the editor of the 'Suffolk Letters' disproved it in the most conclusive manner more than twenty years ago. But so difficult it is to dislodge a fiction, however flagrant, which flatters the ordinary mediocrity of our race, by representing the acknowledged master in any department of life to have been foiled in his own craft, when practising it, as he supposed, with the utmost refinement of adroitness. That Chesterfield should not have understood the interior of the Court of George II.—that it should have been his fate to be dismissed from that Court in 1732, and to have remained in ignorance of the cause of his dismissal, till forty years afterwards Horace Walpole cleared up the mystery by recalling and explaining a *gaucherie* and a *bêtise* of Chesterfield's own—committed when the Earl was in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and in the meridian of his courtly skill and diplomatic celebrity—the heaviest of Archdeacons never chuckled over a more palpable mare's nest; but how he came to imbed it in the stiff clay of his own historic text without having taken the slightest trouble to compare the charmingly precise and particular *anecdote* of a Horace Walpole with the dates of about the most prominent events in Lord Chesterfield's public career, is a specimen of incompetency for the study of affairs such as Clarendon himself could hardly have prognosticated for a Cathedral Close. Lord Chesterfield and Mrs. Howard were intimately acquainted long before the lady attracted the notice of Queen Caroline or of George II. Their friendship continued all through the time when the lady's favour was at its height; and it was during that very time that Chesterfield occupied in succession all the distinguished offices in the family of George II. as Prince of Wales. On the opening of his reign Chesterfield—*anno ætat. 32!*—had the Garter, and became at once Lord Steward of the Household and Ambassador to the Hague. Ches-  
terfield

terfield remained at the Hague four years, till 1732, by which time it was well known to him, and to all Mrs. Howard's friends, that her influence had waned to a shadow. Immediately on his return to England he joined the parties who had coalesced for the overthrow of Sir R. Walpole. He engaged forthwith in the literary warfare against the Minister, in which his wit and sarcasm rendered him most formidably efficient; and he was dismissed from his place in the household the instant that he threw off the mask, and took part in the parliamentary opposition to Walpole's great Excise Bill. He was dismissed on the *second* day after that bill was withdrawn; and on the same grounds as were dismissed at the same time from their places in the household, the Duke of Montrose, Lords Stair, Marchmont, and Burlington: nay, so unbridled was Sir R. Walpole's resentment of that opposition, that he at the same moment deprived Lord Clinton not only of his place in the household, but of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Devonshire; and both the Duke of Bolton and Lord Cobham of their regiments in the army. This was the mysterious dismissal of April, 1732, which Horace Walpole expounded to Lord Chesterfield in 1771! As to Mrs. Howard, she became Countess of Suffolk in 1731—from the hour when that event had set her at ease in money matters, we see by her letters that she was well disposed to retire from Court—but she did not leave it till 1735—three years after that dismissal of Chesterfield, to which Archdeacon Coxe represents her ladyship's retirement as the ominous preliminary!

To conclude—Chesterfield's letters to the lady herself contain the clearest evidence that he all along completely understood the predominant influence of Queen Caroline.\* And Lord Mahon has now, for the first time, printed a very curious fragment on the character of Lady Suffolk by Chesterfield (vol. ii. p. 440), which, if more proof were wanted, distinctly proves the same thing.

We have been much obliged to the notes of the Editor of the 'Suffolk Papers.' He is, however, mistaken in saying (vol. ii. p. 85) that Chesterfield never appeared at the Court of George II. after the dismissal of April 13, 1732. Fourteen years, indeed, passed before he repeated the visit which immediately followed the withdrawal of his white wand; nor is it difficult to account for this, without any sort of reference to the supposed hostility of Queen Caroline—who died in 1737. For some years previous to the death of George I., Chesterfield had been the favourite among many suitors for the hand of his Majesty's daughter by

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\* See *ε. g.* 'Suffolk Letters,' vol. ii. p. 84.

the Duchess of Kendal—Melosina de Schullenburg, created in her own right Countess of Walsingham, and considered, as long as her father lived, as likely to turn out one of the wealthiest heiresses in the kingdom. George I. opposed himself to the young lady's inclinations in consequence of Chesterfield's notorious addiction to gambling. She took her own way, as ladies usually do, so soon as circumstances permitted. Chesterfield's dismissal from Court had followed, as we have seen, almost immediately on his return from a four years' residence in Holland—and within a few months more Lady Walsingham became Lady Chesterfield. Chesterfield's house in Grosvenor Square was next door to the Duchess of Kendal's, and from this time he was domesticated with the mother as well as the daughter. The ancient mistress suggested and stimulated legal measures respecting a will of George I., which George II. was said to have suppressed and destroyed, and by which, as the Duchess alleged, the late King had made a splendid provision for Lady Walsingham;—and at last, rather than submit to a judicial examination of the affair, George II. compromised the suit by a payment of 20,000*l.* to the Earl and Countess of Chesterfield. These things were not likely to smooth the way for the ex-Lord Steward back to St. James's—they would be of themselves sufficient to account for his continued exclusion. But this was not all: for during both the later years of Walpole, and under Walpole's immediate successors too, Chesterfield's wit was turned to no point more assiduously than that of ridiculing and disparaging the precious Electorate and all its concerns. German connexions and subsidies—German powers and principalities—were his perpetual butt; nay, the military, and martinet, and army-tailor propensities of George II. were exposed by this 'wit among lords' and 'lord among wits,' as mercilessly as the innocent farming of George III. ever was by Peter Pindar. As his miscellaneous pieces, especially political, are now in few hands, we are not unwilling to give a specimen of his vein in this way, in the heyday of his vigour, and we submit part of one paper in *Fog's Journal* (the *Continuation of Mist's*) January 17, 1736:—

'My friend \*\*\*\*, having resided some time at a very considerable court in Germany, had there contracted an intimacy with a German prince, whose dominions and revenues were as small as his birth was great and illustrious; there are some few such in the august Germanic body. This prince made him promise, that whenever he should return to England, he would make him a visit in his principality. Accordingly about two years ago, he waited upon his serene highness; who, apprised a little beforehand of his arrival, resolved to receive him

all possible marks of honour and distinction. My friend was not a little surprised to find himself conducted to the palace through a lane of soldiers resting their firelocks, and the drums beating a march. His highness, who observed his surprise, after the first compliments, spoke very gravely to him thus :—

“ I do not wonder that you, who are well informed of the narrowness both of my territories and my fortune, should be astonished at the number of my standing forces ; but I must acquaint you, that the present critical situation of my affairs would not allow me to remain defenceless, while all my neighbours were arming around me. There is not a prince near me that has not made an augmentation in his forces, some of four, some of eight, and some even of twelve men ; so that you must be sensible that it would have been consistent neither with my honour nor safety, not to have increased mine. I have therefore augmented my army up to forty effective men, from but eight-and-twenty that they were before ; but, in order not to overburden my subjects with taxes, nor oppress them by the quartering and insolence of my troops, as well as to remove the least suspicion of my designing anything against their liberties, to tell you the plain truth, my men are of wax, and exercise by clock-work. You easily perceive,” added he, “ that, if I were in any real danger, my forty men of wax are just as good a security to me as if they were of the best flesh and blood in Christendom : as for dignity and show, they answer those purposes full as well ; and in the mean time they cost me so little, that our dinner will be much the better for it.”

‘ My friend respectfully signified to him his sincere approbation of his wise and prudent measures, and assures me that he had never in his life seen finer bodies of men, better-sized, nor more warlike countenances.

‘ The ingenious contrivance of this wise and warlike potentate struck me immediately, as a hint that might be greatly improved to the public advantage. I have turned it every way in my thoughts with the utmost care, and shall now present it to my readers, willing however to receive any further lights and assistance from those who are more skilled in military matters than I am.

‘ I therefore humbly propose, that, from and after the 25th day of March next, 1736, the present numerous and expensive army be totally disbanded, the commission officers excepted ; and that proper persons be authorised to contract with Mrs. Salmon, for raising the same number of men in the best of wax. That the said persons be likewise authorised to treat with that ingenious mechanic, Myn Heer Von Pinchbeck, for the clock-work necessary for the said number of land forces.

‘ Infinite pains have been taken of late, but alas in vain, to bring up our present army to the nicety and perfection of a waxen one : it has proved impossible to get such numbers of men, all of the same height, the same make, with their own hair, timing exactly together the several motions of their exercise, and, above all, with a certain military fierceness to British countenances : even some very con-

a cashiered for wanting some of the pro-

veniences will be entirely removed ;  
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the men will be all of the same size, and, if thought necessary, of the same features and complexion: the requisite degree of fierceness may be given them by the proper application of whiskers, scars, and such like indications of courage, according to the taste of their respective officers; and their exercise will, by the skill and care of Myn Heer Von Pinchbeck, be in the highest German taste, and may possibly arrive at the *one motion*, that great *desideratum* in our discipline. The whole, thus ordered, must certainly furnish a more delightful spectacle than any hitherto exhibited, to such as are curious of reviews and military exertations. But give me leave to say too, that an army thus constituted will be very far from being without its terror, and will doubtless strike all the fear that is consistent with the liberties of a free people.

'Our British monarchs in the Tower are never beheld but with the profoundest respect and reverence; and that bold and manly representation of Henry VIII. never fails to raise the strongest images of one kind or another in its beholders.

'My readers will observe, that I only propose a reduction of the private men, for, upon many accounts, I would by no means touch the commissions of the officers. As they are all in parliament, I might be suspected of political views, which I protest I have not. I would therefore desire that the present set of officers may keep the keys, to wind up their several regiments, troops, or companies; and that a master-key to the whole army be lodged in the hands of the general-in-chief for the time being, or, in default of such, in the hands of the prime minister. I would further provide, that, in the disbanding the present army, an exact account should be taken of every soldier's right of voting in elections; and that the like number of votes, and for the same places, shall be reserved to every regiment, troop, or company, of this new army; these votes to be given collectively by the officers of the said regiment, troop, or company, in as free and uninfluenced a manner as hath at any time been practised within these last twenty years.

'Moreover, I would provide, that *Mann* and *Day*\* shall, as at present, have the entire clothing of this new army; so scrupulous am I of distressing the administration.'

Even the turning lathe at Kensington does not escape. This is from No. 32 of a paper called 'Common Sense,' in 1737:—

'The players, who get their parts by heart, and are to simulate but for three hours, have a regard, in choosing those parts, to the natural bent of their genius. Penkethman never acted Cato; nor Booth, Scrub; and I would much rather be an excellent shoemaker than a ridiculous and inept minister of state. I greatly admire our industrious neighbours, the Germans, for many things; but for nothing more than their steady adherence to the voice of Nature: they indefatigably pursue the way she has chalked out to them, and never deviate into any irregular character. Thus many of the first rank, if happily turned to me<sup>3</sup>

\* A firm of woollen-draperies in the Strand; the first of them was grandfather Horace Mann, the correspondent of Horace Walpole—who, by the way, in his *Memoirs of George III.* just published (vol. iv. p. 19), expressly calls Man<sup>3</sup>

have employed their whole lives in the incatenation of fleas, or the curious sculpture of cherry-stones; but none, that I have heard of, ever deviated into an attempt at wit. Nay, due care is taken even in the education of their princes, that they may be fit for something, for they are always instructed in some other trade besides that of government; so that, if their genius does not lead them to be able princes, it is ten to one but they are excellent turners.'

In a graver sheet of the same paper (January, 1739), after much laudation of Hanover, we are told—

'There cannot be a stronger instance of the advantages arising to a country from a wise and a frugal administration, than the great improvements of that electorate, under the successive governments of his late and his present majesty. The whole revenues of the electorate, at the time of his late majesty's accession to the throne of these realms, did not amount to more than 300,000*l.* a-year; and yet soon afterwards the considerable purchases of Bremen and Verden were made for above 500,000*l.* sterling. Not long after this, the number of troops in the electorate was raised much above what it was before thought able to maintain, and has continued ever since upon that high establishment. Since his present majesty's accession to the electorate, notwithstanding that the expenses for the current service of the year equal, at least, the revenue of Hanover, yet, by a prudent and frugal management, a million sterling at least has been laid out, over and above, in new acquisitions.'

Small wonder that Chesterfield gained nothing by the downfall of Walpole, though no one had laboured for that downfall with more persevering energy both of voice and pen. Small wonder that even in the second of the succeeding cabinets he found no place; it was more than sufficient that his friends should be able to nominate him for another mission to the Hague, and for the Lieutenancy of Ireland, which he was allowed to hold with his embassy. He performed his Dutch business (as on the former occasion) with admirable skill—and repaired to the seat of his viceroyalty on the rumour of invasion in the autumn of 1745—but still without ever being admitted to the presence of his sovereign. It was the consummate prudence, firmness, and even now astonishing success of his brief Irish administration—his success in keeping Ireland perfectly tranquil all through the Jacobite insurrection—nay, in producing and maintaining, at such a juncture, a more general appearance of good will towards the English Government than has ever since, we believe, been exhibited there during even so short a space as eight years—it was this great service—especially as confederence of his anti-Carteret friends in threatening crisis of the Rebellion—it was this that finally subdued

subdued the very excusable antipathy and jealousy of George II.\* The Earl's gracious reception on his return to London, and the familiarity of the subsequent intercourse between him and the king, being narrated fully by Dr. Maty, besides being embellished with some lively caricatures by Horace Walpole, we are somewhat surprised that the truth of the case should have escaped the sharp-sighted editor of the Suffolk Correspondence.

Chesterfield now exchanged his Lord Lieutenancy for the office of Secretary of State in England—a change alike unfortunate for himself, for his sovereign, and, we are most seriously persuaded, for the permanent interests of the empire. He came to take part in an administration with the heads of which he never cordially agreed on the main question of their foreign policy; and a variety of collisions, the details of which are no longer of general interest, produced his resignation of the seals in 1748—which proved to be his final retirement from official life—he being at that time only in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and in the full possession of talents and experience such as no contemporary surpassed. Had he continued in Ireland for but a few years more—heartily animated as he was with an interest in the country, a warm love of the people, a thorough conviction that a course of steady impartial government, a fixed discountenancing of jobs of every sort and kind, and the cordial promotion of national industry in all departments—the whole administration conducted on the principle of fostering whatever was at once Irish and good, and of discouraging whatever needlessly irritated the prejudices of a naturally generous and affectionate race of men—had Lord Chesterfield been allowed to remain in Dublin for ten years in place of eight months, we think it almost impossible that he should not have accomplished more for the civilization of the people, the improvement of the country's resources, and the obliteration of its long-descended feuds and bitternesses, than could have been looked for from twenty years of any Lord Lieutenant since the Revolution. It was a grievous blunder that removed from Ireland, which needed a first-rate man, a first-rate man for whom the first place was not open in England, and who could nowhere be satisfied long to fill any place but the first.

We cannot refuse ourselves a quotation from Lord M.

\* Chesterfield's second embassy to Holland, in 1745, and

\* It would seem that the 'Memoires of George II.' had opened Coxe; for in his later publication on the Pelham ministry (vol. i. p. ) narrates these transactions, he does not recur to Horace Walpole's Suffolk, but justly describes George II. as having, until 1746, 'resentment against Chesterfield for his former virulent invectives against predilections.'

renewed the praises he had acquired by the first. So high did his reputation stand at this period, that Sir Watkin Wynn, though neither his partisan nor personal friend, once in the House of Commons reversed in his favour Clarendon's character of Hampden, saying that "Lord Chesterfield had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute, any worthy action." At home his career, though never, as I think, inspired by a high and pervading patriotism, deserves the praise of humane, and liberal, and far-sighted policy. Thus after the rebellion, while all his colleagues thought only of measures of repression—the dungeon or the scaffold—disarming acts and abolition acts—we find that Chesterfield "was for schools and villages to civilise the Highlands." But undoubtedly the most brilliant and useful part of his career was his Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. It was he who first, since the Revolution, made that office a post of active exertion. Only a few years before, the Duke of Shrewsbury had given as a reason for accepting it, that it was a place where a man had business enough to hinder him from falling asleep, and not enough to keep him awake! Chesterfield, on the contrary, left nothing undone, nor for others to do. Being once asked how he was able to go through so many affairs, he answered, "Because I never put off till to-morrow what I can do to-day." Chesterfield was also the first to introduce at Dublin—long as it had reigned in London—the principle of impartial justice. It is no doubt much easier to rule in Ireland on one exclusive principle or on another. It is very easy, as was formerly the case, to choose the great Protestant families for "Managers," to see only through their eyes, and to hear only through their ears: it is very easy, according to the modern fashion, to become the tool and champion of Roman Catholic agitators; but to hold the balance even between both; to protect the Establishment, yet never wound religious liberty; to repress the lawlessness, yet not chill the affections, of that turbulent but warm-hearted people; to be the arbiter, not the slave, of parties: this is the true object worthy that a statesman should strive for, and fit only for the ablest to attain! "I came determined," writes Chesterfield many years afterwards, "to proscribe no set of persons whatever, and determined to be governed by none. Had the Papists made any attempt to put themselves above the law, I should have taken good care to have quelled them again. It was said that my lenity to the Papists had wrought no alteration either in their religious or their political sentiments. I did not expect that it would; but surely that was no reason for cruelty towards them." Yet Chesterfield did not harshly censure, even where he strongly disapproved; but often conveyed a keen reproof beneath a good-humoured jest. Thus, being informed by some exasperated zealots that his coachman was a Roman Catholic, and went every Sunday to mass—"Does he, indeed?" replied the Lord Lieutenant, "I will take good care that he shall never drive me there!" When he first arrived at Dublin, a dangerous rebellion was bursting forth in the sister kingdom, and threatened to extend itself to a country where so many held the faith of the young Pretender. With a weak and wavering or a fierce and headlong Lord Lieutenant—with a Grafton or a Ford—there might soon have been another Papist army at the Boyne.

Boyne. But so able were the measures of Chesterfield; so clearly did he impress upon the public mind that his moderation was not weakness, nor his clemency cowardice; but that, to quote his own expression, "his hand should be as heavy as Cromwell's upon them if they once forced him to raise it;"—so well did he know how to scare the timid, while conciliating the generous, that this alarming period passed over with a degree of tranquillity such as Ireland has not often displayed even in orderly and settled times. This just and wise—wise because just—administration has not failed to reward him with its meed of fame; his authority has, I find, been appealed to even by those who, as I conceive, depart most widely from his maxims; and his name, I am assured, lives in the honoured remembrance of the Irish people, as, perhaps, next to Ormond, the best and worthiest in their long viceroyal line.'—vol. i. pp. ix.—xi.

This eloquent passage is now reproduced exactly as it first appeared in 1839. We cannot read it over without again expressing our hope that Lord Mahon may yet expand and illustrate its statements. There are some apparent inconsistencies in Chesterfield's language, and conduct too, as to the Irish Romanists, on which Burke has left us a fierce commentary in the letter to Sir H. Langrishe, but as to which we think it probable the archives of Dublin Castle might yet furnish a vindication. To these points Lord Mahon makes no allusion; and, as matters stand, they are sufficiently puzzling. We think even here he might have said more on the good effects in Ireland of what was precisely the source of his chief difficulties and disasters in his political career at home. The wit of the Viceroy had a thousand charms for the Irish, and no terrors. He was not afraid of joking with anybody: he could give and take with equal readiness; and even what to us now-a-days seem very indecorous jokes, to have come from a man of his years, to say nothing of his station, were enjoyed and reciprocated at Dublin with most unceremonious glee. Lord Mahon does not forget the remarkable fact that during the whole of his Lieutenancy, as also while Secretary of State afterwards, the Earl had resolution to abstain wholly from the gaming-table, though it is well known that he reappeared at White's the very evening he resigned the seals. It is proper to add that he exerted himself in every way, by precept and by example, and with considerable success, to put down the habits of deep drinking in Irish society; and no Lieutenant could have had a chance of success in that direction unless one disposed and qualified to enter freely into all the unbrutal parts of convivial enjoyment—one capable of reconciling even George Faulkener by copiousness of merriment to scant of claret. We fear he set a bad enough example as to some other matters, but even this promoted his popularity with high and low. We fear also that  
Lord

Lord Chesterfield's patronage of the Roman Catholics (such as that was—a much nearer approach to patronage, at all events, than they had experienced since 1688) had its root, partly at least, in his general indifference to religion; but on that subject we shall say something by-and-bye. Meantime he condensed much wisdom into his parting sentence to the Bishop of Waterford—'*Be more afraid of Poverty than of the Pope.*'

Chesterfield resigned the seals in 1748—and whoever was the penman of the once celebrated tract entitled '*An Apology for a late Resignation,*' we have no doubt that it states truly the grounds of his retirement—namely, his aversion to the war and his resentment of his cousin Newcastle's interference with the proper patronage of his office. That he at the time meant his retirement to be final, Lord Mahon seems to believe fully—but here we cannot agree with the editor. We consider it much more probable that he would have been very willing to take office again—upon the great changes produced by the death of Pelham especially—but for the sad, to him of all men the most grievous, infirmity of deafness, which—within but a few years after 1748—though it might not materially interfere with his efficiency as a parliamentary orator,\* must have unfitted him for watching and participating in the tide of debate, as would have been expected from an official leader in the House of Lords. As to the authorship of the '*Apology,*' Coxe, on the authority of Bishop Douglas, ascribes it to Mallet (*Life of Lord Walpole*, vol. ii. p. 206). Lord Mahon (vol. iii. p. 254) does not allude to this claim, but seems to attach more weight to a letter of Horace Walpole to Sir H. Mann (December, 1748), where the pamphlet is given to Lord Marchmont, who, Horace adds, had nearly lost his own place in consequence. To this piece of evidence we can oppose the opinion of Horace Walpole himself at a later date; for in his '*Memoires of George II.*' he expressly calls it '*Chesterfield's book*'—and, moreover, we have now before us the copy of the '*Apology*' sold at the Strawberry Hill auction, and on its title-page in Horace's autograph are these words—'*Lord Chesterfield's.*' It is possible, however, that Lord Mahon placed more reliance on Chesterfield's own disclaimer at the time to Mr. Dayrolles, viz., '*Upon my word and honour, so far am I from having any hand directly or indirectly in it, that I do not so much as guess the author, though I have done all I could to fish him out*' (April 8, 1748). But, in the first place, the very formality and solemnity of this disclaimer, addressed to his

\* Even Horace Walpole  
he ever heard was  
own father, at

to Mann, in December, 1743, that the finest speech  
— had heard, when he wrote this, his  
and Mansfield, and Chatham.

intimate friend *the Resident at the Hague*, would to us have seemed very suspicious: for it is clear, from not a few passages (*now first published*) in his correspondence with this very gentleman, that Chesterfield had no faith in the Post-office. He says to Dayrolles shortly before his resignation (January, 1748), 'Write to me from time to time as usual—but remember I shall be no longer master of the post—therefore let no letter that comes by it contain anything but what will bear an opening previous to mine' (vol. iii. p. 238): and in April, after he had resigned, he says, 'Don't send me the name in a letter by the post, for I know that most letters to and from me are opened' (*ibid.*, p. 257). We put Chesterfield's denial to Dayrolles, in a word, on the same foot with Swift's denial of his concern in *Gulliver* to Pope and Arbuthnot, and account for it in the same way. Secondly, it is impossible to read the pamphlet and believe that Lord Chesterfield read it without a suspicion who wrote it. It could have come from no man but one intimately conversant with the interior state of the cabinet, and with the secret occurrences of Chesterfield's own vexed career as Secretary. We have no doubt the pamphlet was dictated by Chesterfield, and think it most likely that Mallet, not Marchmont, held the pen. Some few inelegancies in the language are probably marks of Mallet's hand—but these, and even certain inflated compliments to Lord Chesterfield's wit, may have been studiously introduced by the master himself—parts of his *blind*.

On his resignation George II. offered him a Dukedom; but Chesterfield, whom so many think of as a perfect peacock of vanity, declined that distinction. He did not approve of Lord Johns and Lord Charleses.

During his brief tenure of the seals as Secretary occurred that address and dedication to him of the plan or prospectus of the English Dictionary with which Boswell's narrative still connects in the popular mind impressions bitterly adverse and (we think) quite unjust to Lord Chesterfield. We fancy few take the trouble to reflect on the actual positions of the Earl and Johnson in November, 1747. Samuel Johnson was *anno ætat.* 38, not our and Boswell's Dr. Johnson. Boswell himself never saw him till sixteen years later. Visiting London in 1760 he had a glimpse of a chance through—Derrick *the Poet*, but that failed. In 1761 he had another glimpse through—Sheridan the elocutionist, but that failed. In May, 1763, his hopes were crowned—by an introduction in the back shop of Tom Davies! But what had excited even Boswell's nervous curiosity even in 1760?—Between 1747 and then Johnson had shot up to a giant. In 1747 he had published nothing that we now value him for except

except his 'London' and his *Life of Savage*. By 1760 he was the Doctor, the author of the *Rambler* and the *Adventurer*, of *Rasselas*, and of the *Dictionary*, &c. &c.; and even then we see what were the sort of channels through which a gentleman of birth, fortune, and talents, an enthusiastic admirer of his works, twice failed, and ultimately succeeded, in getting access to his society. In 1747 Chesterfield was fifty-three, and Secretary of State. Johnson's good friend Dodsley, the bookseller, suggested that it would be well to address the plan to the brilliant and literary minister—but Dodsley had no acquaintance with my lord, and Johnson waited on him in person with his prospectus, whereupon he had patched sundry elaborate eulogies of the patron *in fore*—phrases most magniloquent, which he must have concocted with some twinges of conscience, as Chesterfield, though a scholar and a wit, was at least as well known as a gambler, a voluptuary, an infidel—and a whig. We need not repeat the immortalized grievances of his alleged reception—he had the Secretary's approval of the plan, but what his friend Tyers calls the 'substantial proofs of approbation,' were limited to one donation of ten guineas—and Samuel Johnson, beside being actually kept waiting one day for some time in the Secretary's antechamber, had the mortification to see Colley Cibber come out as he was invited to walk in. Kept waiting!—Samuel Johnson had not had much experience of Whitehall. Only ten guineas!—He had received no more for his 'London'—he got but fifteen in 1748 for his 'Vanity of Human Wishes.' 'Sir,' said he to Boswell in reference to another yet later payment—'Ten pounds were to me at that time a great sum.'

Boswell could not deny that when, after an interval of eight years, Johnson's *Dictionary* was at last published, Chesterfield recommended it promptly and efficaciously by two papers in 'The World'—but he calls this 'a courtly device' to cover the 'neglect' of the intervening years, and ascribes Johnson's famous letter to indignation mainly at this 'courtly device.' *Imprimis*, the plan or prospectus was admirably written, but still it was only a plan. Its writer was known to Chesterfield merely as a clever *Grub-street* author—the companion of the Savages—the hack of Cave and Dodsley. How could he be sure that the plan would ever be executed? Are either Earls as Earls, or Earls as Secretaries of State, expected now—were they really expected then—to provide 'substantially' for the support of any stranger who announces a great literary work while he shall be composing the work—a work which possibly he may have no serious intention to compose—a work which very possibly he may never be <sup>at</sup> complete (for the cleverest do not always calculate ex

*quid valeant humeri*)—a work, finally, which if composed and completed well, is sure to turn out highly profitable to somebody—but not assuredly to the Earl or the Secretary? *Secundo*, notwithstanding Johnson's sonorous puffs of the Earl's taste and genius, his plan was without question addressed to the Earl because he was the Secretary. Now he ceased to be the Secretary very soon after the plan was submitted to him—in about four months after that awful waiting in the *salle des pas perdus*; and might he not be excused if he put the same construction on the puffs that we do, and considered that if the announced lexicon was really entitled to 'substantial' encouragement throughout the various stages of its embryo progress, the author (or rather the publishing undertakers) ought to look not to Philip Earl of Chesterfield, but to whoever succeeded him as His Majesty's Secretary of State? But *tertio*—Chesterfield retired from office in April, 1748—probably before Johnson had penned *de facto* one page of the Dictionary first announced in November, 1747—and during the years that passed between the presentation of the plan and the publication of the book, was the Earl—as a private nobleman—so situated as to have made it likely that he would seek after the private acquaintance of a literary man fifteen years his junior, and known to none of his friends—or, if Boswell falls back on the mere furthering of the approved Prospectus, were Johnson's own *public* proceedings during the interval such as would naturally inspire confidence in his industrious prosecution of the gigantic labour of the programmed Dictionary? As to Johnson, we have already mentioned that during those eight years he was before the world as author of an uninterrupted series of important writings, none of them in any way connected with the Dictionary; some of them ('*Rasselas*' and the '*Imitation of Juvenal*' especially) such as a man like Chesterfield might naturally enough think little likely to proceed from a diligent lexicographer's desk; each of them and all in their sequence and patent results such as must be supposed to operate largely for the pecuniary benefit of the author, and the encouragement of his booksellers as to whatever else he might have in hand. But what was the bodily condition of Lord Chesterfield during these eight years when Johnson was keeping himself before the world as novelist, biographer, essayist, and poet, though all the while guiding, directing, and animating the corps of humble scribes associated with him in the unseen toils of the Dictionary? One would have thought that everybody must have read at least Voltaire's tale, '*Les Oreilles du Comte de Chesterfield*.' Mr. Croker says:—

'Why was it to be expected that Lord Chesterfield should cultivate Johnson's private acquaintance?—That he did not do so was a loss to his

his lordship; and the *amour propre* of Johnson might be (as, indeed, it probably was) offended at that neglect, but surely it was no ground for the kind of charge which is made against his lordship.

'The neglect lasted, it is charged, from 1748 to 1755: the following extracts of his private letters to his most intimate friends will prove that during that period Lord Chesterfield may be excused for not cultivating Johnson's society:—

'20th January, 1749.—"My old disorder in my head hindered me from acknowledging your former letters."

'30th June, 1752.—"I am here in my hermitage, very deaf, and consequently *alone*; but I am *less dejected than most people in my situation would be*."

'11th Nov. 1752.—"The waters have done my head some good, but not enough to *refit me for social life*."

'16th Feb. 1753.—"I grow deafer, and consequently more '*isolé*' from society every day."

'10th Oct. 1753.—"I belong *no more to social life*, which, when I quitted busy public life, I flattered myself would be the comfort of my declining age."

'16th Nov. 1753.—"I give up all hopes of cure. I know my place, and form my plan accordingly, for *I strike society out of it*."

'7th Feb. 1754.—"At my age, and with my *shattered constitution*, freedom from pain is the best I can expect."

'1st March, 1754.—"I am too much *isolé*, too much secluded either from the busy or the *beau monde*, to give you any account of either."

'25th Sept. 1754.—"In truth, all the infirmities of an age still more advanced than mine crowd upon me. In this situation you will easily suppose that I have no pleasant hours."

'10th July, 1755.—"My deafness is extremely increased, and daily increasing, and cuts me wholly *off from the society of others*, and my other complaints deny me the society of myself."

'Johnson, perhaps, knew nothing of all this, and imagined that Lord Chesterfield declined his acquaintance on some opinion derogatory to his personal pretensions.'—*Croker's Boswell*, vol. i. p. 245.

Boswell's editor has been equally successful in clearing up the history of the famous *Letter* itself. Chesterfield showed it at the time to some of his friends—nay, kept it openly on his table, and took a pleasure, as it seemed to them (though Boswell considers this another 'courtly device'), in pointing out the skilfulness of some of its vituperative turns and phrases. Johnson, on the other hand, to his credit be it said, seems to have repented of his violence very soon after it was committed. He never made a show of the letter. Importunate curiosity and adulation, and the Doctor's own authorly *vanity* near twenty years afterwards to give Bozz it under the strictest injunctions of secr

quently urged by the rhinoceros-skinned recipient to withhold no longer such a masterpiece from the gaze of the world, he sternly refused, saying 'I have done the dog too much mischief already.'

Nothing but the inveterate mania of toadyism and lionizing could have made a gentleman born like Boswell adopt the notion that men of literary or scientific eminence have a right, merely as such, to be cultivated as private acquaintance by either Secretaries of State or Earls of Chesterfield;—that they or their friends for them should ever condescend to complain of what Boswell in this story over and over calls 'neglect,' is to our view most melancholy and most degrading. We must add, whatever were Chesterfield's faults, he had none of those which Boswell on this occasion ascribes to him—and which Boswell would have been the last to say a word about, had there still been any chance of an invitation to Chesterfield House or Blackheath—the faults which do often keep men of high rank aloof from the society of persons inferior to them only in worldly station, and consequently in the *minora moralia* of manner and address. We need not repeat what has been said a thousand times, that his dwelling so pertinaciously on external trifles in the letters to his son was the consequence merely of the son's peculiar position and defects. In his own person the Earl was a most polished, but yet by no means a fastidious man. He could keep company with a set of Irish squireens just as pleasantly as with the *élite* of St. James's or Versailles. For he was a student of man—human manners were his special life-long study—and no man ever did study manners with true delight and diligence who had the misfortune to be emasculated by over-nicety. Johnson's mere manners were certainly in general bad enough: but still Johnson, a lover of wit, had no objection to a lord. Boswell *once* dined with him at a duke's table, and candidly allows that he never saw him so courteous or more brilliant. On the whole, therefore, we think it probable that if any such common friend as Topham Beauclerk, or Wyndham, had brought them together in after days, we should have had the record of another scene as edifying as the one when John Wilkes squeezed the lemon on the Doctor's roast veal, and gave him a bit more of the kidney. In that case even Chesterfield's infirmity could hardly have been an obstacle—for surely, if ever voice was deafness-proof, it was Samuel Johnson's.

We have already alluded to Walpole's 'Memoires of the Last Years of George II.' as decisive of his ultimate opinion as to the substantial authorship of the 'Apology' of 1748. As the passage had escaped Lord Mahon's recollection, and as it is perhaps

haps the very *chef-d'œuvre* of Horace Walpole's cold deliberate malice, we may as well pause to extract it from the huge quarto in which it as yet lies entombed. It is Horace's *résumé*, on having to state that the alteration of the *style* in 1752 was adopted on the motion of Lord Chesterfield—the Government shrinking from such a proposal as likely to disturb the prejudices of the old women.

'February, 1751.—Lord Chesterfield brought a bill into the House of Lords for reforming our style according to the Gregorian account, which had not yet been admitted in England, as if it were matter of heresy to receive a calendar amended by a pope. He had made no noise since he gave up the seals in 1748, when he published his *Apology* for that resignation. It was supposed to be drawn up by Lord Marchmont, under his direction, and was very well written; but to my Lord Chesterfield's great surprise, neither his book nor his retirement produced the least consequence. From that time he had lived at White's, gaming, and pronouncing witticisms among the boys of quality. He had early in his life announced his claim to wit, and the women believed in it. He had besides given himself out for a man of great intrigue, with as slender pretensions; yet the women believed in that too—one should have thought they had been more competent judges of merit in that particular! It was not his fault if he had not wit; nothing exceeded his efforts in that point; and though they were far from producing the wit, they at least amply yielded the applause he aimed at. He was so accustomed to see people laugh at the most trifling things he said, that he would be disappointed at finding nobody smile before they knew what he was going to say. His speeches were fine, but as much laboured as his extempore sayings. His writings were—everybody's: that is, whatever came out good was given to him, and he was too humble ever to refuse the gift. . . . In short, my Lord Chesterfield's being the instrument to introduce this new era into our computation of time will probably preserve his name in almanacs and chronologies, when the wit that he had but laboured too much, and the gallantry that he could scarce ever execute, will be no more remembered.'—*Memoires*, vol. i. pp. 44–46.

To balance this Strawberry-hill view of Chesterfield we consider it as only fair to subjoin the same 'noble author's' character of Dr. Johnson, from the newly published and closing volumes of his '*Memoirs of the First Ten Years of George III.*':—

'With a lumber of learning and some strong parts, Johnson was an odious and mean character—by principle a Jacobite, arrogant, self-sufficient, and overbearing by nature, ungrateful through pride, and of *feminine bigotry*. His manners were sordid, supercilious, and brutal, his style ridiculously bombastic and vicious; and in one word, with all the pedantry he had all the gigantic littleness of a country schoolmaster.'—vol. iv. p. 297.

When Chesterfield was dead, and the letters to his son published, Johnson, as everybody knows, said they taught the morals of a strumpet and the manners of a dancing-master—but he subsequently admitted that ‘a very pretty book’ might be picked out of them. In our younger days we remember a little book compiled in consequence probably of the Doctor’s hint—and if, as we believe, it has fallen out of print, it is a pity that this should be so. The remarks on punctuality, order, despatch, the proper use of time—on the cheapness and vast value of civility to servants and other inferiors—and so forth—all these are instinct with most consummate good sense and knowledge of life and business, and certainly nothing can be more attractive than the style in which they are set before young readers. Lord Mahon says:—

‘It is by these letters that Chesterfield’s character as an author must stand or fall. Viewed as compositions, they appear almost unrivalled as models for a serious epistolary style; clear, elegant, and terse, never straining at effect, and yet never hurried into carelessness. While constantly urging the same topics, so great is their variety of argument and illustration, that, in one sense, they appear always different, in another sense, always the same. They have, however, incurred strong reprehension on two separate grounds: first, because some of their maxims are repugnant to good morals; and, secondly, as insisting too much on manners and graces, instead of more solid acquirements. On the first charge I have no defence to offer; but the second is certainly erroneous, and arises only from the idea and expectation of finding a general system of education in letters that were intended solely for the improvement of one man. Young Stanhope was sufficiently inclined to study, and imbued with knowledge; the difficulty lay in his awkward address and indifference to pleasing. It is against these faults, therefore, and these faults only, that Chesterfield points his battery of eloquence. Had he found his son, on the contrary, a graceful but superficial trifler, his letters would no doubt have urged with equal zeal how vain are all accomplishments when not supported by sterling information. In one word, he intended to write for Mr. Philip Stanhope, and not for any other person. And yet, even after this great deduction from general utility, it was still the opinion of a most eminent man, no friend of Chesterfield, and no proficient in the graces—the opinion of Dr. Johnson, “Take out the immorality, and the book should be put into the hands of every young gentleman.”’—*Preface*, pp. xviii.-xix.

These letters were addressed to a natural son—and that circumstance should be constantly kept in mind; it is needful to explain many things that are said, and the only apology for many omissions; but at the same time we must say that if any circumstance could aggravate the culpability of a father’s calmly and strenuously inculcating on his son the duties of seduction and intrigue, it is the fact of that son’s unfortunate position in the world

world being the result of that father's own transgression. And when one reflects on the mature age and latterly enfeebled health of the careful unwearied preacher of such a code, the effect is truly most disgusting; which feeling is not diminished by our reading, in the original preface of Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope, that Lord Chesterfield was 'ever anxious to fix in his son a scrupulous adherence to the strictest morality'—that it was 'his first and most indispensable object to lay a firm foundation in good principles and sound religion;'—after which it is hardly worth while to quote Chesterfield's own occasional injunctions, such as 'your moral character must be not only pure, but, like Cæsar's wife, unsuspected—the least blemish or speck on it is fatal;'—or to notice the dead silence, from first to last, as to religion, unless we must except a passage where the Old Testament is mentioned as one of the books needful for giving 'some notion of history'—or the many enthusiastic eulogies of Voltaire, amidst which not one syllable is ever whispered as to the infidel tendency of all the writings of 'the first of poets'—though some caution against infidel talk in society is once introduced—on the sole ground of its not being universally acceptable.

We give Lord Chesterfield full credit for his parental zeal and anxiety: in this respect he was very amiable; but we are afraid he went to his grave—he certainly drew up his last will—without ever having reflected seriously on the nature of his own dealings with his son's mother, or on—to speak of nothing more serious still—the personal, domestic, and social mischiefs inevitably consequent on the sort of conduct which his precept as well as his example held up for the imitation of his own base-born boy. By his will he leaves *five hundred pounds* to Madame de Bouchet 'as some recompense for the injury he had done her.' The story we believe to have been this:—About a year before Chesterfield's marriage, when he was ambassador to Holland, he was the great lion, and moreover the *Cupidon déchaîné* of the Hague. Some of his adventures excited in a particular manner the horror of an accomplished Frenchwoman of gentle birth who was living there as *dame de compagnie* to two or three Dutch girls—orphans, heiresses, and beauties. Her eloquent denunciations of his audacious practices, and her obvious alarm lest any of her fair charges should happen to attract his attention, were communicated somehow to the dazzling ambassador; and he made a bet that he would seduce herself first, and then the prettiest of her pupils. With the duenna at least he succeeded. She seems to have resided ever afterwards in or near London, in the obscurest retirement and solit' for ever from country, family, friends. Five 1

Recompense!—*Five hundred pounds* from one of the wealthiest lords in England, who had no children—Philip himself had died some years before—and whose vast property was entirely at his own disposal! It is satisfactory to add that she refused the 'recompense.' In the magnificent mansion which the Earl erected in Audley Street, you may still see his favourite apartments furnished and decorated as he left them—among the rest what he boasted of as 'the finest room in London'—and perhaps even now it remains unsurpassed—his spacious and beautiful library, looking on the finest private garden in London. The walls are covered half way up with rich and classical stores of literature; above the cases are in close series the portraits of eminent authors, French and English, with most of whom he had conversed—over these, and immediately under the massive cornice, extend all round in foot-long capitals the Horatian lines:—

NUNC . VETERUM . LIBRIS . NUNC . SOMNO . ET . INERTIBUS . HORIS .  
DUCERE . SOLICITÆ . JUCUNDA . OBLIVIA . VITÆ .

On the mantel-pieces and cabinets stand busts of old orators, interspersed with voluptuous vases and bronzes, antique or Italian, and airy Statuettes of Opera nymphs. We shall never recall that princely room without fancying Chesterfield receiving in it a visit of his only child's mother—while probably some new victim or accomplice was sheltered in the dim mysterious little boudoir within—which still remains also in its original blue damask and fretted gold-work, as described to Madame de Monconseil. Did this scene of 'sweet forgetfulness' rise before Mrs. Norton's vision when she framed that sadly beautiful episode which we quoted in our last Number, of the faded broken-hearted mistress reproaching in his library, amidst the busts of 'bards and orators and sages,' the

'Protestant and protesting gentleman,'

who had robbed her innocence and blasted her life?

Hear the paternal voice when Chesterfield House was in the hands of the decorators, and Philip Stanhope was at Paris—a novice of *nineteen*!

'What says Madame Dupin to you? I am told she is very handsome still; I know she was so some few years ago. She has good parts, reading, manners, and delicacy; such an *arrangement* would be both creditable and advantageous to you. She will expect to meet with all the good-breeding and delicacy that she brings; and, as she is past the glare and *éclat* of youth, may be the more willing to listen to your story, if you tell it well. For an attachment, I should prefer her to *la petite Blot*; and, for a mere gallantry, I should prefer *la petite Blot* to her; so that they are consistent, *et l'une n'empêche pas l'autre*. Adieu! remember *la douceur et les grâces*.'—vol. ii. p. 149.

And

And again (May, 1751):—

‘What do you mean by your *Si j’osois*? Qu’est ce qui vous empêche d’oser? On ose toujours quand il y a espérance de succès; et on ne perd rien à oser, quand même il n’y en a pas. Un *honnête* homme sait oser, et quand il faut oser il ouvre la tranchée par des travaux, des soins, et des attentions; s’il n’en est pas délogé d’abord il avance toujours à l’attaque de la place même. Après de certaines approches le succès est infallible, et il n’y a que les *nigards* qui en doutent, ou qui ne le tentent point. Seroit-ce le caractère respectable de Madame de la Valière qui vous empêche d’oser, ou seroit-ce la vertu farouche de Madame Dupin qui vous retient? La sagesse invincible de la belle Madame Case vous décourage-t-elle plus que sa beauté ne nous invite? Mais fi donc!—Soyez convaincu que la femme la plus sage se trouve flattée, bien loin d’être offensée, par une déclaration d’amour, faite avec politesse et agrément. Il se peut bien qu’elle ne s’y prêtera point, c’est à dire si elle a un goût ou une passion pour quelque autre; mais en tout cas elle ne vous en saura pas mauvais gré; de façon qu’il n’est pas question d’oser dès qu’il n’y a pas de danger.’—vol. ii. p. 150.

Such is the perpetual strain. What a contrast are Chatham’s letters to his nephew, written at precisely the same period!

‘At the root of all Lord Chesterfield’s errors,’ says Lord Mahon, ‘lay a looseness of religious principle.’ In our opinion he had no religion. Very few of his friends and associates had much—and he seems to have taken pleasant pains in recording the various shades of their infidelity. Bolingbroke, he tells us, ‘professed himself a Deist, believing in a general providence, but doubting, though by no means rejecting (as is commonly supposed), the immortality of the soul and a future state’ (vol. ii. p. 450); a duplicate nearly of Voltaire. Pope ‘was a Deist, believing in a future state: this he has often owned to me; but when he died, he sacrificed a cock to Esculapius, and suffered the priests who got about him to perform all their absurd ceremonies on his body.’ (*Ibid.* p. 445.) It is to Chesterfield that the world is indebted for the proof that Swift ended as the Tale of a Tub shows him to have begun. The Dean died in the first month of the Earl’s viceroyalty. He probably picked ‘the Day of Judgment’ out of some confidential companion at Dublin; and in 1751 he communicated the piece to Voltaire, through whose Correspondence it first transpired. It ends with that consummately finished confession of the church dignitary’s faith:—

‘While each pale sinner hung his head,  
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said:  
Offending race of human kind,  
By nature, reason, learning, blind;  
You who through Frailty stepp’d aside,  
And you who never fell—from Pride;

You who in different sects were sham'm'd,  
 And come to see each other damn'd—  
 (So some folk told you, but they knew  
 No more of Jove's designs than you)—  
 The world's mad business now is o'er,  
 And I resent these pranks no more.  
 —I to such blockheads set my wit!  
 I damn such fools!—Go, go, you're bit.—

It is to Chesterfield that we owe the story of Pope and Atterbury's last interview in the Tower, according to which, unless Pope told Chesterfield a most egregious and circumstantial lie, or Chesterfield invented his own conversation with Pope at Twickenham, Bishop Atterbury, though a Christian when he left England never to return, had been a steady adherent of the sect of Bolingbroke, all the while that he filled a prominent place in the service and guidance of the Church of England. Lord Mahon expresses utter disbelief in the whole story. 'What judicious critic,' he says (vol. ii. p. 446), 'would weigh in the balance, for a moment, the veracity of Pope against the piety of Atterbury?' We hope his lordship's decision is right.

That there was, however, one sincere Christian in the Twickenham set, we have the evidence even of Chesterfield. His Character of Arbuthnot (now first printed) is a pleasing relief in every way—and here he says:—

'He lived and died a devout and sincere Christian. Pope and I were with him the evening before he died, when he suffered racking pains from an inflammation in his bowels, but his head was clear to the last. He took leave of us with tenderness, without weakness, and told us that he died, not only with the comfort, but even the devout assurance of a Christian.'—vol. ii. p. 448.

Whether Chesterfield had the satisfaction of making his filial pupil either a libertine or an infidel we have no sufficient evidence. Notwithstanding Mr. James Boswell's attestation to the respectability of Mr. Philip Stanhope's character (Croker's edition, i. 254), these points remain *in obscuro*. We suppose there is no question that the noble tutor failed in his grand object of social elegance—and that, as Chesterfield had for his father a saturnine Jacobite, so he had a pedantic sloven for his son. But we hope these lines, which we take from the fly-leaf of a friend's copy of the fifth edition of the Letters (1774)—the handwriting unknown to that friend, though he is well skilled in such matters—have no merit but their point:—

'Vile Stanhope—Demons blush to tell—  
 In twice two hundred places  
 Has shown his son the road to hell,  
 Escorted by the Graces:

But

But little did th' ungenerous lad  
Concern himself about them ;  
For base, degenerate, meanly bad,  
He sneaked to hell without them.'

Mr. Stanhope certainly made, in one important matter, a very ungrateful return for the unbounded attention which Lord Chesterfield bestowed on his success in this world. He married without his father's knowledge. The Earl never heard that such a step had been contemplated even, until a widow and two children presented themselves at his door with evidence of their position. He was by this time very frail. The want of confidence cut the aged apostle of dissimulation to the quick—it was upon that son that he had concentrated his cares, and, latterly at least, his affections. But he did not visit the offence on the widow and the orphans. He dealt with them all in the most generous manner. His letters to the lady are models of graciousness, and he provided for her boys' education and future establishment with liberality. Again he had an ungrateful return. As soon as he was in his coffin Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope set about selling the manuscript of his Letters to her husband—which certainly were written, if ever letters were, for the exclusive use of one person, and that person and his representatives bound by every tie to guard the secret—*dum calebant cineres* at all events. But she got 1500*l.* by the job. We doubt if any Earl has died since 1773 for two little volumes of whose private letters any one bookseller would have given a third of the sum. They went through five editions in the first twelve months.

His less exemplary usage of his own wife met with another sort of return. Her birth was, according to the now obsolete notions of that time, an illustrious distinction, to which were added a peerage in her own right, a handsome fortune, the prospect of a great one, and, unless her painters rivalled her lovers, no common share of beauty. In truth, that this tall, dark-haired, graceful woman sprung from the amours of a Hanoverian king and a Dutch-built concubine seems to us, after all, very doubtful. These pretensions and advantages, however, were all hers when she selected Chesterfield from a host of suitors; and certainly during the flower of her life and his own he was a most profligate husband. Nevertheless, the Correspondence bears evidence that the childless Countess treated his son with almost maternal regard, and that in his infirm old age she watched over him with an unwearied devotion. For his mem<sup>o</sup> occasions showed an anxious conce<sup>al</sup> monument of her tender ness. admiration between the generosity

generosity of the sex which Chesterfield flattered, outraged, and despised—the clinging instincts of virgin love and conjugal pride—and the fascination of his habitual small courtesies.

The likeness prefixed to these volumes is from a very fine picture by Gainsborough at Chevening. It was painted in his seventieth year—but we should have guessed him far above eighty: for the excesses of youth and manhood (especially his contempt of Boerhaave's celebrated prescription for him when consulted at the Hague) had produced a general languor and relaxation of the nervous system, and seamed the beautiful countenance all over with wrinkles which no Lawrence would ever have ventured to imitate. We are surprised that Lord Mahon did not take rather the exquisite portrait in crayons by Rosalba, done when Chesterfield House was building, and still impanelled in its original position. This gives us the no longer young, but perfectly preserved Chesterfield—the Ambassador, the Viceroy, the Secretary. His figure, though on a small scale, was very good—every limb turned by Nature's daintiest hand, yet full of vigour, till it paid the penalties of vice. The head is inimitable—we never saw any engraving of him, either from bust, or medal, or picture, that gives an approach to its peculiar expression. The features are all classical—the eyes full of softness, yet of fire—the brow and eyebrows grave and manly—the mouth small, but impressed with such a mixture of firmness, sense, wit, gaiety, and voluptuous delicacy as few artists could have imagined—and no one of that day but Rosalba could have transcribed.\*

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ART. VII.—*Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land; illustrated by a Geological Map, Sections, and Diagrams, and Figures of the Organic Remains.* By P. E. De Strzelecki. London, 1845.

THIS work is cast in a mould not perhaps the fittest for popularity, but is nevertheless a remarkable production, accrediting highly the scientific acquirements of the author, his

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\* We have a serious complaint to make of this 'Collective Edition of Chesterfield's Letters,'—it has no Index. It was the same with the 'Collective Edition of Walpole's Letters,' lately issued from the same establishment, and, like this, in other respects satisfactorily arranged. The publisher ought to know that, though such omissions may not be regarded by the keepers of circulating libraries, they are most annoying to people who have libraries of their own, and buy books to be bound, preserved, and consulted—not merely to be read or glanced over, like a 'standard novel,' or some sentimental spinster's *mince* or jocular Captain's *hash* of history or memoirs. In every considerable printing office there may be found some intelligent man willing and able to compile a sufficient index for such a book as this now before us, for a very moderate remuneration, at his leisure hours.

masculine zeal and intrepidity as a traveller, and his candour, modesty, and clearness as a writer. The subject, moreover, is one which ought to be deeply interesting to English readers. We have as a nation a large stake, augmenting with every successive year, in these our colonies of the southern world; and much obligation is due to the enlightened foreigner who has sought, and successfully, to render his Australian researches not merely profitable to science, but beneficial also to the practical interests of the numerous and energetic people who are spreading the English name and language over these remote shores.

In the various knowledge which he brings to his researches as a traveller, Count Strzelecki is a worthy disciple of the Humboldt school. He has eyes well tutored and intelligent for every part and province of inquiry; for mountains and their minerals; for the great under-world of fossil existence; for botany; for all the conditions of atmosphere and climate, and the electrical and magnetic phenomena which act so largely therein; for agriculture and the chemistry of soils; for languages and the characters of man. These are large endowments, and they are honestly used; with no assumption of knowledge not possessed, and with ample acknowledgment of the labours of others in the same great field.

In commenting on the general merits of this work, we must notice the advantage Count Strzelecki possesses in the extent of his travels over the globe, and the independent activity of spirit which has guided him throughout. A native of Poland, which country we presume he quitted from political considerations, he has passed twelve years continuously in pervagating seas and lands; chiefly those the last and least explored by European adventure, though now yielding to the great tide which civilization, for ulterior purposes in the economy of Providence, is pouring over them. We find from his Preface, that in the course of this period he has visited North and South America, the West Indies, the South Sea Islands, New Zealand, New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, the Javanese Islands, part of China, and the East Indies, and Egypt. Though this volume is limited to Australia, we have abundant proof in the notes and illustrations appended to it, that the same acute faculty of inquiry has accompanied him through these various regions; the survey of one furnishing instruction and preparation for that of another, and with instruments of research fashioned and sharpened by constant exercise. From the specimens of his manuscript journals occasionally afforded in the present volume, we are well justified in desiring that they may hereafter become known to us in their more entire state.

In a recent article of this Review we had occasion to discuss—  
courteously,

courteously, we hope, as well as justly—the relative merits of a fair class of travellers who occupy a large place in the literature of the day; and we indicated certain parts in the history of travel where the female eye and instinct gather up observations, the finer lights and shades of things, not equally attained by the grosser or graver perceptions of our own sex. A volume by Mrs. Meredith on the very countries now brought before us in the work of M. Strzelecki, furnished an apposite and agreeable illustration of our meaning. We spoke highly of this volume at the time, and can afford to repeat our commendation of it.

At a moment when the fashion of travelling, fostered by facilities heretofore unknown to the world, has reached to so extraordinary an extent, and is yet in progress further, we cannot, we conceive, do amiss in adding some few general remarks, applicable chiefly to those graver inquiries of the traveller which embrace the physical history and character of the earth itself, and of the various forms of organised life spread over its surface—and, further, the antiquities, languages, diversities of conformation, social and political economy of the various races and nations of men—objects which, even thus summarily stated, will be seen to comprise a vast circle of knowledge and to require great variety of talent for their successful pursuit. There is the more reason for this, seeing the very large part which our own country bears in the prevailing fashion of the time. It would probably be below the truth, were we to rate the number of travellers furnished forth by our narrow island as thrice that belonging to any equal amount of population in the world. The overflowing commerce and colonial establishments which render England a sort of *officina gentium*, our national wealth and manner of education; and, it may be, other habits of our social life, are all concerned in this effect; which, with every allowance for the vagaries of mere fashion, must be admitted as no bad criterion of the intelligence and moral culture of a community. The great and almost fearful facilities of locomotion which have recently come into existence, and, aided by the capital and energy of England, are still growing with gigantic rapidity by land and sea, have already levelled the surface of the globe to all ranks and conditions of men. Our small country squires, shopkeepers, and artisans, traverse and crowd those regions which heretofore were accessible only to the wealthy and curious few. Tourists whose aspirations were once bounded by the Loire, Rhine, or Po, are now familiarly found in Greece, Palestine, and Egypt; and the transit from New Bond Street to the Bazaar of Constantinople, or to those Pyramids which, in the phrase of an eloquent old writer, 'astonish Heaven with their audacity,' is as readily made as was sixty years ago the journey from London to

Inverness.

Inverness. The 'felix qui patriis ævum transegit in agris' is a being well nigh lost to the world, and not likely to be ever restored to us again. All these are mighty changes, and of high import to the future destinies of man. The large part we have in them makes it most fitting that this part should be worthily performed, and as becomes a nation having instruments of great power in its hands.

It would be difficult to class in any way travellers so numerous, and carrying with them such various and complex interests and motives, as those whom we annually send from our shores. Business and idleness—the pursuit of knowledge or that of pleasure—fortune and misfortune—health and sickness—are all concerned in furnishing cause for these migrations. For our present purpose, however, it is enough to divide them into such as go abroad without any power or design of adding to the information of others, whatever may be their own particular gain; and those who travel with higher objects and resources, seeking to extend the domain of human knowledge, and thence to win honourable fame to themselves. It is not very easy indeed to bring that numerous and increasing body, the authors of books of travels, under this simple classification. We fear, however, it must be avowed, that the great majority of these works, whatever their profession, do in fact add little to the sum of our knowledge; and that vanity and book-craft are much concerned in their production and ephemeral existence. Facts transcribed more or less openly from prior sources of information, and fringed with descriptions of scenery and exaggerated anecdotes of personal adventure, form the great staple of most of these volumes. They are like in this to the palimpsest manuscripts of the Vatican and Ambrosian libraries, that if the superficial writing be removed, the more valuable characters come out from underneath, the obvious work of other hands and a former time. What may best be alleged for these books is, that they are a source of harmless pleasure to many; and that in reviving recollections, and repeating in various forms the knowledge already gained, they tend to keep it floating on the surface and more accessible for daily use.

There are no absolute gaps in the world; and we rise by steps from these lighter tourists and authors of the day to the higher labours, in whatever shape they be recorded, of men who bring to their travels matured knowledge, the genius of discovery, or the power of patient and laborious research. We most willingly recognise the many travellers of our own age to this higher class; and contemplating as the arena, we believe there is much, or will transmit to posterity

cessful inquiry. Our maritime position has mainly contributed to this result; and, looking more especially to the present time, we may cite as eminent instances the several expeditions of arctic and antarctic discovery which have been sent forth during the last twenty years; including, by an earnest anticipation of success, that which is at this moment on its way to achieve—if achievement be possible by energy and skill—the ancient problem of the north-west passage. Our old maritime discoverers in this course, the Frobishers, Hudsons, and Baffins, gave marvellous examples of intrepidity in traversing unknown and dangerous seas with their small and ill-provided barks. But science has now been added to boldness; and since the time of Cook's voyages, all our expeditions, and especially those of latest date, have comprised men admirably qualified by their various pursuits and attainments to advance the progress, not of geography alone, but of every branch of physical knowledge, by land as well as on sea. We might indulge in a long list of names to confirm our assertion, were they not too familiarly known to require such notice.\*

It is needful, however, to admit that this superiority is not equally maintained by our travellers on land only. In relation to their number, the proportion of those of high attainment and fitness for their vocation is less than in Germany; nor can we justly claim at this moment the place of foremost in reputation. The fact as to relative proportion is readily explained. In the mass of English travellers circulating over Europe, and countries beyond, we find classes and descriptions of persons who in the social economy of other nations seldom or never quit their native soil. We have already alluded to this; and were it needful, might comment more minutely on the composition of that extraordinary multitude who carry the English name, character, and habits, over the face of the earth; including (as we may remark for our present purpose) a vast mass of the middle class of society,—very many for mere matters of business;—and a large number of the young and untutored, fresh from nursery, school, or college. A question of proportion taken from these gives no useful result. The Germans, who quit their own country for travel—much fewer in number, and with smaller means and appliances of every kind—do nevertheless carry with them certain conditions well fitted to successful research—an age sufficiently matured; habits of labour and moderate living; great earnestness of purpose;

\* We cannot, however, willingly omit the name of Mr. Charles Darwin, who by his various successful labours and acquisitions during the four years' voyage on the *Beagle*, and by his various works connected with this expedition, has his family name, and taken a high place among European travellers. We rejoice to see that his '*Journal*' has now been reprinted with add cheap form.

studies directed beforehand to the particular objects and course of travel; and it may perhaps be added, that temper of the German mind which revels in the mysteries and obscure places of nature, is ever seeking new systems and combinations in philosophy, and is prone to invest with something metaphysical and imaginative even the most arid technicalities of science.

We have adverted to Germany as the most opposite example in comparison with England; and would especially comment on one point just noticed, viz., the preparation for travelling by previous study. It would be waste of words to dwell long upon the importance of this. Keeping ever before him the principle to which Bacon has given new force and dignity by his injunction, '*genus humanum novis operibus et potestatibus continuò dotare*,'\* the traveller who seeks to occupy a worthy place as such, must make his undertaking commence by labours at home;—in the closet or museum, the mountain, laboratory, or mine. There is no north-west passage here to lead rapidly and shortly to success; nor any instinct which can compensate for the deficiencies of knowledge. One man by vigour, or a certain happiness of faculty, may redeem these deficiencies more speedily than another; but as far as they exist, they must render sterile to the traveller any soil he traverses, however fruitful and abounding to those who come well prepared to gather a harvest there.

This is alike true as regards all branches of science and objects of research. The latter should be defined beforehand, as far as this may be possible. The enlightened traveller will interest himself in whatever is known, thoroughly or partially, of the countries he is about to explore; and equally in all that is yet undone and unknown. If it be wholly a new field (and many such still remain on the surface of the globe), the demand for preparation in one view is greater, as the objects are less defined. But on the other hand, everything is here pure gain, and none can come back from such places altogether unladen.

These observations may seem trite and needless; and yet they are in some sort justified by what we are bound to consider a deficiency in the education of travellers in our own country. We willingly except from this remark the many eminent naturalists (amidst whom our geologists are conspicuous), and the numerous learned in history, antiquities, languages, &c., who carry out with them all the acquirements needful for successful travel. But it is a question of proportion and degree; and we are persuaded more might might be done, both at our universities and elsewhere, to fashion the minds and hands of those who have the d before them for active survey. Without the formality of

\* *Cogitata et Visa.*

normal schools for travellers, we are persuaded that much might be effected through our old academic institutions, if rightly moulded and applied to this end.\* And in the more recent institution of the Geographical Society, were it enlarged and supported as its importance well deserves, we perceive an admirable basis for some such scheme of instruction; which, by affording exact and ready information to the future traveller—indicating to him, in regard to the countries and objects he has in view, what remains to be done, and the method and instruments by which these *desiderata* may best be attained—would tend to repair the deficiencies under which we still labour in this respect. Some effort and expense might well be devoted to this desirable end.†

A few remarks more before coming to the work under our review. We have spoken of M. de Strzelecki as a traveller of the Humboldt school, meaning thereby to designate a method and scope of research of which Humboldt himself has furnished the most illustrious example. No rigid definition can be given of this method, inasmuch as it is only the extension and more perfect form of that which must be the course and purport of every scientific inquiry. But it is the amount of this perfection with which we are here concerned. The naked observation of facts must ever be essentially the same process, with due allowance for variation in the important elements of number, minuteness, and accuracy; and no observer so crude, as not to bring his facts into some connexion with each other, or with kindred parts of human knowledge. But the method to which we allude, which has grown with the growth of science, and become strong in its strength, rests upon a foundation common to all true philosophy. It views nature through the relations and analogies of parts; throws an eagle glance over objects seemingly the most remote and dissociated; masters difficulties by attacking them from points already known and secured; and achieves, by a principle of research, results which no rude or untutored observation can attain.

Setting aside, then, the diversity of talent in individual ob-

\* We are compelled here to advert to the travelling fellowships at our universities. With two or three eminent exceptions, it must be allowed that these have been singularly unfruitful in results to the world.

† We perceive with pleasure by the Address last year to the Society from their late excellent president, Mr. Murchison, that attention has been directed to this point; and a plan adopted of recording the *desiderata* for future travel in different countries, under such revision and arrangement as to render them most accessible and useful for reference. This plan, if duly executed, is good in itself, and capable of extension to other and larger purposes.

We have always admired these ancient maps of D'Anville, in which the parts known, instead of being filled up with imaginary mountains and rivers, are the loneliest blanks, with the few simple words upon them—'*Desideratur hujus tractus accuratior descriptio.*'

servers,—a matter doubtless of much importance—this superiority of method mainly depends on the more enlarged and various knowledge of the sciences, and their mutual connexions, which the traveller brings with him, ready and ripened, into the field of action. What old Roger Ascham says on another subject, ‘Even as a hawk flieth not high with one wing, even so a man reacheth not to excellency with one language,’ is in some sort applicable here. The man of one science only, from default of that power which works among the relations of things, can never attain the highest excellence even in his own proper pursuit. And this is equally true whether he be studying quietly at home, or pursuing knowledge through toil and adventure in foreign lands.

An important qualification must, however, be admitted here. The traveller who starts with a single object of research, ignorant or careless of others, may yet, by earnest devotion to this, obtain results which could be gained in no other way. Such instances have been frequent, particularly in the sciences of mineralogy, zoology, and botany; and as we have read somewhere a warm eulogium upon an ‘illustrious arachnologist,’ we see no reason to limit this profitable division of labour, or to doubt that the especial collectors of spiders, beetles, algæ, and lichens, are each and all rendering valuable services to the cause of knowledge. That eminent naturalist, Ehrenberg, whose consummate researches with the microscope we have ourselves witnessed, has laboured for years, and in every part of the world, among the living and fossil Infusoria, the most minute, as far as we know, of organized beings; and by his devotion to the subject has defined what may almost be termed a new science, viz., the formation of mineral masses, and even mountains, from the *débris* of the countless myriads of these microscopic animalcules, whose generations have lived and perished in the succession of ages. But Ehrenberg, though devoted to this subject, is far from being limited to it, or he had failed in attaining what he has done. And it may be fairly repeated that knowledge in its higher advancements,

‘quel cibo

Che saziando di se, di se asseta,\*

whether derived from travel or from other sources, depends for its superiority chiefly on that happy combination of faculties and methods which can bring the several parts of science into relation with each other, and make them gradually converge towards an harmonious whole. No man can put forth powers for all parts

• may hold in view the principle and

methods of contribution to it, and thereby render his labours more successful and useful to the world.

In making these remarks, we have mainly in view their application to the higher order of travellers, and to that education for travel, as it may rightly be termed, which we desire to see enlarged and improved. Having connected the name of Humboldt with this topic, we may fitly quote a passage from himself in illustration of it, taken from the Preface to the latest work which this distinguished man has given to the world—we would fain hope not the last, though he seems to intimate that such will be the case. The 'Cosmos, or Scheme of a Physical Description of the Universe,' is yet little known in England; and it would be too early to characterize minutely this first portion of a work so vast in its bearings and profound in all its views. We might quote many passages to our present purpose, but that alluded to from the Preface must suffice.\*

"While through outward circumstances of life, and an irresistible impulse to various branches of knowledge, I was led to occupy myself many years, and to all appearance exclusively, with particular objects of study,—descriptive botany, geognosy, chemistry, astronomical geography, and terrestrial magnetism—in preparation for a great scheme of travel, I had ever before me a more especial and higher motive for these attainments. My leading impulse was the endeavour to comprehend the phenomena of corporeal things in their common mutual dependences and nature as a whole, moved and vivified through inward powers (*ein durch innere Kräfte bewegtes und belebtes Ganze*). I had from intercourse with highly-gifted men early arrived at the conviction that without a serious devotion to the study of particulars, all large and general views of the world must be little more than airy fabrics. But these unities in the knowledge of nature, from their inward essence are capable, as through an appropriate power, of mutual fructification. Descriptive botany, no longer confined to the narrow circle of determining genera and species, leads the observer who wanders through distant lands and lofty mountains to the doctrine of the geographical distribution of plants over the earth's surface, in proportion to the distance from the equator, and the perpendicular elevation of the spot. And yet further to unravel the complex causes of this distribution, must we closely examine the laws of

\* In rendering this passage from the original, we feel, what every one acquainted with Humboldt's German writings will recognise, the equal difficulty and importance of adhering as closely as possible to the sense and phraseology of the author. It is well said by Dryden, in one of his admirable prefaces (and who ever so well fulfilled the latter condition as himself?), that 'a translator must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own.' In addition to these requisites, a translation of the *Cosmos* can be perfectly executed only by one familiar with the subjects of the work, and the spirit of philosophy in which they are handled.

We are tempted to transcribe from the original the last sentences of this volume:—*'Ein physisches naturgemülde bezeichnet die Grenze, wo die sphäre der intelligem beginnt, und der ferne Blick sich senkt in eine andere Welt. Es bezeichnet die Gren und überschreitet sie nicht.'*

the variation of temperature of climates, as well as of the meteorological changes of the atmosphere. Thus each class of phenomena leads the observer, earnest for knowledge, forward to another class on which it is itself founded, or which depends upon it.'

The researches of Count Strzelecki in New Holland and Van Diemen's Land extended uninterruptedly over a period of five years, during which time he travelled fully seven thousand miles; entirely, as it appears, on foot. This is a prodigious effort in a new country, still only scantily tamed by European culture, and singularly deficient in many of the provisions requisite for the traveller; and its merit becomes greater when we advert to the laborious nature of his inquiries, and to the hazards and privations he incurred in following them out. We have reason to believe that he performed these journies entirely upon his own resources, though liberally aided by the sanction and good will of the colonial authorities. The high regard in which he was held by them, and the colonists at large, was strongly attested in Van Diemen's Land, by an address to him after his departure, signed by Sir John Franklin the governor, the Chief Justice, and all the principal settlers, expressing their admiration of his talents, and esteem for his personal character, and transmitting a subscription of four hundred pounds in aid of the publication of the volume now before us, the value of which they thus recognise by anticipation.

The work is divided into eight sections. The *first* contains a short narrative of the Maritime and Land Surveys of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land down to the present time; the *second* treats of Terrestrial Magnetism, as observed in these countries; the *third* is devoted to their Geology and Mineralogy; the *fourth* treats of their climatology under several heads; the *fifth* regards the fossil and existing Flora; and the *sixth* the fossil and existing Fauna. The first subdivision of each of these sections includes the description and comparison of all the organic remains which afford geological proof as to the succession and relation of the several formations. The *seventh* contains notices of the physical and moral state of the Aborigines; and section *eight* treats of the Colonial Agriculture, the character and chemical analysis of the different soils of these colonies, and the resources and methods of improvement open to the future enterprise and industry of the settlers.

In an article of this Review some years ago (No. 135), directed chiefly to the social and political economy of our Australian colonies, we pointed out the physical singularities of the country, and the manner in which they were now rendering them more and more a paradoxical region it is, and warranting

warranting the expression of a great naturalist—that it seems as if dropt from another planet! This singularity is seen even on approaching its shores, in the dull, monotonous, olive-green colour of the vegetation along the immense line of boundary coast; the same in every part, and at all seasons of the year.\* The absence or paucity of great rivers, in a continent which ministers abundant space for streams as large as the Rhine and Danube, adds another character of sameness to these Australian shores. Within, as far as discovery has yet penetrated, and wherever European culture has not brought in partial varieties of form and colouring, the same monotony strikes and wearies the sense. It is hard to conceive anything more strangely melancholy than those vast flats in the interior, described to us by Oxley and other explorers of the country, where rivers stagnate into non-existence in a wilderness of gigantic reeds; and the traveller scarcely finds a knoll high enough to raise him above the waters in the season of floods;—or those wide tracts of thick herbaceous brushwood, fitly called *scrubbs*, affording nothing either to sustain or solace those who traverse them. The long chain of mountains, stretching in line parallel to the eastern coast, affords indeed a more varied landscape, and, as might be expected, greater resemblance to European scenery; but even in these—the skeleton, as it were, of the country—there are several peculiarities of conformation, and, above all, a singular scarcity of the simple minerals, rendering their study more laborious and less inviting to the naturalist.

Our Museums and Zoological Gardens, as well as the beautiful works of Gould and other naturalists, have familiarized us with the new and strange forms of animal and vegetable life in this region. But familiarity cannot abate our wonder and interest in the extraordinary diversities of structure thus localized and limited, which render New Holland the most remarkable of those provinces or centres of organized existence, into which, as a result of the more exact and extensive observation of the present time, the surface of the earth has been distributed. As respects the Flora, it is not merely a record of new genera, but of entire natural orders, unknown elsewhere in the world. The Eucalyptæ, or gum trees, with their hundred species and gigantic forms, and strangely contorted or vertically pointed leaves; and the leafless Acacias, with their as numerous species and yet more singular

\* A principal cause of this saddening uniformity of aspect in the Australian vegetation is thus stated by our distinguished botanist, Mr. R. Brown, in the supplement to his *Prodromus Floræ Novæ Hollandiæ*—'Quod magis notatu dignum ob numerum admodum insignem arborum et fruticum Australasiæ in quibus pagina utraque pariter glandulis instructa est; cujus structuræ prævalentia, verticali positione et exactâ similitudine paginarum sæpè comitatæ, characterem ferè peculiarem sylvis Novæ Hollandiæ et Insulæ Van Diemen impertit.'

organization, are the most striking of these vegetable anomalies. In the animal kingdom, with the exception of the dog, 'le seul animal qui a suivi l'homme partout sur la terre,' there is not a single indigenous quadruped known on any other continent;—no quadrumana, ruminating, or pachydermatous animals; no large mammalia indeed, and a general paucity of land animals; but those which do exist, remote from all our common analogies and conceptions, and forming a little world by themselves. Of the different species of kangaroos; the phascolomys, or wombat; the ornithorhynchus and echidna, the most anomalous of animals; the dasyurus, flying phalangers, &c., it has been well said by Cuvier, 'ils sont venus étonner les naturalistes par des conformations étranges, qui rompent toutes les règles, et échappent à tous les systèmes.'\*

We have spoken of the interior of the Australian continent; but in fact our knowledge, except in a few places, scarcely goes beyond the outer margin of this great region. Where colonization has furthest penetrated, under the simple form of sheep pastures, it is still but in the proportion of Kent and Essex to the whole extent of England. The vast central part of the continent is still unknown, even to speculation. Were we to presume upon its physical characters from the parts now familiar to us, we must doubt whether even the enterprise of such men as have hitherto explored New Holland will ever do more than traverse it in particular lines, and these perhaps not touching the centre: still more must we doubt whether colonization on a large scale can ever extend itself deeply into the interior. The lapse of time, and the progress of man's inventions, removing or counteracting natural obstacles, may however render it otherwise in the event; and meanwhile these very physical singularities offer strong incitement to research, and to the solution of the numerous problems in geography, natural history, and general physics, arising in a region thus hidden from the rest of the world.†

It is to the coasts of this remarkable continent, at the distance of 15,000 or 16,000 miles from us, that the spirit of English colonization is now directing itself with a vigour so peculiarly its own. M. de Strzelecki prefaces his volume, happily enough, with

\* *Discours sur les Révolutions de la Surface du Globe.*—In the British Museum there now exists a magnificent collection, richly illustrating every part of the Fauna of New Holland.

† The probability doubtless is, that the interior of land with certain peculiarities as to the distribution of the waters of those great flats of the earth's surface which lie in his Essay on the Steppes and Prairies of North America, the Prairies of North America, the vast plateau of the Tartarian Steppes

a contrast between the savage and solitary aspect of Port Jackson, as described by Collins, when the first colonists, 1030 in number, arrived there fifty-seven years ago, and a narrative in the *Australian* newspaper of August 4, 1843, recording the ceremony of opening the Session of the Legislative Council, under more extended powers—the speech of the Governor moulded in the most approved form of such documents, and the pomps and pageantries of the scene very much in the European fashion, as the following extract from the paper will show:—

‘At an early hour the House presented an animated and brilliant appearance, most of the seats in the body of the Chamber being filled with elegantly-dressed ladies, among whom we noticed Lady Gipps, Lady O’Connell, &c. . . . A guard of honour was drawn up in the court-yard of the Chamber, and his Excellency was received with presented arms, the band playing “God save the Queen.” The Governor was received at the door of the Council Chamber by the Speaker, who conducted him to the vice-regal chair, on the left of the Speaker’s chair. At this moment the appearance of the House was extremely striking—the elegant costumes of the ladies, and the brilliant uniforms of the official and military members, and of the numerous staff, which occupied places below the vice-regal chair, completing the *mise en scene*, which was in every respect worthy of the occasion. The mayor, aldermen, and common council of the city had seats within the bar. The strangers’ gallery was crowded to excess, as was also the reporters’ gallery,’ &c. &c.

Might we not fancy ourselves reading a London newspaper of the first week of February, rather than a journal of the antipodes? Our author, warm with wonder at these things, breaks out into expressions of admiration of the Anglo-Saxon race:—

‘The hardy nature of this race is proof against the effects of transplantation, for it does not depend upon the soil either for its character or its nationality. The Anglo-Saxon reproduces his country wherever he hoists his country’s flag.

‘The United Kingdom is far from furnishing a just idea of this race. The traveller there is like one buried in the entrails of a Colossus. It is in the United States, in the West Indies, in the factories of South America and China, in the East Indies, and in this town of Sydney, that the prodigious expansion of the Anglo-Saxon life, the gigantic dimensions of its stature, and the energy of its functions, are fully perceived and appreciated.’

The race, thus eloquently commended, is assuredly in a state of high activity in our Australian settlements; and though the prosperity of these colonies is in some sort intermittent, with intervals of depression between, yet is this but a miniature resemblance of the mother country, and from similar and connected causes. The main fact is that of vigorous and rapid progress,  
checked

checked at times, but never subdued. The harbour of Sydney is crowded with vessels of every tonnage and from all parts; its streets swarm with people and business; its daily newspapers contain more advertisements than did a London newspaper sixty or seventy years ago; its courts of law, churches, schools, charitable institutions, joint-stock companies, circulating libraries, races, concerts, and assemblies, are all fashioned upon the English model; and will be bequeathed as such, whether for good or ill, to future generations and ages of Australia. We have nationality enough to believe that the good will largely preponderate in the scale, but time is required to put it to the test.

While speaking of this new capital of the south, we cannot resist quoting a passage from our author which gives a more favourable view of its moral and social condition than we derive from other writers. After reciting certain strong phrases from these works, he adds—

‘ Let the authors of these and other epithets, contained in their works on New South Wales, congratulate and applaud themselves: my mystification was complete. The evening I effected my disembarkation in Sydney, I did it with all imaginable precaution, leaving my watch and purse behind me, and arming myself with a stick, being resolved to encounter inevitable dangers with the least possible risk. . . . I found, however, on that night, in the streets of Sydney, a decency and quiet which I have never witnessed in any of the ports of the United Kingdom. No drunkenness, no sailors’ quarrels, no appearance of prostitution, were to be seen. George Street, the Regent Street of Sydney, displayed houses and shops modelled after the fashion of those of London; but nowhere did its lamps, or the numerous lights in its windows, which reflected upon the crowd, betray any of those signs of a corrupt state of society common to the streets of other capitals. Since then, how many nights like the first have I not witnessed, in which the silence, the feeling of perfect security, and the delicious freshness of the air, mingled with nothing that could break the charm of a solitary walk!’

Our present concern, however, is chiefly with the physical history of Australia; and we must quit therefore these matters of colonial morals, fervently hoping that the picture of Count Strzelecki is the truer one. For the same reason we must put aside the various questions of convict population and labour, of the appropriation and sale of lands, the amount of representative government safe or necessary in these colonies, the methods of taxation and expenditure, and the treatment of the aborigines—all subjects of great importance, and affording problems, the practical difficulties of which it requires much wisdom and experience to solve and surmount.

The *first* section of Count Strzelecki’s work relates said, to the different marine and land surveys of N

and Van Diemen's Land, from the time of Captain Cook's discoveries on these shores to the present day. In this narrative are briefly sketched the successive labours of Flinders, Bass, King, and Stokes in coast-surveys, and the equally meritorious services of Oxley, Sturt, Cunningham, Sir T. Mitchell, and others in exploring the interior of the country. The voyages of Flinders and King deserve commemoration, as striking examples of the ardour, ability, and perseverance which British officers carry with them to the performance of such duties. Captain King surveyed minutely about 2700 miles of coast; to complete which, it is estimated that he must have sailed nearly 40,000 miles, in small and faulty vessels, and along coasts very dangerous, and in great part unknown.

The Count alludes shortly and modestly to his own discovery of the tract named Gipps' Land, forming the S.E. portion of New Holland. But his researches, as extending along the Australian chain of mountains for many degrees of latitude, do in fact embrace much more of local discovery, curious to science, and profitable to future colonization. Having in view certain objects, chiefly geological, and finding himself in a country so vast and imperfectly known, he wisely prescribed boundaries to his survey; limiting it at first to the country running parallel with, and stretching 150 miles inland from the sea-coast, comprehended between the 30th and 39th degrees of S. latitude. But reaching the S.E. point of New Holland, he found that the same chain of mountains re-appeared in the succession of rugged and lofty isles of Bass's Strait, and again more largely developed in Van Diemen's Land; and with the same zeal and patience he extended his researches to the southern extremity of this island. A remarkable evidence of these qualities is the table he gives of the heights of various mountains, lakes, plains, and stations in the countries so surveyed. Out of about 230 altitudes, at least a hundred are derived from his own observations, either by two barometers and the back observations, or with Wollaston's boiling-water apparatus. We further know that he has prepared a geological map of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, on the large scale of one-fourth of an inch to a mile; and another sheet of vertical sections, the base and the height of the sections being each projected on one scale of four inches to the mile; with colouring on a new plan, well calculated to illustrate the geological characters and eras. These he is unable himself to publish; but he has given in this volume a small map, geologically coloured, and sufficient for all the purposes of the common reader.

In the *second* section, on Terrestrial Magnetism, M. de Sirzelecki gives a table of declinations only, with the corresponding latitudes

latitudes and longitudes which he has observed at different points in New Holland and Van Diemen's Land. These observations were made in ignorance of that great scheme of magnetic inquiry in which so many nations of the earth are now associated, and which by various happy devices combines the labours of thirty-four magnetic stations scattered over the globe into one group of results. The strict simultaneity of time in taking observations, and the perfect similarity and completeness of instruments and methods, are the essential parts of this great scientific union, which is certain to be fruitful of important truths. England has twelve of these stations at different and distant parts of her empire; among which that of Hobart Town, established by Sir James Ross on his voyage of Antarctic discovery, is singularly important from its situation, and well provided in every way for the research.

The *third* section brings us to the Geology and Mineralogy of this region;—a subject manifestly in great favour with our author, and to which he brings ability and knowledge. We have just alluded to that long chain of mountains which forms a sort of *backbone* to New South Wales; and by reference to which all the subordinate formations may, as it were, be deciphered and read off. Count Strzelecki lived often for months together upon and among these mountains; determining the various facts required as to the succession, position, and structure of the masses and strata, by a series of zigzag sections made across the country; and by examination of the flanks of the dividing range, against which the different strata abut. Great labour and severe privations were incurred in this investigation; but he persevered in it to the end.

The chain of mountains in question, allowing for the interruption of Bass's Strait, has now been surveyed continuously for about 1200 miles, and presumably extends much further towards the north. That larger part of this line which belongs to New South Wales everywhere divides the waters flowing westwards into the interior, from those which run with shorter courses to the eastern coast. The chain rarely recedes more than sixty miles from this coast, and preserves great uniformity of direction, showing a cause of elevation which has operated rectilinearly over a vast space. Reaching the S.E. extremity of New South Wales at Cape Wilson, it is submerged beneath the sea; but projects, as we have seen, a chain of bold island-peaks above the waters of Bass's Strait, showing its continuity and identity of character. It breaks out again in lofty and more massive form in Van Diemen's Land, forming nearly the whole of that large island; and at its southern point plunges finally into the great  
Southern

Southern Ocean—unless, indeed, we are to regard as remote prolongations of it the mountains of the newly discovered Antarctic land, and those vast volcanoes, loftier than *Étna* or *Teneriffe*, first seen by our intrepid navigator Sir J. Ross, and which pour forth fire within eleven degrees of the pole, and amidst regions of eternal ice and snow.

There is considerable uniformity of height throughout the portion of the chain hitherto examined. In that more northern part of it called the *Liverpool range*, there are peaks of greenstone, reaching an elevation of 4700 feet. Proceeding southwards, along that portion called the *Blue Mountains*, directly west of *Sydney*, the summit heights vary from 2500 to upwards of 4000 feet. In the *Australian Alps*, as they have been termed, near to *Bass's Strait*, the mountains become bolder, and the sienitic peak of *Mount Kosciuszko* reaches the height of 6500 feet; the greatest elevation yet ascertained in *New Holland*. In *Van Diemen's Land* the highest point is *Mount Humboldt*, 5520 feet; but *Ben Lomond* and other hills approach nearly to it.

We cannot afford space to do more than sketch in outline the geological and mineral characters of this mountain chain, and of those formations to which it may be considered as constituting an axis. The prominent circumstance here is, that the central heights along the whole extent of the dividing range, are composed of crystalline and irrupted rocks, granite, sienite, quartz rock, protogene, serpentine, greenstone, and other augitic rocks;—while the sedimentary strata, siliceous, calcareous, argillaceous, or bituminous, are confined to the eastern and western talus of the range, resting upon it either in vertical, inclined, or horizontal position. Of the former class, granite, sienite, and quartz rock, preponderate; and granite, according to our author, constitutes nearly the *entire floor* of the western portion of *New South Wales*, and extends far into the interior of *New Holland*; spread out in masses of mamillary, globular, or botryoidal form; closely resembling *Humboldt's* description of the strange tracts of bare irrupted granite which surround the great central masses of the *Altai* chain. It is exceedingly probable that several of the singularities of the *Australian* continent have their origin in this circumstance of physical constitution.

It is clear that subterranean heat and force have been largely at work here, as elsewhere;—crystallizing, elevating, contorting, and giving direction to the mountain ranges. Every extension of geological knowledge has extended our views as to these great agencies from below; and now that more exact observation in mines and *Artesian wells* has proved a constant increase of temperature in descending from a certain line near the surface, and even

even demonstrated the law of such increment, we no longer hesitate to admit the idea of the interior of the globe being occupied by matter, more or less fluid from its proper heat, and preserved from farther cooling by that consolidated crust around, which mankind tread upon and call their earth. Earthquakes and volcanoes are the present most obvious exponents of the disturbance which central movements and agencies (be they chemical, electrical, or whatever their nature) may create in this surrounding crust; to which may now be added on recent evidence, the slow rising of certain tracts of land by causes clearly acting from below. Some geologists, taking unmeasured time into their hands, have believed these forces, thus slowly acting, to be capable of producing all that we now see on the surface of the globe. We cannot think this to be so. The phenomena of gradual elevations are yet very partial and imperfectly known; while we find in the outward aspect of the earth,—the distribution, elevation, disturbance, mutual relation, and mineral contents of its mountain masses—an assured proof of forces once acting, the same perhaps in kind, but of infinitely greater energy than those which now fret or alter the surface on which we live. All science seems to us to concur in vindicating this belief; and reverting to the subject before us, we cannot doubt that such forces have been concerned in raising, at successive periods, the great Australian chain, and giving position to the conterminous strata.

Our author classes the rocks of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land under four heads or epochs, each representing a period or state which may be fairly distinguished from others by evidences of superstructure or organic remains; though not precluding the likelihood of other less important epochs of disturbance and change. We will not quarrel with this arrangement as a provisional one in a new country, but it will require alterations hereafter to bring it into closer bearing with the more recent methods of geologists in Europe.

Under the *first* epoch he includes the mineral masses, which appear to have been irrupted or upheaved through the submarine crust of the earth, raising a tract of land so far as to prevent any further accumulation of marine deposits. These masses are composed of crystalline and unstratified, or of stratified rocks, neither containing any organic remains. We have already specified the former, and described the great extension of granite in particular in New South Wales. The primitive schists, mica slate, siliceous slate, and clay slate, are much less extensive, and attain less elevation than the unstratified rocks. At Mount Kosciuszko, where they surround the sienitic peak, they reach to 3200 feet, and are nearly vertical in position, showing the intensity of the

expansive force at this point. In Van Diemen's Land both classes of rocks reappear, stretching to its southern extremity.

The *second* epoch is characterised by a different group of crystalline and sedimentary compounds, incumbent upon those just described, and containing the first traces of organic life. The stratified masses are chiefly siliceous and argillaceous slates, graywackes, sandstone, and conglomerates. Among the unstratified rocks we have various porphyries, granular quartz rock, amorphous and columnar greenstone, basalt, trachyte, serpentine, and various granular limestones. The localities of these several rocks, as of those of the first epoch, are given in some detail; with several of the more remarkable sections, illustrating them in series. Catalogues of the fossils contained in the limestones, sandstones, and graywacke of this group are also given, which organic remains are described more minutely in another part of the volume by Mr. Lonsdale and Mr. Morris. They belong to the Polyparia, Crinoidea, Conchifera, Brachiopoda, Gasteropoda, Pteropoda, and Crustacea. Though singularly scanty both as to species and individuals, yet are they important as associating some of the rocks in question with the Palæozoic series of other countries, though the points of relation require still to be more clearly made out. The crystalline unstratified rocks brought under this epoch are manifestly those of eruption, referrible to distinct and often distant periods, as proved by their relations to the strata with which they are in contact. Thrown forcibly upwards among the latter, the greenstone, basalts, and porphyries have strangely disturbed and dislocated them, more especially in Van Diemen's Land; the whole extent of which island shows marks of these ancient and violent revolutions, making the researches of the geologist there often very difficult and perplexing.

The rocks of the *third* epoch, though more limited in extent, are of greater interest, inasmuch as they include the coal formation of these countries, distributed into three principal basin-shaped localities, viz., the Newcastle basin in New South Wales, the largest in extent; and the South Esk and Jerusalem basins in Van Diemen's Land. Indications of similar basins have been found upon the same coast farther to the north, by Oxley, Cunningham, and other observers. The manner in which the mineral masses of the second epoch were added to the earlier formations, is considered by our author to explain this conformation, so well adapted to the important deposits which have taken place in the localities in question. For what so important in the actual condition of the world, as this extraordinary mineral, coal?—the staff and support of present civilisation, the great instrument and means of future progress! The very familiarity

familiarity and multiplicity of its uses disguise from observation the important part it bears in the life of man, and the economy of nations. We have often thought, with something of fearful interest, what would be the condition of the world, and of England in particular, were this subterranean treasure exhausted, or even much abridged in quantity. Yet such is the term to which, if the globe itself should last, our posterity must eventually come; and as respects our own country, the period, at the present rate of consumption, can be defined with some exactness. The immense coal basins of the Ohio and Mississippi will yet be yielding their riches to the then innumerable people of the Western world, when our stores are worked out and gone. Yet here also time will fix its limit. Geology gives no indication whatsoever of natural processes going on, by which what is once consumed may be recreated or repaired. The original materials of the formation may be said to be no longer present;—the agencies and conditions necessary to the work are either wanting, or partial and deficient in force. Whether human science, grasping at this time what seem almost as new elements of power committed to man, may hereafter discover a substitute for this great mineral, is a problem which it belongs to future generations to resolve.

The deposits in the three coal basins just mentioned, appear to be of different dates and conditions of formation, as shown by the differences of the coal and other strata in each. The Newcastle district, which extends about a hundred miles along the eastern coast, including Sydney, and the most populous part of the colony, contains the only mines yet much worked, and offers the largest future prospects to the miner. From one of the several sections here given, that of a coal-pit near the mouth of the Hunter River in this district, we find that in a depth of 204 feet there are five beds of coal, two of them 5 feet in thickness. The conglomerate which comes to the surface here, dips to the westward under thick masses of variegated micaceous sandstone; which rock, found in most places above the coal strata, and a yellow limestone containing *Bulinus* and *Helix*, are the highest beds in the geological series of the two colonies.

The coal deposits of Van Diemen's Land are of less extent and value than that just noticed. M. Strzelecki gives a mineralogical description, and analyses by himself, of several varieties of the mineral from different localities, as well as of the anthracite and lignite of Van Diemen's Land. In both countries, and especially in the latter, the coal strata have been invaded at successive periods by irruptions of greenstone and basalt, producing great disturbance and dislocation of the beds, as well as certain chemical

effects, testified in the characters and quality of the coal. In the South Esk basin, this series of strata, with the variegated sandstone above them, have been uplifted 2100 feet above the actual level of the basin.

The fossil Flora of the Australian coal formation (differing more or less for each basin) is interesting, not in the abundance of the species it affords, for they are singularly scanty, but in the total absence of the remarkable genera which characterise the European and American coal strata—the *lepidodendron*, *sigillaria*, *stigmaria*, *calamites*, and *coniferæ*. It would seem that during the carboniferous period, the Flora of these regions was as distinct from that of other parts of the globe as is that now existing under our eyes. It must be noticed, however, that there are strong analogies, or perhaps identity, between some of the fossil species and those of the Burdwan coal-field in India—a geographical relation of some value, especially if this observation should hereafter be extended to any points intermediate between these localities.

The *fourth* epoch, if such it may be called, includes the various accumulated materials which in the form of loose gravel or sand, elevated beaches, osseous and other breccias, &c., lie upon the stratified or unstratified rocks of the country; and probably represents, in part, the Pleiocene epoch of European geologists, though requiring further examination both in New South Wales and other parts of this great continent. We need not be detained here, otherwise than by noticing the magnificent fossil trees in the Derwent valley in Van Diemen's Land, which our author alludes to under this head. A microscopic examination of this opalized wood, by Dr. Hooker of the Erebus discovery ship, shows so much of coniferous structure as to justify the belief that forests of a species of pine once covered this district, where now no single tree, having such character, is found to exist.

In closing the geological section of his volume, Count Strzelecki gives a summary of facts, from which we extract the following results, as of practical importance to the agriculture of the two colonies:—

‘ In New South Wales the space occupied by the crystalline is to that of the sedimentary rocks as 3 : 1. In Van Diemen's Land it is as 7 : 1.

‘ A classification of all the mineral masses, unstratified or stratified, into two divisions, the one including rocks having more than 60 per cent. of silica, the other less than this per centage, shows—

‘ 1. That in New South Wales the area of granite, protogene, quartz rock, sienite, siliceous breccia, quartzose porphyry, siliceous slate, sandstone, and conglomerate, is to the area of eurite, feldspathic porphyry, greenstone

greenstone, and basaltic rocks, containing less than 60 per cent., as 4:1:1.

'2. That in Van Diemen's Land, on the contrary, the area of the first division is to that of the second as 1:3.'

This inverse ratio of siliceous to non-siliceous rocks in the two colonies, while showing the larger scale of volcanic action in Van Diemen's Land, determines the relative agricultural character of the soils of each: those of New South Wales better fitting it for a pastoral, those of Van Diemen's Land for an agricultural country.

We have elsewhere noticed the great paucity of simple minerals among the rocks of New South Wales. Though we do not find it mentioned by our author, it would seem that there is an equal scarcity of metallic ores, as might indeed be inferred from the geological conditions of the country. More, however, may yet be done by future discovery; and meanwhile we happily have proof that other parts of our Australian possessions—as, for example, the rising colony of South Australia—are better provided in this important particular.

We have also alluded before to the singular configuration of many parts of the mountain chain of New South Wales, owing chiefly to the admixture, protrusion, and sub-ramification of igneous rocks, throwing out rugged and abrupt *spurs* from each side of the principal range. The difficulty and risks to the explorer from this cause are exceedingly great. Our author thus describes them, in a part of the Blue Mountains to the west of Sydney, where a great basaltic spur, by its ramifications, has strangely disturbed and distorted the sandstone beds in this locality:—

'Between these ranges lie yawning chasms, deep winding gorges, and frightful precipices. Narrow, gloomy, and profound, these stupendous rents in the bosom of the earth are inclosed between gigantic walls of sandstone rock, sometimes receding from, sometimes overhanging the dark bed of the ravine, and its black silent eddies, or foaming torrents of water. Everywhere the descent into the deep recess is full of danger, and the issue almost impracticable. Engulfed, in the course of my researches, in the endless labyrinth of almost subterranean gullies of Mount Hay, and the river Grose, I was not able to extricate myself and my men until after days of incessant fatigue, danger, and starvation.'

Sir T. Mitchell, the surveyor-general of the colony, amply confirms this description in narrating the hazards encountered by the surveyors in attempting to reach Mount Hay. Mr. Dixon, one of the party, describes his experience of the Grose, until then unvisited, and how he was detained for four days in the tortuous gorges, without gaining access to the summit of the mountain.

the mountain, he at length emerged in safety, 'thanking God' (to use the words of his official letter) 'that he had found his way out of them.'

In the following section of his work, our author treats of the climate of these colonies, under the several heads of winds, atmospheric pressure, rain and evaporation, dew and moisture, solar and terrestrial radiation, and temperature. To these subjects his attention has been industriously and accurately devoted; and fully appreciating the value of the method of averages, from which modern science has acquired so much both of extension and certitude, he refers, with just satisfaction, to a mass of 108,000 numerical elements, the results of as many particular observations; of which more than 17,000 were contributed by himself, during the five years he passed in the country. Without following all the details of this very valuable part of his work, we take a few of the more important facts and inferences from it. The subject is well known to be one of singular complexity, from the many elements of power simultaneously concerned, each separately active, each modified in action by the changes which are mutual and continual among all.

As respects the winds and atmospheric currents, out of a great mass of observations, principally derived from the meteorological register of Port Macquarrie, Port Jackson, Port Phillip, and Port Arthur, the conclusions are established that the winds, in veering, follow constantly one course, viz., from the right to the left of the meridian facing the equator; and that both as regards the rotation of winds, and their effect on the barometer, thermometer, pluviometer, and hygrometer, the phenomena are the reverse of what occur in the opposite hemisphere, confirming the law laid down by Professor Dove, in his '*Meteorologische Untersuchungen*,' to this effect.

Some very remarkable discrepancies in the prevailing winds of the several seasons at Port Jackson, Port Phillip, and Van Diemen's Land, are successfully traced to the influence of monsoons and winds which are found to exist within a certain distance of Australia. By projecting the direction of these, according to the limits which Horsburgh, Flinders, and King assign to them, it is found that the littoral of New Holland is surrounded by an exterior belt of atmospheric circulation, varying with the seasons as regards its direction, but constant in motion and intensity, and necessarily imparting to the atmosphere within this circuit certain regular eddies, similar to those observed in the sea or large rivers, and according with the actual results of observation.

The most singular phenomenon connected with the winds New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land is that which

called in the colonies the *hot wind*; and fitly so named, since it raises the mean temperature of a summer day  $40^{\circ}$  Fahr. on the western side of the mountain chain, and  $25^{\circ}$  to  $30^{\circ}$  on the eastern. The mean direction of this wind is from the north-west; its velocity often exceeds that of a gale; its motion on the surface, as shown by bodies floating in the air, appears sometimes as if produced by rotation on a set of horizontal axes; at other times as resulting from a *ricochet* movement, and blowing by puffs. It is intensely dry, all clouds and vapours suddenly disappearing by absorption on its approach. The ordinary mean of evaporation of water in three hours being 0.045 of an inch, under the hot wind in the same time it reaches 0.150. It has been felt at the height of 5000 feet. Its common duration does not exceed ten hours, and it occurs but twice or thrice in the year. Though the wind is so hot in itself, the intensity of the solar radiation, as shown by a blackened thermometer, is materially lessened in passing through it.

‘The influence of this wind on vegetation, both indigenous and exotic, is extremely injurious. All the *gramineæ* and *leguminosæ* are parched by it, and the fruit of the *Ficus Australis*, as well as of the vine, is destroyed. The red and blue grape lose their colour, and their watery elements; the green leaves turn yellow and wither; the quality of the crops is generally deteriorated, and whole fields of promising wheat and potatoes are often laid waste. . . . Its effects on the human constitution partake of the character of those produced in Egypt by the sirocco or simoom;—a feverish heat, and determination of blood to the head, and in those subject to disorders of the lungs, a restrained action in breathing, at times bordering on suffocation, are symptoms confined to the whites alone. The suppressed perspiration, or rather its rapid evaporation, the relaxation of the muscles and vessels, inflammatory attacks, affections of the glottis, and ophthalmia, are common both to the aborigines and European races.’

It is clear that this wind, whatever its local modifications as generated or blowing over the continent of New Holland, is connected, in causes and phenomena, with the *hot winds* (however designated in different countries) which are known to us in Egypt and other parts of Africa, in Arabia, Central Asia, and different parts of the American continent. What these causes are, the present state of meteorological knowledge does not allow us fully to determine. That the great atmospheric agent, electricity, is largely concerned, we cannot doubt, from our own observation as well as that of others. M. Strzelecki does not give us any direct facts bearing on this point as regards the hot wind of Australia; but he describes the wind as ‘a huge electric apparatus,’ and speaks of the general probability of the connection of it with an observation on these

these atmospheric currents—which Humboldt, with his wonted ingenuity, was the first to fertilize, and to raise into the class of scientific causes. We allude to the fact of such currents of air being generally charged, more or less, with fine earthy particles, sand, or impalpable dust, all containing a notable portion of metallic matter. An atmosphere thus charged may have its temperature raised by the agency of these particles in reflecting or radiating heat, while at the same time it is very probable that its electric conditions may be altered and excited by the friction and mutual actions taking place in a current thus composed, and moving so rapidly over the surface.\*

In treating of atmospheric pressure, our author gives tables showing the mean pressure and mean barometrical oscillations, for the winter and summer seasons of five successive years, at five different stations, reduced to 32° Fabr. Computing the mean diurnal variation from the phases of barometrical oscillation, which are ascertained to be nine in number, in the twenty-four hours, this is found to be only 0.085. The monthly maxima and minima of oscillation exhibit greater differences in winter than in summer. The amplitude of oscillation uniformly diminishes in proceeding northwards from Port Arthur, the extreme south, to Port Jackson, the extreme north of the extent included in the observations; according in this with the general fact of the decrease of oscillation from the pole to the equator in every part of the globe.

Except in confirming the general and intimate connexion of the winds with barometrical variations, we are not aware that the observations made in New Holland have yet done much to solve the perplexing phenomena of atmospheric pressure. It is clearly ascertained from the data furnished by Flinders and King, as well as by M. Strzelecki, that the barometer rises with the winds blowing from the pole, and falls with those from the equator, in conformity with the law to this effect established by Dove and Kämtz for the northern hemisphere. We understand, but without knowing details, that Sir James Ross, in his late antarctic expedition, ascertained the existence of a permanently low barometrical pressure in high southern latitudes, inferior by more than a de-

\* 'Mais l'air de l'oasis de Mourzouk, n'est il pas constamment chargé de poussière, des petits grains terreux, qui s'échauffent bien autrement que l'air, et qui par leur rayonnement élèvent la température des basses couches de l'atmosphère?'—Humboldt's *Asie Centrale*, vol. iii.

M. Strzelecki relates that on one occasion, when sailing from New Zealand to Sydney, he was prevented for two days from making Port Jackson by the violence of the hot wind, which, at sixty miles from the shore, had a temperature above 90°. The lee sails and reefs of the vessel were covered with an impalpable dust, at first mistaken for ashes, but on examination proving to be a sand, containing  $\frac{1}{4}$  of aluminous and  $\frac{3}{4}$  of siliceous and metallic matter.

gree to the mean pressure between the tropics—one of the many interesting results which this memorable voyage will hereafter, as we trust, place before us.

The other meteorological topics of solar radiation and temperature, rain, humidity and dew, are handled by our author with the same perspicuity and abundance of tabular details. It appears that the intensity of solar rays is greater in New South Wales than in Van Diemen's Land; but that owing to the more diaphanous atmosphere of the latter colony, the register of a blackened thermometer there yields higher numerical results than in the sister country. A curious inquiry follows, illustrated by numerous experiments on the relative power of absorption and emission of solar heat which the different soils of the two colonies possess; and proving that those derived from the disintegration chiefly of siliceous rocks, as in New Holland, have a low absorbing and a high radiating power; while the soils derived principally from greenstone, basalts, serpentine, &c., as in Van Diemen's Land, have a high absorption and low radiation. The injuries which these conditions would respectively produce upon the climate of the two colonies are shown to be admirably obviated by the influence of vegetation; which, differing in each from the difference of the soils, modifies greatly the radiation of their respective surfaces.

The whole of this inquiry, as well as that which follows, on the influence of the same physical causes upon the hygrometrical condition, the moisture, dew, and evaporation in these colonies, contains much that is new and valuable in itself, and suggestive of similar inquiries in other and older countries, where such facts ought to be better known to us.

The numerical data, furnished from six different stations, and including 8730 days' observations, show that the amount of rain is greater in New South Wales than in Van Diemen's Land, probably in connexion with the general law of increase in quantity of rain from the pole to the equator; and that both colonies receive a considerably larger amount than the average for England; 48 inches falling annually in New South Wales, and 41 inches in Van Diemen's Land. The greatest fall recorded at Sydney within twenty-four hours amounted to 25 inches; but further to the west the rains seem to be more violent as well as abundant, producing sudden and extraordinary inundations.

The temperature of these colonies, illustrated also by valuable tables, is an object of much interest, looking not merely to their present population and culture, but yet more to the future state of country greatness. The results of observation derived from the practical experience are highly favourable as respects this

this point. Taking the four more important of the six stations at which thermometrical registers have been kept, we find by comparison with other localities of the globe that

*Port Jackson* (Sydney) has the summer of Avignon, Constantinople, or Philadelphia; and a winter nearly similar to that of Cairo or the Cape of Good Hope. Its fluctuations of temperature correspond with those of Paris; and its annual mean with that of Messina in Sicily and the Cape of Good Hope.

*Port Phillip*, on the southern coast of Australia, resembles in its summer Baden, Marseilles, and Bordeaux; in its winter Palermo and Buenos Ayres. The fluctuations are those of Montpellier, and the annual mean that of Naples.

*Launceston* (Van Diemen's Land) in its summer resembles Mannheim and Toulouse; in its winter and annual mean Lisbon and Perpignan.

*Port Arthur*, the extreme southern station of Van Diemen's Land, possesses the summer of Dantzic, Augsburg, and Jena, with a winter like that of Smyrna.

Such conditions of temperature are manifestly very favourable to equality of climate, while yet leaving sufficient range and diversity for the various exigences of cultivation. Accordingly we find that these colonies possess all the elements needful to the vigorous growth and extension of animal and vegetable life. On this subject we give our author's own words:—

'Independently, however, of comparison and analogies, the climatic condition of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land is represented in the most favourable light by its rich Flora, and by the healthy condition of its aborigines and its indigenous animals. Looking, indeed, at the singular and distinctive features by which its organic life is characterized, making this continent, as it were, a world apart, we cannot but wonder that the same climate, under which that life appears, should be likewise so well adapted to the maintenance of the vegetation and the animals of other hemispheres. The effect produced by the appearance of the plantain growing in company with the vine, apple, peach, and the English oak, and then again flourishing in the close vicinity of the *Eucalypte* and *Mimosa*, is indeed surprising; nor is it less surprising to behold the kangaroo, sheep, emu, and horned cattle roaming together in the same forest, and seeking sustenance from the same herbage.

'But what mainly illustrates the fertility and salubrity of both these countries is the healthiness of the English settlers who have taken root on the soil. No endemic disease, and seldom any epidemic of grave character prevails; and if individual indisposition, or even partial deterioration of the progeny is sometimes seen, it is to be traced to the pertinacity with which the English race cling to their original modes of living, wherever they settle, and however different their adopted may from their native climate. It is to the abuse of strong wines, '

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liquors, and spirits, and particularly to the excessive consumption of animal food of the richest description, and even to the mode of clothing and housing, that individual diseases, such as dyspepsia, premature decay of teeth, and affections of the brain, may be attributed.'

The effect of extended cultivation in these colonies must be presumed to be that of rendering the climate hotter and drier—an ambiguous advantage, if not a certain injury, and one which may require further refinements in agriculture to give protection against it. The removal of dense forests and thick herbaceous underwood, and the creation of 280,000 acres of cultivated land, cannot be effected without many changes of atmospheric condition, as well as of the surface of the land itself.

The *fifth* section of the work relates to the Botany, the *sixth* to the Zoology of the Colonies, each division including respectively the fossil as well as the existing species. It might have been a better arrangement, and avoided some repetitions, if these sections had followed immediately that on Geology. As respects the existing species of plants, our author does not add to the catalogue of the Flora Australis, carried by the labours of Mr. Brown and the earlier explorers to 4000 species, and since enlarged by the addition of about 2000 more. His description of the general character and effect of Australian vegetation on the landscape is striking and well executed. The fossil plants hitherto collected by him and others are few in number, and derived almost exclusively from the coal formation and sandstone superincumbent upon it; or from a yellow limestone at Hobart Town, which furnishes the impressions of some unknown species of vegetation. We have already noticed the fossil plants of the coal strata, the specimens of which, brought home by M. Strzelecki, are minutely described. Though related in certain genera to the carboniferous fossils of the other hemisphere, yet are they so new and unlike in character as fully to maintain the singularity of New Holland, even in these vestiges of a former condition of the globe.

The Zoology of this region, as it relates both to fossil and existing species, is a subject justifying more details than we have space to give. One notable circumstance in the fossil Fauna is the extraordinary paucity of genera, species, and individuals in the rocks of the country, though the three great divisions of Vertebrata, Radiata, and Mollusca are all in one degree or other represented, with traces also of the Articulata. Our author, whose collections have considerably added to the number, divides them into

Palæozoic series, and those which may

belong to the Tertiary period. The specimens

have been examined and described

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by Mr. Lonsdale, those of the Mollusca by Mr. Morris. Many of these are figured in plates at the end of the volume. Some few of the species seem to be identical with those of other countries; others allied to or representative of them;—many important genera, found largely in the corresponding deposits of Europe, are altogether wanting. The Fossil Mammalia are all recognised as belonging to the order of Marsupialia, a very curious evidence of the vast periods of time during which this type has prevailed in the Australian continent. They are referred to seven genera, two of which, the *Diprotodon* and *Nototherium*, are new to naturalists. We owe to the sagacity of Mr. Owen the definition of these animals; the description of which, derived from four specimens only of bones brought to England, is adorned, as we may well express it, by all the felicity of inference and illustration which belongs to this pre-eminent observer. From the astragalus of one of them, named the *Nototherium inerme*, is drawn the evidence of a marsupial vegetable-feeder as large as a rhinoceros; thus attesting here, as elsewhere, the ancient existence and subsequent annihilation of enormous representatives of the animal type still existing in the country. We recognise the same phenomenon and principle of change under the great diversity of objects which are submitted to it.

Of the recent Fauna a full catalogue is given, in which the discoveries of Mr. Gould among the Australian birds have a conspicuous part. As far as we know, the examination of these and of the mammalia may be deemed nearly complete. In other divisions there are still great deficiencies, as proved in the instance of the fishes, of which not more than sixty species are known to us. We cannot do more than slightly allude to the later researches of Mr. Owen on the *Ornithorhynchus*; in which, by showing its affinity to the reptiles in its generative system, and to extinct species of the *Ichthyosaurus* in certain parts of structure, he has added to the number of those anomalies which had already rendered this animal a problem and a paradox to zoologists.

The *seventh* section treats of the Aborigines of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land—a race, or races, destined to future and not distant annihilation before the tide of white men setting in upon their country. In the latter colony they are already extinct by death or removal, after many bloody struggles with the worst part of the new settlers. On the coast of New South Wales but a few straggling families or individuals remain, and the same changes are every year carried further within the country. Take the best view we can of this matter and its consequences, there yet is something melancholy in the spectacle of a  
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branch of the human race—well defined in its characters, though obscure in origin and rude in its manner of life—being thus removed for ever from the face of the earth. Count Strzelecki, whose whole work gives proof of warm and generous feelings, and whose mode of travel carried him much among the native tribes, after depicting their habits, faculties, and acquirements in more favourable terms than other writers, breaks out here with some eloquence:—

‘The manifold calamities, but more particularly the decrease and final annihilation of the great majority of indigenous races which has followed, and always does follow, the approach of the whites—is a fact of such historical notoriety that the melancholy instance of the Australian natives affords but a further corroboration of the fearfully destructive influence which the one race exercises upon the other. Those in whose eyes the question of decrease and extinction has assumed all the mournful interest and solemnity which it merits, have inquired into the nature of that invisible but desolating influence which, like a malignant ally of the white man, carries destruction wherever he advances; and the inquiry, like an inquest of the one race upon the corpse of the other, has ended for the most part with the verdict of “*Died by the visitation of God.*”’

Not satisfied with this vague decision, and collating the evidence from his own direct examination of the aborigines of different countries, as well as from the reports of others, our author throws out a bolder view of his own;—viz. that the longevity has not been abridged in those native races, nor the rate of mortality increased, but that the power of continuing the species with males of their own race appears to be curtailed in many cases, if not in all, by intercourse of the aboriginal females with the European settlers. We cannot follow him into this topic; though admitting that the latter suggestion accords with some curious facts of modern physiology, and merits further investigation. But, except with more evidence than is given us, we must refuse assent to the previous assertions; and believe still, as heretofore, that the introduction of new diseases and new agents of disease—both more pernicious in their novelty—does materially increase the mean mortality among those races, and tend with other causes to their eventual extirpation.

The last and perhaps the most important topic in this volume, is the Agriculture of the colonies; and here again we have to commend largely the industry and various knowledge of M. de Strzelecki, who has given us the results of his examination into the physical and chemical characters of forty-one different soils, from the same number of colonial farms, illustrating thereby  
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not merely the conditions of these particular localities, but all that relates to the causes of the fertility or sterility of soils in general. Three kinds of soils were selected from each farm; the best, the worst, and that which the occupier noted as a *particular soil*—each being then examined as to its situation, exposure, external characters, and the methods under which it was cultivated. Its physical characters were next determined—the power of absorption of solar rays, of emission of heat, and of absorption of atmospheric water. Lastly came the chemical examination of the soil; first, by determining the amount of soluble matter in 100 parts; secondly, by determining the proximate constituents of the same. In sequel to these separate details, the results of the whole are given in a tabular form, with practical conclusions annexed to them. The recital of these methods will justify our praise of M. Strzelecki's enlightened industry, and may perchance suggest similar means in application to soils more familiar to us.

We have already noticed the difference of the rocky materials of the two colonies, and their influence upon the soils—those of New South Wales containing one-third less of soluble matter—more silica, and a smaller quantity of alkalies and salts—than the soils of Van Diemen's Land. Compared, indeed, with the virgin soils of many other countries, as the United States, Canada, Mexico, Brazil, both are greatly inferior in their saline ingredients, and proportionally less fertile. But to this condition the indigenous vegetation of the country is admirably adapted. The Australian grasses are less alkaline than ours, and do not require the same richness of soil. The Eucalyptæ which cover the country can, by shedding their bark, dispense with the annual supply of alkali which trees shedding their leaves extract from the soil. It appears from comparative analysis that artificial culture has already been injurious in diminishing the organic constituents of the soils, as well as in altering their relation to the external agents of heat and moisture. These are points which it belongs to the future progress of agriculture to recognise and remedy.

The pastoral portion of these colonies is, perhaps, the most important, as well as most striking and characteristic. There is nothing here, either in mountain, plain, or forest land, which can recall the memory of any other region of the earth. The Australian Alps, at the height of more than 5000 feet, are as rich in the peculiar herbage of the country as the plains below. The Eucalyptæ, vast as they are in growth, do yet, from the peculiarity of their trunks and leaves, throw very little shade on the ground underneath; and the forests are scarcely less luxuriant than the open land in grasses fitted for pasture. The result of these

these circumstances, as regards sheep-breeding in particular, has been very remarkable. Hardly thirty years have elapsed since the first ram was imported into New South Wales, and the number of sheep now in the colony amounts to about nine millions! The simple economy of the stock-farms gave facility to their spread into the interior. The dividing chain of mountains was crossed, and the great plains beyond speedily covered with vast and growing flocks; not so much led by, as guiding their shepherds through these new and luxuriant pastures of the west. But evils grew up at the same time under a system thus loose and inartificial. The wool-growers of New South Wales were, in great part, men drawn from other occupations—many of them from the army and navy—ignorant of all but the high price of wool in England, and the expediency of increasing rapidly their number of sheep to take advantage of it. The pastures, first along the coast, afterwards on the western side of the mountains, became overstocked and exhausted of their herbage under the system of licensed squatting which prevailed;—occasional burnings, to produce fresh growth, did but increase the mischief—disease, from deficient management, came among the flocks—labourers and capital were more scantily supplied from home—while the fall in the price of wool in England, and the difficulties of the colonial currency, added to the general embarrassment. The years 1843 and 1844 were a crisis, agricultural and commercial, in the history of the colony, from which it is but just recovering. In Van Diemen's Land, where, from smaller space, properties are better defined, and the system of squatting upon licence not practised, there has been less of suffering from these causes. But neither here nor in New South Wales do we find yet much improvement in the management of sheep, or of pastoral land. The methods of breeding and rearing continue the same, and little is known as to the fitting rotation on pasture-ground. Great scope then exists for change and amelioration; but here, as in difficulties of more serious kind, we may safely confide in the energy of colonists who have already won to themselves a great country, and clothed it with so much of European verdure and civilization.

One of the most obvious improvements in the sheep-farming of these colonies will be to reduce the flocks while increasing the quantity of their produce of wool; a combination of objects which experience elsewhere has taught us to be practicable. The Count, looking to the quantity of land which recommends six acres as an average annual run to be properly divided and managed, for the sake of more equal pasturage, b

assortment of the sheep in breeding and rearing—points of infinite moment. Another important improvement will be the clearing away the vast quantity of dead timber which encumbers the ground, not merely obstructing vegetation, but taking off good wool from the fleeces as the sheep pass. And a further and great gain may be made by promoting the wilful burning of the sheep-runs by the shepherds; a point of more than ordinary consequence under the peculiarities of Australian surface and vegetation.

In passing from the wild pastoral regions to those of tillage, a complete change occurs both of landscape and human habits—more strongly marked here than in most other countries. In New South Wales 120,000 acres have now been brought under the plough; in Van Diemen's Land about 160,000 acres. Wheat, barley, oats, maize, English grasses, potatoes, turnips, &c., have been objects of cultivation from the first; tobacco was early introduced; and more recently the vine, with eminent prospects of success. The mode of working the land and the implements are the same as in England, as far as local circumstances allow; and, as in England, much room is open for improvements in draining and irrigation, manuring and rotation of crops.

The farms of the Australian Agricultural Company, in the most northern part of New South Wales, are cited by our author as the first in the scale of advancement. Here the banana grows by the side of the English oak, and both are surrounded by vines, orange and lemon trees, all flourishing and fruitful. The great agricultural district to the southward of Port Stephen, 2000 square miles in extent, is one of the richest and most thriving in the colony, and embraces many excellent farms. Nearer to Sydney the estates of the M'Arthurs (a family long and beneficially known in the history of the colony) are little inferior in excellence of cultivation to those of the Australian Company.

We have already seen that the rocks and soils of Van Diemen's Land, as well as other circumstances, render it better fitted for tillage than New South Wales; and accordingly we find the great valley districts of this island rapidly advancing in profitable cultivation, while showing, at the same time, vast capabilities of further improvement. The vale of the Tamar is the largest and richest of these; having with its branches a superficial extent of about 3000 square miles, 40 miles of inland navigation for vessels of 600 tons, good macadamised roads, an excellent soil, and great capacities for irrigation. The farm of Mona Vale in this district, the property of Mr. Kermodé, is one of the  
finest

finest in the country, though yet inferior in many points to the well-managed farms of the Van Diemen's Land Company. As a general description of this flourishing island we may well quote the words of our author;—

‘In Van Diemen's Land the agricultural districts are superior in appearance to those of New South Wales. The details of farms and farming are better understood and defined; and the practical results are such, that no country reminds the traveller so much of the *old one* as Van Diemen's Land. There the tasteful and comfortable mansions and cottages, surrounded by pleasure-grounds, gardens, and orchards,—the neat villages and prominently placed churches, forming, as it were, the centres of cultivated plains, divided and subdivided by hedge-rows, and through which an admirably constructed road winds across the island,—are all objects which forcibly carry back the mind to similar scenes of rural beauty in England and Scotland.’

Here we must close our examination of this valuable work. Whether read in this country or not, we can venture to guarantee to it an assured place, present and perspective, in the libraries of Australia. M. Strzelecki apologizes in the preface for his style, as ‘foreign and unidiomatic.’ In this we wholly differ with him. His language throughout is clear and vigorous, and, as our extracts will have shown, possesses the English idiom in a degree very remarkable for a foreigner. We shall be exceedingly glad to meet the same style again in any future volume which his Journals may offer to the public.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Histoire de la Révolution Française.* Par A. Thiers et F. Bodin. Svo. Paris. Vols. 1 and 2, 1823; vols. 3 and 4, 1824; vols. 5 and 6, 1825; vols. 7, 8, 9, 10, 1827.
2. *Histoire de la Révolution de France.* Par A. Thiers. 10 vols. Svo. 2d ed. Paris, 1828.
3. *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire.* Par A. Thiers, Ancien Président du Conseil des Ministres, Membre de la Chambre des Députés, et de l'Académie Française. Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4. Svo. Paris, 1845.

WE believe that we shall be able—we are sure that there are superabundant materials—to demolish utterly and irretrievably M. Thiers' credit as an historian. Whatever of praise may be due to lively talents and great art, exclusively and without exception or scruple employed to misrepresent and falsify *en gros et en détail* every subject he touches, we will not deny him: but we most deliberately and conscientiously believe, and trust, produce sufficient evidence to convince our rea

the fourteen octavo volumes of his *Histories* now before us there is not one single page—hardly one line—of sincere and unadulterated truth.

We may seem to owe an apology to our readers for not having sooner undertaken this task—but we have both reason and precedent for our silence. We find that our most popular Parisian contemporary—calling itself, we know not why, *Revue des Deux Mondes*—prefaces an article of the current year on M. Thiers' historical works, written by M. Sainte-Beuve, of the *Académie Française*, an avowed friend and panegyrist of M. Thiers, with the confession of a similar neglect. When he whom a party among our neighbours affect to call a great historian, and still greater minister, and who is, in a peculiar degree, 'the child and champion' of the Revolution, has been apparently so overlooked by his own critical coterie, the inattention of London reviewers might pass for venial. But in truth there has been no neglect of M. Thiers' work on either side of the Channel. It attracted early and considerable notice by its lively style, and a certain air of originality and pretence of candour which he had the tact and talent to assume; but in spite of this varnish, the peculiar circumstances and patronage under which it made its appearance, and the spirit in which it was written, gave it the character—not of a serious and conscientious history—but of a bookseller's speculation on the state of political parties in France. No one, in fact, looked upon it in any other light than as a branch of the general conspiracy then at work against the elder Bourbons—a paradoxical apology for the old Revolution, and a covert provocation to a new one; and this was, we are satisfied, its chief motive—though there was of course something of literary ambition and something more of pecuniary speculation mixed up with it. It appeared, too, with a very ambiguous aspect—the first *livraison* of two volumes bore the joint names of A. Thiers and Felix Bodin—Bodin being a young *littérateur* employed by the booksellers in manufacturing a series of historical abridgments, who was willing to introduce his still younger and more obscure friend Thiers into this species of manufacture. The account given by M. Quévrard, in his elaborate *History of French Bibliography*, is as follows:—

'The two first volumes were written in common with M. Bodin, but M. Thiers having *subsequently retouched them*, the name of M. Bodin was omitted from the title-pages of the later editions. We are assured by a well-informed authority that this work was originally composed on a much smaller scale, and was comprised at first in four small volumes in *eighteens*, which were to have formed part of the series of *Historical Abridgments* published by Le Cointe and Durey. But these book-sellers,

sellers, thinking that a better thing might be made of the book, cancelled the four volumes in 18mo. as waste paper, and it reappeared with large additions, in an 8vo. shape, as the History of the Revolution.'—*Quévrad, tit. Thiers.*

M. Sainte-Beuve, in the article which we have just alluded to, gives an account of the origin of the work, and of the merit of the first *livraison*, still less flattering:—

'The idea was Bodin's—who urged it upon Thiers, and seeing him working so well at it, resigned his co-operation with a good grace. Bodin was a man of some information, but of little power of mind—but he had acquired in that *quart d'heure* of 1823 a considerable reputation, so that his name was, in a *case of need* (*au besoin*), a species of authority and even patronage. This auxiliary name therefore was thus associated with that of M. Thiers in the first volumes, but disappeared from the third. In these two first volumes it is evident that the young historian was only a tyro, and had not yet attained either method or originality. Like most historians, after a study more or less adequate of the facts, after inquiries soon and easily satisfied, and having said at once "*mon siège est fait*," he gets out of the scrape by his style—by the dramatic interest of the narrative, and by some brilliant portraits. The publication of these two volumes over, M. Thiers felt (and he himself confesses it with that candour which is one of the charms of superior minds) that he had almost everything to learn on the subject he had undertaken, and that a cursory perusal and a lively arrangement of materials and memoirs *already published—was not history*—such as he was capable of conceiving it.'—p. 223.

This certainly looks like candour, but at best would only be candour *à la Thiers*, which, as our readers will learn by and by, is never more than an elusive apology for faults too gross to be either concealed or defended: we, however, strongly suspect that the errors which M. Sainte-Beuve thus indicates and M. Thiers confesses, are not the faults that *we* should complain of, but, on the contrary, some few approaches which his youth and inexperience made to truth and impartiality—for we find that M. Thiers' subsequent corrections of his first edition seem altogether directed towards ridding his book of such discordant and uncongenial qualities.

M. Thiers is now in the course of publishing a continuation of this work, under the title of the 'History of the Consulate and Empire,' of which four volumes have appeared, and which, with less of the occasional merits of his first publication, exhibits in so strong a degree the same spirit of unscrupulous partiality, of indefatigable misrepresentations and audacious untruth, that we feel it to be our duty to delay no longer in exposing the complicated system of deception.

In the case of productions

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as serious history, but as a pecuniary and political speculation, and to serve accidental and personal purposes—the writer's individual circumstances are so intimately blended with the character of the work, that both M. Thiers' admirers and adversaries think it necessary to preface their reviews of his book with a sketch of his life.

We, in following this example, shall avoid as much as possible any mere personality, and shall only observe on those circumstances which appear to have influenced his *soi-disant* historical labours.

Louis\* Adolphe Thiers was born at Marseilles on the 16th of April, 1797, of very poor parents—his father being, we are told, a working locksmith. This topic has been handled invidiously by his detractors, and eulogistically by his admirers, to an extent which we cannot, in either sense, adopt. In revolutionary times sudden, and even brilliant, successes are not always the proof of merit: they are sometimes the very reverse, and not unfrequently the result of accident; and however honourable it may be to the individual to have raised himself to eminence from a very low origin, it rarely happens that he can emancipate himself altogether from the low feelings and habits in which he was brought up. Of this Buonaparte himself was to the last a remarkable example: notwithstanding his education in the military, and therefore *noble*, school of Brienne, he never, even in the highest of his elevation, could get rid of the narrow and jealous instincts of his early humility; and though a conqueror and an emperor, he never was, in the English acceptation of that term, a *gentleman*. So M. Thiers—advocate, journalist, historian, minister, nay, prime minister—has always been and always will be essentially *un peu gamin*; and we think that we can trace throughout his career a want of that consistency, decorum, and *mesure*, as the French call it—that discipline of mind, manners, and principles, which can rarely be learned under the precarious and reckless habits of low life. Whatever favourable training the young mind receives in such a case may be generally traced to maternal care; so in this case, we are told that the mother of M. Thiers, though fallen into extreme poverty, was of a decent *bourgeois* family, related, it is said, though distantly, to the two poets *Chénier*—Joseph, the Jacobin Tyrtaeus, and André, his victim brother. By her connexions she was enabled to obtain for her boy an imperial *bourse*, or, in more general language, gratuitous education in the public school of Marseilles: so that it must be admitted that M. Thiers may naturally remember with gratitude the Imperial régime. Here

\* He very early dropped the *Louis*, as savouring, we presume, too much of royalism; and as *Louis Philippe Egalité* had done before him. This petty subterfuge was already characteristic of the man.

his progress is said to have been satisfactory from the first, and towards the conclusion of the course brilliant, though of the details no more is told than that he was a tolerable Latinist,\* and that he studied geometry with that taste for the military profession with which Buonaparte inoculated the rising generation; but in 1814-15 the military despot fell, and Thiers, like thousands of other embryo heroes, had to look out for another profession; and his narrow circumstances, as well perhaps as his instinctive literary taste, naturally led him to that which is in France of the easiest access—the bar. We cannot now forbear to smile at the idea of M. Thiers *en militaire*; but we recollect that the 'Historian of the Decline and Fall' professes to have learned something from his services in the Hampshire militia—and from the superabundant diligence with which the historian of the French Revolution loves to dwell on the details of the war, it is evident that he fancies that he had a vocation in that direction, and he dreams, perhaps, that if the peace had not imposed upon him the inferior necessity of being only prime minister, he might, himself, have been another *First Consul*.

In 1815 he removed to Aix, the seat of the chief tribunal of the department and of the schools of law, where he seems to have looked into codes and digests no more than was just necessary to pass a slight and almost nominal examination, while his real occupation was writing literary essays and getting up political mutinies against the existing government—a road that generally leads to the Tarpeian rock, but in his singular case carried him in triumph to the Capitol.

'M. Thiers, whose ardent and ambitious spirit seems to have had the presentiment of a brilliant futurity, already played in the law schools the part of the leader of a party: he harangued, ranted, and roared against the restored government—invoked the recollections of the Republic and the Empire—became an object of suspicion to his professors—of alarm to the police—and of enthusiasm to his fellow-students.'—*Galerie des Contemporains Illustres*, No. 2.

At Aix he formed what our classical neighbours call a *Pylades and Orestes* friendship with Mignet, a young man whose circumstances were very similar to his own—cultivating, like him, small literature, and propagating ultra-liberalism under the guise of

\* We have some doubt as to his classical attainments. Of the '*bonnet rouge*' of the Jacobins, he says, 'a new kind of ornament, borrowed from the Phrygians, and which had become the emblem of Liberty' (i. 261). It was not new, nor borrowed from the Phrygians (see Prudhomme, No. 141). The woollen cap was the common coiffure of the working classes; and a cap had not *now* become, but had always been, the emblem of the deified Liberty of antiquity. Again, in all the editions that we have seen of his History, we find the egregious blunder of confounding *Æschines* the rival of Demosthenes, with *Æschylus* the tragic poet (ix. 401); which blunder is repeated in the English translation (v. 185).

studying the law—like him producing a ‘History of the Revolution,’ and like him, and chiefly we believe by his patronage, rewarded—though not in so eminent a degree—by the July dynasty, with honours and offices, which would be a ludicrous if it were not a revolting contrast with the high republican sentiments on which these patriots founded their reputation. About this time the Academy of Aix proposed a prize for the best ‘Eloge of Vauvenargues,’ a metaphysical and deistical writer of the last century, and a native of that town. Thiers contributed an Essay—which, though applauded, was not, any more than its competitors, thought worthy of the subject, and the adjudication of the prize was adjourned to the next year. It is said that Thiers owed this mortification to his having allowed the secret of his authorship to transpire, and to the reluctance of the Academy to encourage the turbulent young lawyer, ‘*le petit Jacobin*.’ Not disheartened, however, he next year sent in his former Essay; but one from an unknown hand had in the meanwhile arrived from Paris, which was so decidedly superior to all the others, that the Academicians hastened to give it the prize—though they awarded Thiers the second place. On opening the sealed packets that contained the names of the authors, Thiers was found to be the author of both the first and the second—to the mortification, it is said, of the Academicians and the triumph of the Liberals. This work seems to us, from the extracts which we have seen, to be a respectable *coup d’essai*, written with some thought, in an easy style, and peculiarly free from the affectation and bombast which are the common characteristics of the French ‘*Eloge*.’

M. Thiers had before this been called to the bar; and practised, or rather endeavoured to practise, but with, as might be expected from his temper and his studies, very little success; and so, impatient of an obscure and humble position, he and his bosom friend Mignet set out in September, 1821, to try their fortunes in Paris—‘rich in hope and talents, but very low in cash.’ Their expedition to the capital reminds us of that of Johnson and Garrick to London, and, like our moralist, their chief if not only resource was a recommendation from some friend in the provincial city to a fellow-townsmen resident in Paris.

This patron was the then celebrated deputy Manuel, who, like themselves, had been a barrister at Aix: elected for the violence of his liberalism into Buonaparte’s chamber of the 100 days, and subsequently re-elected by the same party, he was now the boldest and most eloquent orator of the opposition, of which Lafitte, then considered one of the wealthiest bankers of Europe, was the patron, paymaster, and, we believe, chief manager. There can be little doubt that, even at this time, Lafitte must have suspected, if

had not actually begun to feel, those commercial embarrassments which, some years later, ended in a great and somewhat scandalous bankruptcy;\* but, as always happens in such desperate cases, he was not on that account the less profuse of what was really other people's money, in endeavouring to bring about *another* revolution, for the purpose—such was his predominant and almost avowed idea—of raising the Duke of Orleans to the throne. The press, which had been so long and so utterly enslaved by Buonaparte, had, like the prototype of *Mind* in the heathen mythology, started at once into life, full grown and full armed; and seeming to challenge not liberty only, but sovereignty, it became the chief engine to overthrow the only French government that had ever allowed it anything like freedom. Opposition newspapers were founded with the double object of influencing public opinion and of enlisting and rewarding the young and clever literary adventurers with whom the system of cheap education and the sudden limitation of the military profession had overstocked society. Manuel recommended his two young patriots to Lafitte, who very soon provided for them by employing Mignet in the *Courrier*, and Thiers in the *Constitutionnel*. One of M. Thiers' young friends, Loève Wymar, gives the following account of the 'very modest' habitation—even after he had obtained some reputation amongst his associates—of the future Prime Minister of France:—

'I clambered up the innumerable steps of the dismal staircase of a lodging-house situated at the bottom of the dark and dirty *Passage Montesquieu*, in one of the most crowded and noisy parts of Paris. It was with a lively feeling of interest that I opened, on the fourth story, the smoky door of a little room which is worth describing—its whole furniture being an humble chest of drawers—a bedstead of walnut-tree, with white linen curtains—two chairs and a little black table with rickety legs.'—*Hommes d'Etat de France*.

This was probably as good accommodation as either Johnson or Goldsmith were able to afford themselves on their first arrival in London—and we are induced to notice it only from the rapidity with which this humble scenery was changed, and its striking contrast with the singular elegance of M. Thiers' private residence in the Place St. George, and still more so with the splendour of the ministerial palace of the Boulevard des Capucines.

The first publication of M. Thiers, of which we have any notice, will appear to an English reader an odd *début* for a poli-

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between the Bank of France and the house of  
 \* already insolvent to the amount of about  
 ing up did not appear,—*Deux Ans*

tician and historian of such eminence. It was a biographical essay on the life of Mrs. George Anne Bellamy, *en tête* of the 'Mémoires' of that actress (1822). This we have never seen, and it is now, we suppose, a curiosity. He must also at this period have been writing his 'History,' of which two volumes were published in 1823, in less, it seems, than two years after his arrival in Paris. But his chief employment and resource was the *Constitutionnel*, in the columns of which he soon distinguished himself by the vivacity and taste of his literary contributions, and by the vigour and boldness of his political articles. The *Constitutionnel* rose in 1825 to 16,250 subscribers, the greatest number of any journal in Paris: while the *Journal des Débats*, written in a moderating and conservative spirit, had only 13,000—a number, however, equal to that of all the other journals of Paris put together. At the July revolution the *Constitutionnel* had reached near 20,000, while the *Débats* had fallen off to 12,000; and the most popular of the pure Royalist journals did not exceed 5000. This is a sufficient indication of the political feeling of the reading public. M. Thiers' growing value was duly appreciated. M. Lafitte felt that he had made a prize: he introduced him into the higher circles and confidence of his party; and this not only flattered M. Thiers' vanity and taste, but it extended his sphere of knowledge and of thought, and stimulated at once his diligence and his energy.

Lafitte was a light and giddy man, with a great flux of plausible talk, and an ultra-Gascon vanity. It was no uncommon thing to hear him tell Englishmen, '*Je suis le Fox de ce pays-ci.*' His position as a great banker gave him a reputation for solid talents which he never possessed, and a degree of weight and authority which he never deserved. Whether from his secret financial transactions with Buonaparte, which were very extensive—or from some pique against the restored family—or from higher motives of political conviction—or from some lower and more personal influences which were subsequently imputed to him—it is certain that he very early '*affichait*' his enmity to the Restoration:—so much so that in 1814 an eminent Englishman—to whom he was declaiming in that strain—pleasantly told him 'that he was sorry to find that the *House of Lafitte* had declared war against the *House of Bourbon.*' When subsequently his neglect of his business and the expenses of his political intrigues had involved him in pecuniary difficulties, it was very natural that he should become more and more anxious to merge—or excuse—or perhaps repair his own insolvency in a general confusion: and he was not, in such circumstances, likely to forget that the Duke of Orleans was the richest subject in Europe, and in a condition, if he should become King of France, to be

be magnificently grateful.\* It is, however, within our own knowledge that as early as 1818, when his great pecuniary difficulties could hardly have commenced, the examples of James II. and William III. were frequently in his mouth—and we have little doubt that from this source gradually flowed all the allusions and analogies which the opposition press was in the habit of drawing from the English proceedings in 1688. It must indeed be admitted that there had been, throughout the whole course of the French Revolution, a chain of very remarkable coincidences with corresponding events in English history, which we have before incidentally noticed, but which we think it is worth while to exhibit more clearly in the following synopsis:—

Charles I.

Unpopularity of the Queen.

The Long Parliament.

Flight to the Isle of Wight.

Trial and execution.

Government by the Parliament.

Cromwell

Expels the Parliament.

Military despotism.

Richard Cromwell set aside.

Restoration of Charles II.

Amnesty to all but regicides.

Popish and Rye-house plots.

Unpopularity of the Duke of York.

Fear of the Jesuits.

James II., late King's brother.

Suspected birth of the Pretender.

Influence of the Jesuits.

Royal Declarations of indulgence.

Convention Parliament.

Flight and abdication of the King.

Expulsion of him and his family.

They take refuge in France.

Louis XVI.

Unpopularity of the Queen.

The National Assembly.

Flight to Varennes.

Trial and execution.

Government by the Convention.

Buonaparte.

Expels the Councils.

Military despotism.

Napoleon II. set aside.

Restoration of Louis XVIII.

Amnesty to all but regicides.

Conspiracies of Berton, Bories, &c.

Unpopularity of Count d'Artois.

Fear of the Jesuits.

Charles X., late King's brother.

Suspected birth of D. of Bordeaux.

Influence of the Jesuits.

Royal Ordinances.

Meeting of the dissolved Chamber.

Flight and abdication of the King.

Expulsion of him and his family.

They take refuge in England.

And,

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\* When Louis-Philippe found himself obliged to dismiss the Lafitte ministry in March, 1831, the extent of his pecuniary gratitude to M. Lafitte was the subject of an angry discussion. It was alleged, on the part of the King, that he had paid in 1831 for M. Lafitte 12,000*l.*—that he had given him 400,000*l.* for the forest of Breteuil, which, as it produced only 8000*l.* a year, was considerably above its value—and that he had guaranteed a loan from the Bank of France to M. Lafitte of 240,000*l.* These facts were all contested—the guarantee it was said cost nothing—and on the whole it appeared that the liberality was not excessive; but what honest claim could M. Lafitte have

And, finally, both Revolutions arrived at the same identical result—the calling to the vacant throne the *late King's cousin*, being the *next male heir* after the abdicating family.

These leading coincidences, and some collateral ones too complicated for a synopsis, are very curious, and at first sight surprising—but they are not unnatural nor even accidental—they only prove, when closely examined, that the rule of like causes producing like effects, is almost as certain in the moral and political as in the physical world. But there were in France stronger incentives to the change of dynasty than existed in England. The English rebellion had not essentially disturbed the great foundations of society—and the English Restoration endangered no private rights, and rather satisfied than alarmed public principle. But in France everything had been subverted—*bouleversé*—not merely the face of things, but the things themselves;—property, above all, had changed hands, and that too under the operation of such cruel and unjustifiable illegalities as could not but render the new possessors very sensitive as to their titles. The usurping government of France had been moreover of longer duration, and had of course spread deeper roots, and it had created an extensive nobility and gentry of its own:—now all those interests and feelings were offended, and pretended to be alarmed, by the return of those whom they affected to fear as claimants of their properties, and whom they really hated as antagonists of their principles, and rivals to their new-fangled aristocracy. Many even of those who most wished for peace and quiet under the shelter of a monarchy were not sorry to have a monarch—the son of a *regicide*\*—whose own revolutionary title to the crown should be a guarantee for all the interests that had grown out of the Revolution.

This was no doubt the basis and reasoning of M. Lafitte's project, which artfully allied itself with and assumed the direction of all other dissatisfactions and disturbances as they successively appeared. One instance, out of many, too little noticed at the time and since almost forgotten, is worth recalling:—

‘On the morning of the 11th of March, 1821, an insurrection broke out in Grenoble, the leader of the mob proclaiming “that a revolution had been effected in Paris—that the King had abdicated—that the Duke of Orleans had been placed at the head of a provisional government—that the tri-coloured flag had been hoisted, and the constitution of 1791 restored.”’—*Lacretelle, Restor.*, iii. 31.

This singular anticipation of the events of July, 1830, proves at

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have for any liberality at all—or was Louis-Philippe to confess that, like old Didi had *bought* the crown?

\* That was Lafayette's reason.—*Sarrans, Rév. de 1830*, vol. i. p. 195.

least what were the predominant ideas of the Movement party. In the trial of Bertin, in 1822, the law-officers of the crown distinctly charged these and similar disturbances upon a *directing committee* in Paris, and by name on its leading members, Generals Lafayette and Foy, and MM. Lafitte and Manuel. This grave imputation was denied at the time—rather faintly, because the parties were afraid of daring the ministry to the proof; but since the July revolution it has been boasted of. Sarrans makes it a new claim for Lafayette on the gratitude of his country, that his own head and that of his son were risked on this occasion. And M. Thiers, in his pamphlet '*La Monarchie de 1830*,' published in 1831, states that the idea of the Duke of Orleans' elevation 'dated from fifteen years before, and that every intelligent mind had already designated him for King' (p. 25). This probably was true only of M. Lafitte and the 'intelligent minds' of his own special friends and followers; but it is—like the more celebrated phrase of '*la comédie de quinze ans*'—an admission that such were the sentiments and doctrines into which the patronage of M. Lafitte had enlisted, amongst a great many others, MM. Mignet and Thiers.\*

At first their co-operation was confined to their respective newspapers, but it soon overflowed into other channels, and produced, as we think, a very strange occurrence. These two young men, bosom friends—inhabiting, *together* it seems, the poor apartment before described (*Gal. des Contemp.*, vol. i. p. 8), and working for a precarious livelihood—suddenly came before the public as rival authors, each with a '*History of the French Revolution*.' The works were no doubt very different in their styles—Mignet's being a kind of *post mortem* anatomical lecture, which exhibited little more than the skeleton of the subject:—while Thiers' presented the Revolution dressed up like a player for the stage, with the most elaborate endeavour to conceal its deformities, and to give it, by theatrical illusion, an air of grace or of grandeur. But, notwithstanding this marked difference in the *execution* of the works, it still seems very strange that two young men, in such very peculiar circumstances, should have

\* The Duke of Orleans, however, was too prudent to mix himself personally in these matters, and it seems that he had never seen M. Thiers till the night between the 30th and 31st July, 1830. But M. Sainte-Beuve, in stating this, states also, with the blind inconsistency of his school, a most remarkable fact, which entirely contradicts his own object; he says that '*Manuel advised Thiers early not to see the Duke of Orleans*.' Why should Manuel have thus early advised a *penny-a-liner*, as Thiers then was, not to see the *Duke of Orleans*? What could Thiers have had to do with the Duke of Orleans? We, however, in spite of M. Sainte-Beuve's unlucky suggestion, think that the Duke was ever directly concerned in any of M. Lafitte's plans. We have had some notion of his design, but probably kept it secret.

simultaneously

simultaneously undertaken tasks so nearly identical—so likely to force them into a kind of rivalry or collision, and to spoil in some degree each other's market. Finding no explanation of this odd concurrence in the reviews or biographies, we are driven to our own conjectures; and the following appears to us to be at least a plausible solution of the enigma.

We have already stated M. Lafitte's fixed and passionate desire to place the Duke of Orleans on the throne, and we have sufficient indications of the indefatigable intrigues and profuse expenditure with which he pursued that object; but he met little sympathy—in fact, the great difficulty he found in accomplishing it, even after the July revolution had vacated the throne, proves that there was no public opinion with him or the Duke; and so—with that confidence which financiers are apt to have in their power to influence public credit—he resolved to bring his candidate into fashion, and raise the character of the House of Orleans, as he might do the price of Bank-stock; but the *antécédens* of that house were not favourable to this speculation—all former historians had joined in a chorus of indignation against the crimes of the Revolution, and even the most liberal amongst them had a tendency to keep alive and sharpen the feelings of shame and horror with which the majority of the French people looked back on those disastrous and disgraceful days, and in an especial degree on the most profligate and odious cause and accomplice of all those atrocities—*Philippe Egalité*. Now, towards producing the son—little known to the public except as the son of such a man—the first step would naturally be an attempt to efface or extenuate the crimes of the father. It was therefore, as we suspect, decided by the leaders that, in addition to the light troops of newspapers and pamphlets, the heavy artillery of regular history should be brought into action, and that while the inestimable benefits and the immortal glory conferred on France by the Revolution should be blazoned to the highest, its crimes and horrors should be palliated and excused; and that, as an important corollary to the general design, the case of *Egalité* should be kindly yet cautiously handled—keeping him in a shadowy background—not wholly unnoticed, lest it should be said that the Revolution was ashamed of him—not altogether whitewashing him, lest outraged truth should rise up and remonstrate too loudly—but just mentioned where he could not be omitted, with a charitable ambiguity—the prudent precaution that bolder insult to the feeling and common sense of all men, which was, when the plot had ripened into success, to call him '*le plus honnête homme de la France*.' Of course this would add greatly to the effect if all this should be done in tw

and substantial historical works, so different in size, style, general arrangement, and character, that they never could be suspected of being concerted fabrications of the same shop. We do not venture to say, and indeed can hardly think, that these twin *Histories* were concocted solely for this Orleanist project. There were no doubt, as we before said, the concurrent, if not primary, object of literary profit and fame, and a powerful share of the old revolutionary impulse in the minds of the writers; but we do believe, and think we could show from a concurrence of minute circumstances, that they were written in *concert*—that Thiers is only an amplification of Mignet, or Mignet a table of contents to Thiers—and that both, whether spontaneously or by the suggestion of the leader of the party, were made subservient to the general views of the new revolutionists, and collaterally to their designs in favour of the Duke of Orleans. It is at least certain that if they had been undertaken with that special object, they could hardly have fulfilled it better. We shall examine in due course M. Thiers' mode of handling these matters; but in order to have done with M. Mignet, we shall at once produce *all* the passages of his philosophical History in which this *primum mobile* of the Revolution, the Duke of Orleans, is mentioned—and *they are but three*. The first introduces that prince—very much *à propos de bottes*—for the purpose of denying that he had any party or real influence in the Revolution:—

'The Duke of Orleans, to whom *they* [that is, all mankind, except MM. Mignet & Co.] have imputed a party, had very little influence in the Assembly—he voted with the majority, and not the majority with him. The personal attachment of some few members—his name—the fears of the Court—the popularity with which his opinions were rewarded—*hopes much more than plots*—gave him the character of factious; but he had neither the qualities *nor even the defects* of a conspirator; *he may have helped* with his purse and his name, popular movements, which would have equally happened without him, and which had a very different object from his elevation.'—*Mignet*, 108.

We need not stop to expose the confusion, self-contradictions, and general falsehood of this passage; but our readers will contrast the hesitating hypothesis that the '*Duke might have helped with his purse*,' with the bold assertion that '*whether he did or not*, it produced no result.' Again: in the relation of the frightful events of the 5th and 6th of October, 1789—the real pivot on which the Revolution turned from good to irretrievable evil, and which was the indisputable movement of the Duke of Orleans—his name is even alluded to; but by and bye on occasion of his subsequent visit to England it is thus mentioned:—

Duke of Orleans—who *wrongly or rightly* was considered the planner

planner of the insurrection, consented to go on a mission to England.'—*ib.* 131.

'*Wrongly or rightly.*' And this complaisant doubt is expressed by a philosophical historian of a fact as notorious as the sun, and admitted by the pusillanimous evasion of the culprit, which broke up the confederacy between him and the more daring Mirabeau. The third direct mention of him is in a general attempt of M. Mignet to varnish over some of the most atrocious murders of the Convention by a kind of classification *motivée*:—

'The Dictatorial Government [*the Committee of Salut Public*] struck at all the parties with *which it was at war* in their highest and most sensitive places. The condemnation of the Queen was directed against Europe—that of the Twenty-two [*Brissot, &c.*] against the Girondins—that of the *wise* [*le sage!*] Bailly against the old Constituant party—and, finally, that of the Duke of Orleans against certain members of the Montagne, who were suspected of plotting his elevation.'—*ib.*, 405.

This exceeds the former passage in absurdity and falsehood, and really requires a few words of exposure. That bloody mockery of justice, the Revolutionary Tribunal, is kept altogether out of sight, and M. Mignet endeavours indirectly to palliate its murders by thus presenting them as the acts of a Government invested by the perilous circumstances of the country with a *dictatorial* right of *war* against its public enemies—a nefarious principle never alleged by the original murderers. He would have us believe—contrary to all evidence, contrary to the knowledge of all—not a few—surviving witnesses—that the murder of the prostrate and helpless Queen was a stroke of public policy against Europe; as if the previous execution of the King, and declaration of war against the very name of monarchy throughout Europe, had not rendered the death of the Queen a mere personal, wanton, and unmeaning cruelty:—that 'the murder of the *Twenty-two* was directed against the *Girondins*;' as if the *Twenty-two* were not themselves the *Girondins*:—that 'the murder of Bailly was meant to intimidate the old Constituants;' as if any one at that time cared, or even thought of the old Constituants; as if it were not one of the most striking and notorious facts of the whole revolutionary tragedy that the poor morosoph Bailly was rather tortured to death than executed, in the Champ de Mars, in *personal* vengeance of his share in repressing a riot on that very spot three years before: and, finally, that 'the murder of the Duke of Orleans was a demonstration against certain members of the *Mountain* who had *plotted* his elevation;' as if it were not the *Mountain* itself which put him to death; as if the historian not just before told us that the Duke had *no party* and *no p*

and as if he had been a victim of the same innocent and interesting class as the Queen, or Bailly, or the Girondins:—for the crimes of the latter, great as they were, can never be justly placed in the same category with the infamy of *Egalité*.

We have been led to notice these passages, not by selection, but because they comprise the *whole* of what M. Mignet thinks proper to tell us of the share of the Duke of Orleans in the Revolution—he does not so much as allude to his vote for the death of the King, nor even to the assumption of the name *Egalité*—a most significant silence: to which we may add, as an appropriate *pendant*—that no description, nor, as we recollect, any mention of that revolutionary Saint, whose influence worked so large a portion of M. Mignet's miracles—the *Guillotine*—is allowed to sully the pages of his philanthropic History: and the stupendous horrors of the *Revolutionary Tribunal* of Paris, with its 3000 victims—the *Noyades* of Nantes—the *Mitrailles* of Lyons—the proconsular massacres in all the great towns of France—are huddled together, and rather concealed than recorded in these few vague and unintelligible words—'*Death became the only rule of governing, and the Republic was delivered over to daily and systematic executions:*' to which the impartial historian takes care to append a gentle hint that, for whatever mischief was done, the sufferers themselves were really the guilty parties by the resistance with which the Revolution had been originally met: all that followed, he thinks, was natural—inevitable: and if we were to push this philosopher's reasoning to its obvious conclusion, we should find that poor Louis XVI. was guilty not only of his own murder, but of cutting off the heads of the thousands of all ranks and parties that followed him to the scaffold. We shall see by and bye that M. Thiers' '*History*' is also composed on exactly the same absurd and mischievous principles.

We are not reviewing M. Mignet—though we confess we ought to have done so long ago; but all the French biographers and critics admit that he and M. Thiers were so identified in principle, and so evidently '*fingers of the same hand*,' that we could not overlook the connexion and mutual elucidation of their Histories—coming from the same '*atelier*'—at the same period of time—under the same patronage—and, as we think the result shows, for the same ultimate purpose. Besides, we were not sorry to have an opportunity of expressing, however late and however cursorily, our very unfavourable opinion of Mignet's *skeleton* style and method have obtained for him reputation of accuracy and impartiality which he

he assuredly does not deserve. An ordinary reader may sometimes suspect that M. Thiers is too brilliant to be trusted, while Mignet seems too dry to be doubted; whereas, in truth, they are, though by different processes, equally deceptive. Thiers' portrait flatters the Revolution by altering the details—Mignet's coarser and colourless hand falsifies the outline.

Here, in strict chronological order, we should pursue our observations on M. Thiers' first History; but it will be more convenient, we think, to complete our slight sketch of his life before we proceed to any detailed examination of his work.

We have said that his articles in the *Constitutionnel* had given him a political position; and his 'History,' written in the sense of the prevailing public opinion, and hardly less a measure of opposition than his newspaper articles—which it resembled in many respects—obtained him, at least with his own party, which was still stronger in the literary than the political world, a more determined and permanent reputation. But still the wished-for revolution did not arrive: the respectable and not unpopular ministry of M. de Martignac seemed even to adjourn any immediate probability of it; and the activity and ambition of M. Thiers seem to have become somewhat impatient of the fruitless conflict he was engaged in. 'He began,' says M. Sainte-Beuve, 'to contemplate a "General History."'—He does not say of *what*; but adds, 'that for this new object M. Thiers thought it necessary to prepare himself by a diligent study of the higher sciences.'

'Those who have had the pleasure of a long acquaintance with M. Thiers remember—not without charm—this, as I may call it, *scientific phase* of M. Thiers' life. He studies Laplace, Lagrange—studies them *pen in hand*—smitten with the love of the higher *calculs*, and making them. He traces meridians (*des méridiens*) at his window, and arrives in the evening at a party of friends, reciting, with an accent of enthusiasm, those noble and simple last words of the *Système de la Nature*—"Let us preserve, nay, carefully augment, the storehouse of these high pursuits, the delights (*délices*) of thinking beings."—*Ib.* 236.

Whatever doubts this high-flown passage may excite as to the scientific acquirements of either M. Sainte-Beuve or M. Thiers, it would be uncivil to doubt the facts: we, therefore, must believe that M. Thiers actually makes his calculations 'pen in hand,' and that he has accomplished that heretofore undiscovered problem of finding more than one meridian for the same window. The meridian of a window every schoolboy can find with two pins and a gleam of sunshine.

About the time that M. Thiers was thus in his '*scientific phase*,'  
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it happened that M. Hyde de Neuville, the Minister of Marine, was preparing a voyage of discovery under Captain Laplace. The scheme attracted M. Thiers' active and inquisitive propensities: he asked, says M. Sainte-Beuve, and obtained, the consent of the minister and the commandant to his joining the expedition; and M. Hyde de Neuville even proposed to him the office of historian (*rédacteur*) of the voyage. All was arranged: M. Thiers had taken leave of his friends, and was on the point of embarking, when the Martignac ministry was overthrown, and, on the accession of M. de Polignac, M. Thiers sagaciously foresaw the approach of a political tempest, in which he should be more in his element than in the storms of the ocean. He unpacked his trunks, and resumed his pen. This story has been doubted: but it affords his panegyrist an occasion to remind us of *Oliver Cromwell* about to sail for New England, when turned back by a proclamation of the royalty that he was destined to overthrow. M. Sainte-Beuve candidly adds, that he does not compare M. Thiers to Oliver Cromwell; though '*bon gré, mal gré, ce souvenir saut tout d'abord à l'esprit.*' By one of those turns of fortune which revolutions only can produce, and the hope of which has been the chief incentive of all the revolutions of France, M. Thiers, as *Minister*, gave Captain Laplace a complimentary dinner on his return from this expedition, which M. Thiers had so narrowly and for himself so luckily escaped.

But M. Thiers' revived zeal, and the importance of the crisis, now required another and more vehement organ than the measured, and somewhat monotonous essayism of the *Constitutionnel*; and with funds supplied from the same source as all the other expenses of this opposition, '*les sommités financières de la Gauche,*'—that is, M. Lafitte—he, with his old friend Mignet, and a younger and more dashing one, Armand Carrel, founded the *National*. The principles and character of Carrel reflect some light on those of his associate. Educated in the Royal Military School of St. Cyr, he was remarked for his early turbulence. In 1819 he joined the army as a sub-lieutenant, and being in garrison at Belfort, became involved in the military conspiracy of 1822, in which Lafayette and the *comité directeur* of Paris were so seriously implicated. On this occasion Carrel withdrew or was removed from the army; and on the French invasion of Spain he joined the Spanish insurgents, and served under Mina against his own countrymen. Being taken prisoner in the course of this affair, he was tried and twice condemned to death, but the sentences were successively set aside for technical irregularities; and on a third trial, as is usual in such cases, indulgence prevailed, and he was acquitted. He then came to Paris, and fell into the

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same course of literature, and, we suppose, under the same patronage, as Thiers and Mignet. He was a regular contributor to the *Constitutionnel*, and published abridgments of the histories of Scotland and Modern Greece; and in more direct furtherance of the grand conspiracy, a history of the counter-revolution in England under Charles II. and James II. This work was suppressed by the Government, and we have never seen it; but we presume it was an amplification of the heads of our preceding synopsis. When the July revolution removed Thiers and Mignet to ministerial office, Carrel was rewarded, more obscurely and scantily, with a secret mission into Belgium, and was subsequently offered a *préfecture*. These, we believe, seemed to him an inadequate recompense, and he continued in the chief direction of the *National*, in which he showed not a little mortification and *dépit*, at the inconsistency and ingratitude of the Citizen Monarchy; and in 1838 was killed in a half personal, half journalist duel by M. Emile Girardin, who had just started *La Presse*, at half the usual price of its contemporaries.

The earlier days of the *National*, to which we must return, were brilliant and successful. M. Thiers' conception of his subject and object—the *principle*, so to call it, of his warfare—was as sagacious as its execution was bold and able. It was to paralyze the Government, and push it eventually to its own destruction, by affecting to lay down as the inexorable and only rule for the conduct of affairs—the Charter—the *whole* Charter, and *nothing but* the Charter; to employ against the Government every power and means that were not expressly forbidden in the Charter, and to deny them every power and means of resistance that were not specially recognized. 'Confine,' said M. Thiers, 'these Bourbons within the four walls of the Charter; shut the doors, stop the chimnies, and we shall soon force them to jump out of the windows.' This was logical; it was bringing to practical proof Mr. Burke's philosophical objections to *pen and ink* constitutions, whose theories can never provide for the incalculable contingencies of human affairs; but it is equally applicable to the Charter of Louis-Philippe, or any other extemporized paper constitution, as to that of Louis XVIII.; and it is, in fact, the best excuse that can be made for Charles X. and his ministers; for it is an admission on the part of M. Thiers that government, under such a formula as '*nothing but the Charter*,' was impracticable. So M. Thiers himself found it when he became, under the revised Charter, Louis-Philippe's minister. The *mitraille* of St. Méry, the massacre of the Rue Transnonain, and the laws of September, were no more than successful imitations of what Charles X. had been driven to attempt, though he had neither  
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the heart, head, nor hand to execute.\* We have never changed our opinion on the extreme rashness and folly—the fool-hardiness alternating with faint-heartedness—of the Polignac Government; but the best excuse we can find for it is the sagacious principle on which M. Thiers conducted, as journalist, the opposition of the *National*, and the energetic measures by which he subsequently, as minister, quelled the insurrections of his former friends, associates, and admirers. M. Thiers is the best apologist for M. de Polignac. We are sorry for the sake of M. de Polignac that the authority of his antagonist and imitator is of so little value.

The *National* had a large share in preparing men's minds for a change; but on the appearance of the *Ordonnances* M. Thiers had a more immediate and personal part in deciding the new Revolution. The *Ordonnances* on their first appearance produced little effect, and would probably not have occasioned an insurrection, but that the editors of the newspapers whose presses were next morning seized were convoked at the office of the *National*, where they agreed to and signed the celebrated protest drawn up by M. Thiers, which was immediately printed and published all over Paris, and which became the immediate signal for revolt. Then came the Three Days—during which, as in the beginning of the Revolution, the working hands showed so much courage in the streets, and their instigators so much doubt and hesitation—not to say personal weakness—in their councils. M. Thiers himself, though he had had the courage to set fire to the train, did not wait for the explosion. We should have expected from his temper, his energy, and the peculiar taste which he professes for military affairs, to have seen him prominent in the conflict which he had taken so forward a part in exciting. But no!—Immediately after signing the protest he retired to Montmorency, a village a few miles from Paris, and did not reappear till early on the morning of the 30th, when the victory had been won, and when Deputies and Journalists were seen hastening from their respective *retreats* to divide the spoil. This part of M. Thiers' history no longer reminds M. Sainte-Beuve of *Oliver Cromwell*, and he jumps à *pieds joints* over the Three Great Days—with a dexterity worthy of the historical school which he eulogises:—

'M. Thiers' conduct in these critical and decisive moments, from the 26th to the 31st July, may be comprised in two facts—he contributed more than any one to the *opening* act—the protest—and as much as any one to the *closing* one.'—*Ib.* 240.

\* 'Oui; après deux ans de règne, Louis-Philippe a déchiré la Charte aussi manifestement que Charles X., et bien plus manifestement encore, car il l'a déchiré après la révolution, après l'introduction dans la Charte de dispositions destinées à prévenir de pareilles violations.'—*Cabet, Réc. de 1830*, p. 181.

This mode of covering M. Thiers' retreat *during* the three days—by 'comprising his conduct in two facts' which occurred, one *before* and the other *after* them, is admirable, and we are inclined to exclaim '*C'est du Mignet tout pur!*' In regular war it would be very presumptuous and foolish for a civilian, accidentally present, to intrude his co-operation—and even in his History, M. Thiers would have escaped some strange blunders if he had been less confident in his own military skill—but in such a conflict as that of the *Three Days*, and under his very peculiar circumstances, M. Thiers' absence from a resistance which he had so directly instigated, reminds us, involuntarily, of the '*relictâ non bene parmula*' of another little Epicurean—for whom, however, it may be said that *he* never professed to be a Brutus, nor ventured to criticise the campaigns of Cæsar. This circumstance is rendered the more *piquant*, by M. Thiers' own observations on '*Robespierre's* having—during the *three days* that followed the insurrection of the 10th of August—*stood aside* (*resté à l'écart*) till the revolution had been accomplished; and then coming forward to claim the merit and recompense of the victory, of which he had been the trumpeter, not the soldier' (iii. 13). This is certainly a curious coincidence:—M. Thiers little thought that he was anticipating his own history under the name of Robespierre!

We do not, however, on a calm consideration of the whole case, attribute M. Thiers' disappearance to a want of physical courage—neither his countrymen in general, nor those of that particular part of it to which he belongs, have ever been deficient in personal bravery, and M. Thiers in some subsequent *émeutes*, in which he happened to be personally exposed, showed sufficient firmness. We attribute it rather to political prudence—a ramification of the same system which induced the Duke of Orleans to hide himself, at the same period, in a summer-house of his park. There were, in our view, three parties to the July movement. First, the Republicans and the mob, who thought of nothing but the overthrow of the existing authority:—these took the field thoughtlessly, instinctively, and boldly. Secondly, the Constitutional Conservatives—at the head of whom were the Duke de Broglie and M. Guizot, and, with a shade more of democracy, Casimir Perier;—their wishes did not go beyond a change of ministry, or *perhaps*, by way of guarantee, an abdication in favour of the Duke of Bordeaux:—they regretted the insurrection, or at least its extent and violence, and to the last possible moment would have gladly compromised the dispute. Thirdly, Lafitte and his satellites, Thiers, &c., who may be called the Orleanists, —who had prepared the mischief, and assembled, bribed, and

and intoxicated the populace, but, doubtful both of their cause and of *their candidate*, kept aloof, watching events and waiting their opportunity. It seems to us that they were playing the same game as the Orleanists of the first Revolution. They had calculated on just so much commotion as should intimidate the King into a transfer of the crown to the Duke of Orleans, and were surprised and alarmed to find that the populace, victorious beyond calculation or expectation, was not very ready to devolve the sovereign power, of which it had—to the tune of '*à bas les Bourbons*'—possessed itself, upon the first Prince of the Bourbon blood. Our reviews of the works of Sarrans, Mazas, Bérard, and Bonnellier\* have informed our readers of the difficulty that M. Lafitte eventually found in accomplishing his object; and it may have been, and probably was, this uncertainty that determined M. Thiers' triduan retreat into the valley of Montmorency. Fortunately, however, for France and the world, a strange combination of accident, common sense, and *hocus-pocus*, placed Louis-Philippe on the throne of those whom, even yet, he dares not to call his *ancestors*; and after some ministerial experiments at a more comprehensive administration, M. Lafitte was declared first minister with a cabinet of his democratic friends. M. Thiers had already been admitted into the Conseil d'Etat and the Legion of Honour, and now became Under Secretary of State for the Finance Department—while his Pylades, M. Mignet—

'after the remarkable days that overthrew the Restoration, received the rewards to which his enlightened liberalism—his talents and his patriotism justly entitle him:—He is a Counsellor of State extraordinary—Director of the Archives of the Foreign Department—and decorated with the Star of the Legion of Honour.'—*Biog. des Contemp.*, tit. *Mignet*.—He has been since elected Secretary of the French Academy, and though we never can admit him to rank as an honest, or even plausible historian, and though we have no great confidence in his scope of intellect, we learn that he executes his academical office with respectability and general approbation.

Of M. Thiers' brilliant career we shall say no more than is necessary to our view of his literary character. He was immediately elected to the Chamber by his native Department, the Bouches du Rhône—but his first speeches were not successful. His appearance was mean, and his voice disagreeable; and the tone and temper of his harangues seemed, says one of his biographers, 'copied from the Convention:—the violence of his doctrine frightened the moderate; the bombast of his style offended everybody.' He, however, soon discovered this double

\* Quarterly Review, 8<sup>o</sup>  
vol. lii. p. 262; Bonnellier

7<sup>me</sup>, vol. xlix. p. 464; Bérard,

error, and began to moderate his opinions and improve his rhetoric. When, after a four months' ministry, M. Lafitte was dismissed by the wise, and indeed necessary, ingratitude of Louis-Philippe, M. Thiers was subjected to much obloquy for not following his friend and patron into opposition: instead of which he took occasion to express his strong dissent from his former associates, and to applaud the prudential policy of Casimir Perier. With an equal share of sagacity and versatility, he knew, as well as the Roman patriot, that

‘ There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;’

and he turned his knowledge to better account than poor Brutus, by throwing himself boldly into the inviting current of royal favour. It was, we think, on the question of the hereditary peerage that he first distinguished himself as an orator:—he took, contrary to all expectation, and in opposition to the whole course of his life, the aristocratic side, and made a speech of mingled argument and eloquence that at once established his character as a speaker, and opened to him immediately the Cabinet, and eventually, twice over, the Presidency of the Council. As a minister, we have already stated that he was now as vigorous and decided in suppressing incendiary articles in the press and incendiary movements in the streets, as he had been while a journalist zealous in provoking them; and he showed on all occasions a flexibility of principle, a levity of personal conduct, a contempt for political consistency, with a firmness of purpose and a power of debate, which created more of wonder than respect, more conviction of his talents than confidence in his principles or esteem for his character. He proposed, for instance, severe laws against unauthorized assemblages; and resisted with great pertinacity the amnesty for political offences; towards both of which the author of the meeting and *protest* of the journalists on the 26th of July might have been expected to show some sympathy. He was close to Louis-Philippe at the Fieschi *attentat*, and, elevated perhaps by the noble example of the King, showed on that occasion no deficiency in personal courage;—he defended with more than his usual zeal and ability the unconstitutional and rigorous but necessary laws of September; and signalised himself in forwarding the erection of the sixteen exaggerated Bastilles, which replace on the whole circumference of Paris the single and inoffensive bugbear whose capture and destruction he so triumphantly celebrates. His constant expression while minister used to be, ‘*Nous sommes le ministère de la résistance*,’ that is, in opposition to the *movement* party, of which he had been the chief trumpeter.

We must for a moment interrupt our political narrative to state that a year or two after his appointment as Minister of the Interior,

terior, M. Thiers was elected into the French Academy:—This, however—considering that the earlier portion of his History had been ten years published, and its conclusion about eight, and seeing that in the mean time such men as Pougerville and Viennet, Jay and Tissot had been elected—looks as if the compliment had been paid rather to the *minister* than the *historian*—though it is no very high compliment to M. Thiers to admit that there were not many of the forty who had greater claims to that literary distinction. We do not believe that it was ever more true than at the time of M. Thiers' election, that they were '*quarante qui avaient de l'esprit comme quatre.*'

But while M. Thiers was thus ready to advocate, adopt, and enforce a severely repressive and even despotic system of internal administration, he was not insensible to the decline of his popularity, and endeavoured to retrieve it by the aggressive violence of his foreign policy, and by not only pandering to, but actively exciting the worst passions and prejudices of the French people. As the surest mode of regaining the favour of the movement party, he endeavoured to revive the revolutionary fever of hostility to England; and was in 1840, as all must remember, on the point of indulging the Jacobins and Buonapartists with a new struggle against the '*perfidie Albion.*' War, in short, a revolutionary war, is now the *programme* or principle of M. Thiers:—so says a writer whom that very design has evidently propitiated—'That is the predominant idea of M. Thiers—the great object to which all his political alliances and all his parliamentary policy are now subordinate. "There must be," he lately said, "another twenty years' war in Europe before it can be settled on its true basis, and *I hope that I shall live to make at least half of it.*" When that time comes, we shall probably see that he again will be found the man of the crisis.'—*Gal. des Hom. Illus.*, p. 40.

In adopting and pursuing this course, M. Thiers was probably influenced by a combination of motives:—first, his natural inclinations, we cannot call them principles, are revolutionary—secondly, he was the more inclined to take this line because his rival, M. Guizot, had adopted, with all the firmness and consistency of his pure, amiable, and honourable character, the conservative and peaceful line of policy for France and for Europe—and thirdly, because, foreseeing that he could not long 'run with the hare and hold with the hound,' he was, in prudent anticipation of a difference with the King, preparing the elements of a reunion with the popular and agitating party. His previsions were accomplished; he has ceased to be the King's minister, and has now, we believe, pretty well regained—not the confidence—no one has anything like confidence  
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We said we should only deal with M. Thiers' political life as it affected his authorship; and some of our readers who have not minutely watched M. Thiers' proceedings and publications, may ask what then all this detail has to do with his *Histories*? We answer, a great deal—everything:—the fruit of his involuntary leisure has been the 'History of the Consulate,' and we are convinced that—as his first History was written in a spirit of hostility to the elder Bourbons, with some peradventure indistinct view to the introduction of the Duke of Orleans—so this second History is written, not in fact from any love of Buonaparte's principles or memory, but to electrify France with a galvanic exhibition of his false glory—to collect round M. Thiers all the old malcontents and all the young enthusiasts, and, renouncing Louis-Philippe as *quasi-legitimate*, to amalgamate—in opposition to him M. Guizot and the Conservative party throughout Europe—all the various discontents and ambitions that may choose to adopt the recollections of either the Republic or the Empire as their stalking-horse of faction. The *History of the Consulate* is therefore still more decidedly a party manœuvre than the *History of the Revolution*;—and we do not believe that there is in Europe any politician or any man of letters at all acquainted with public affairs, who regards either of these bulky yet flimsy works in any other light than as—what Lord Brougham is said to have wittily and truly called them—'*pamphlets monstres*.'

Having thus stated what we believe to be the real motives and objects of these publications and their author, we shall now commence our examination of them in the historical character they assume; and our readers will see, as we proceed, that the details fully confirm the impression of inaccuracy, partiality, and imposture, which their general aspect and the peculiar circumstances under which they were written originally produced.

Of a work so voluminous as 'the History of the Revolution,' and of which, we repeat, every line betrays a fraudulent spirit, and every page some perversion of fact—which, by the employment of petty artifice and by the accumulation of discoloured details, has arrived at the dignity of being the most monstrous system of deception that, we believe, the annals of literature can afford—of such a work we say, it is obviously impossible that a review can afford any sufficient exposure, or any pedetentous refutation:—a lie is conveyed by a word, the omission of a word, which it would take pages to state, or it may be spread over an extensive surface like a varnish; it would be endless to endeavour to pick out the errors; we feel it to be absolutely necessary that we should lay the heavy charge against M. Thiers by distilling the truth as far as it goes, wash off the foul matter

our readers that it would have the same effect if applied to the parts to which we have not room to extend it. Had we time and space in any proportion to the abundance of our materials, the task would be easy enough—the proofs overflow; our only difficulty is the *embarras du choix*; and the danger, on the one hand, of prolixity and tediousness—or, on the other, of being charged with the blunder of the Greek Pedant in producing a brick or two as a specimen of his house. We shall endeavour to avoid these opposite dangers, and yet to do substantial justice to the case, by taking—we cannot call it *choosing*—for special examination some of those events and passages, whose transcendent prominence and importance would naturally require and excite M. Thiers' best diligence and highest talents, and which every reader will allow to be the most obvious, and, to the historian, the most favourable, tests that could have been adopted; and at least above all suspicion of being, by us, invidiously selected.

Before we enter into details, we must, in order that our readers may understand their import and effect, apprise them generally of the *tactics* by which M. Thiers conducts his narrative. He was well aware that former Jacobin writers had defeated their own purpose by their blind violence and incredible calumnies. Many recent publications, and a calmer retrospect of all the facts, had conciliated public opinion towards Louis XVI. and the still more slandered Queen, and had dissipated the monstrous delusions under which these innocent, and now lamented victims, had been dethroned and murdered. M. Thiers' own sagacity and, at all events, the prudence of the bookseller for whom the goods were originally manufactured, probably saw that though *Ca ira* and the *Carmagnole* might still make a riot in the streets, they would not, in the year 1823, sell a book in ten volumes octavo. Men's minds had gradually recovered—under the severe though opposite disciplines of the Republic and the Empire—from revolutionary delusions, and were shocked at revolutionary recollections; and it was clear that a revival of revolutionary principles could be neither politically nor commercially successful, unless accompanied and recommended by some profession and appearance of candour and justice. This idea, however, was more wise in the conception than easy in the execution; for, in truth, the whole Revolution was, from beginning to end, such a mass of fraud, tyranny, cruelty, and *terror*, that anything like real candour or substantial justice was quite incompatible with the apologetical design.

Thiers' principles, temper, and time of life made the mask of his history very awkward and irksome to him;—and accorded more flimsy, and indeed insulting to common honesty, than his pretence of impartiality and his desire of saying anything favourable to the Royalist party, he

he never fails to throw in some doubt of its truth, some suspicion of its motive, or some counterbalancing merit in their opponents. On the other hand, when he is forced to describe some crime of the Revolutionists, it is in a mitigated and mighty charitable tone: the unhappy necessity is deplored, but asserted; its cause is traced back to those whose resistance produced it; and the Royalists are everywhere implicated, by some strange legerdemain, in all the atrocities committed against themselves by their Jacobin persecutors. In short, during the whole course of the Revolution the Royalists never did any one thing that was unexceptionally right—nor the Revolutionists any one thing that was inexcusably wrong.

This is the leading principle and fundamental theory of the whole work, as it was of M. Mignet's—*suggestio falsi—suppressio veri*. Of the mode in which he works it out, we now proceed to give a few prominent examples.

We shall begin with his representations of the conduct of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette, Citizen Egalité, and incidentally M. de la Fayette—the main and most important topics of his earlier volumes. He felt himself, as we have stated, obliged, by the state of public opinion and the notorious evidence of facts, to admit—which he does, however, like a reluctant and equivocating witness—the King's benevolent disposition, good intentions, and when the Constitution was established, his constitutional and conscientious execution of his duties; and he does something of the same sort of lame and imperfect justice to the Queen.\* This looks at first sight like a gleam of candour—but not at all—it is only a *faux-fuyant*—a device to enable him with more venom and effect, and less risk of offence or of direct contradiction, to calumniate the victims whom he professes to absolve; for while he seems to acquit *them* individually, he collects and repeats all the lies and libels of those dismal times, as against an imaginary 'COURT.' Now every man of common sense and common information must know that this phantom of a Court, as distinct from the King, is not only absurd in theory, but contradicted by every kind of evidence. The poor King was not only scrupulously cautious to do nothing but in communication with his ministers, but in truth there was—at the period at which these calumnies about 'the perfidious machinations of the Court' were most rife—no such thing as a Court—no persons of such a class as could furnish secret and irresponsible advisers, even had the King been bold enough to consult them. The first massacres in July, 1789, had driven into emigration most of the personal friends and favourites of both the King and Queen—the 5th and 6th October, which led them

\* Who, it must not be forgotten in measuring M. Thiers' candour, was the aunt of Marie Louise and of the Duchess of Orleans.

captives to the Tuileries, completed their destitution, and there remained near their persons no one of any political weight or consequence who could have ventured to advise the King, much less—as M. Thiers sometimes asserts, and more frequently insinuates—to control and overbear him. This M. Thiers, with that inconsistency from which falsehood can never entirely guard itself, incidentally admits. As early as the close of 1789 he confesses the very fact we have just stated :

‘ There was no longer any possibility of attempting any serious conspiracy in favour of the King, since the *aristocracy had been put to flight*, and the *Court* was encompassed by the Assembly—the people—and the national militia,’—i. 216.

And yet after this confession he continues even more glibly than before his insinuations against the counter-revolutionary conspiracies of the *Court*. Here we have to observe on one of the variations between M. Thiers' first and subsequent editions—small but significant. In his first edition (i. 200) M. Thiers had said that the aristocracy had been ‘ *chassée*,’ driven out by force—(‘ *CHASSER, mettre dehors par violence.*’—*Dictionnaire de l'Académie*)—which was quite true; but M. Thiers on reconsideration felt that this truth would have exculpated the *Emigration*, and he altered ‘ *chassée*’ into ‘ *éloignée*.’

We have a striking and melancholy proof of how early the King was deprived of anything that could be called ‘ a Court,’ even in the least invidious sense of the word :—

Three days after the capture of the Bastille the King was advised to make his celebrated and humiliating visit to the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, in which the newly elected mayor, Bailly, insulted him, even in the presentation of the keys of the city. He returned ‘ heart-broken’ to Versailles, whither M. de Bezenval, General of the Swiss Guards, who had commanded the troops in the late crisis, but had now resigned his military command, followed him, unbidden, and he has left us the following short but affecting statement of what he then witnessed at the *Court* of Versailles :—

‘ The unhappy King on his return to Versailles found himself *almost alone*. For three whole days there was no one near him but M. de Montmorin [one of the ministers] and me [who had no official character]. Even his menial attendants waited upon him with disrespectful negligence, and I myself was a witness of this insolence.’—*Mém. de Bezenval*, ii. 568.

And so early and so entirely was the ‘ unhappy King’ convinced of the perils of his own situation, and his total want of power to protect any one who was attached to him  
de Bezenval to leave Versailles and to seek |

to his native country. Such was the *Court* which the pages of M. Thiers represent as being at this very time in formidable activity against the safety of Paris which was garrisoned by 60,000 new-raised National Guards, and the liberties of France which was in a state of triumphant anarchy from Dunkirk to Marseilles.

There is one great fact which, if M. Thiers had given himself the least trouble about either historical truth or logical consistency, would have warned him, as it must convince all the rest of mankind, that his device of seeming to separate the innocent King from the guilty *Court* is, by the admission of his own idols, utterly futile. *The King was executed for the very circumstances imputed by M. Thiers to the Court!*—and Messrs. Vergniaud and Guadet—*'courageux nobles et illustres citoyens,'* as M. Thiers delights to call them—and his Highness Citizen and Prince Cambacérès *'homme savant et sage,'* and Citizen and Count Carnot *'homme probe et courageux,'* and Citizen and Count Treillard *'honnête homme réunissant les lumières à la probité,'* and Letourneur *'bon homme,'* and Lareveillière Lepeaux *'le plus honnête et le meilleur des hommes,'* and so many others of M. Thiers' transcendent specimens of talents, probity, and justice, who all voted for the death of the King, made no such exculpatory distinction, and sent *him* to the scaffold as guilty of those imaginary crimes which M. Thiers—not now daring to produce against him personally, and yet reluctant to disavow, his *'illustrious' regicides*—imputes to the phantom *Court*.

But may not the *Queen* be suspected of having favoured counter-revolutionary intrigues, and might not she be aptly designated as the *Court*, in contradistinction to the King? This M. Thiers, though he does not venture directly to affirm—(for the reasons we have hinted)—often insinuates; but here again we have every kind of evidence that the Queen never separated herself from the determinations of the King, though she—a person of a higher spirit and, we believe, more scope of mind than her honest but hesitating helpmate—may sometimes have differed from his opinions, and in the confidence of their private intercourse have thought it to be, as it assuredly was, her duty to assist her King, her husband, and the father of her children—with her affectionate but sometimes probably unpalatable, and sometimes perhaps adventurous, counsels. The testimony of two constitutional ministers, Dumouriez and Bertrand de Moleville, unquestionable on this point, as M. Thiers admits—and that of Madame Campan—not so authoritative, but as authentic, leave, as he professes, *even in his mind* no doubt of the Queen's sincere participation in the conciliatory and constitutional views of her husband. We ourselves have received from Dumouriez's own mouth—Dumouriez, whom, as the friend  
and

and protector of Louis-Philippe, and as the person who gave the impulse of victory to the revolutionary army, it suits M. Thiers to extol, and who was really a most able and, in his most difficult circumstances, an honest, well-intentioned man—Dumouriez, we say, affirmed to us, in many frank and confidential conversations on the subject of the Revolution, his absolute knowledge and conviction (and no man could be a better judge) of the sincerity and good faith of the King, of the entire concurrence of the Queen in his constitutional views, and the utter falsehood and nonsense of all the imputations of the secret and interior *Court* and the imaginary 'conspiracies against the people' with which the agitations of Paris were at the moment excited and fed.

The Feuillants, or Constitutional party—Lafayette, Lameth, &c.—wished, says M. Thiers,—

'to save the King without altering the Constitution. *Their means were feeble.* In the first place, the *Court* that they wished to save would not be saved by them. The Queen, who readily gave her confidence to Barnave [a reclaimed Jacobin, now a Constitutionalist], had always taken the greatest precautions in seeing him, and never received him but in secret. *The Emigrants and the Court* would never have forgiven her for even seeing a Constitutionalist. They in fact advised her not to treat with them, and rather to prefer the Jacobins,' &c.—vol. i. p. 296.

Here then we have a *Court* in contradistinction not only to the King, but the *Queen* also—a *Court* that, in league with the Emigrants, never would *forgive the Queen* for even seeing the Constitutionals; and for this extraordinary statement, M. Thiers refers us, in a marginal note, to the authority of Madame Campan. We turned to the passage with eagerness: we supposed that at last we were about to learn who and what this mysterious *Court* could be, that thus, *in concert with the Emigrants*, overawed the constitutional dispositions of the Queen. We found in Madame Campan no mention of—not the slightest allusion to, the *Court*, nor anything like it. She speaks of the *Emigrants* alone, and does *not* say that they advised the Queen, or that the Queen listened (as M. Thiers himself admits she did not) to their advice. What Madame Campan does say is simply that—

'the Emigrants showed [*faisaient entrevoir*] great apprehensions of any approaches towards the Constitutional party, which they described as existing only in idea, and having no longer the means of repairing the mischief they had done; they would have preferred the Jacobins,' &c.—*Mém. de Campan*, vol. ii. p. 194.

Not a word about the *Court*—and the opinion concerning the Feuillant party thus attributed to the Emigrants is precisely that which M. Thiers himself had just before pronounced, 'that *their means were too feeble*;' and which he reiterates immediately after  
in

in almost the same words, 'the feebleness of their means of making head against the Revolutionists' (*ibid.*).

The sequel of this affair is such an additional specimen of bad faith and self-contradiction that it ought not to be suppressed. The King having accepted a ministry from this Feuillant party, Lafayette came forward to support his friends now in office by writing a kind of dictatorial manifesto to the Assembly, in which he denounced the proceedings and objects of the Jacobins. Of this celebrated, foolish, and, as it turned out, unfortunate letter, M. Thiers gives large extracts; but by a petty trick habitual to him, and indeed to all falsifiers, he chooses to suppress the *date* both of *time* and *place*—circumstances essential to any letter, but on which, in respect to *this* letter, everything turned. It was dated '16th June, 1792, from the intrenched camp at Maubeuge;' and the indignation it produced in the Assembly arose on two main points:—in the first place, it was most unconstitutional and dangerous that a General at the head of an army should presume to lecture the National Assembly—and, secondly—on which ground indeed they affected to treat it as a forgery—though dated at *Maubeuge* on the 16th, it began by alluding to the resignation of Dumouriez, which had happened in *Paris* only *that same day*—the 16th. These two egregious blunders of his hero, Lafayette, M. Thiers thinks that he in some degree veils by *suppressing* the dates. But he had also another object—still more fraudulent. The letter was dated the 16th; read in the Assembly on the 18th—on the 19th it occasioned the greatest agitation in Paris, and it became the pretext of the infamous Girondin attack on the Tuileries of the following day, the celebrated 20th of June. It was necessary to M. Thiers' system of calumny to implicate in some way the King and Queen in these ill-managed proceedings of Lafayette and their lamentable consequences, and he thus goes about it:—

'The Feuillants got about Lafayette, and concerted with him the draft of a letter to the Assembly. His friends were divided on this subject—some excited, others dissuaded. But he, only thinking of how to serve the King to whom he had sworn fidelity, wrote the letter, and braved all the dangers which were about to threaten his life.'—ii. 124. Now there is nothing in M. Thiers' relation to explain that all this might not have happened *at Paris*—though we know *aliunde* that whoever got about (*entourat*) Lafayette, must have been at *Maubeuge*; and then M. Thiers reaches the real object of all this manœuvring:—

'The King and the Queen (though resolved not to avail themselves of his services) *allowed him* to write the letter, because they *were delighted to see the friends of liberty at variance.*'—*Ib.*

Thus

Thus creating an impression that the King and Queen were in personal communication with Lafayette, and encouraged him to write the letter—not expecting or intending that it should do any good—but with the perfidious design of injuring their gallant defender and rendering him suspicious and odious to the friends of liberty. And the better to carry on this fraud, M. Thiers makes another remarkable suppression. The King was so far from having had any share in this letter to the Assembly, that Lafayette thought it necessary to send his Majesty a copy of it in a private letter, which Bertrand de Moleville has preserved, but which M. Thiers *totally suppresses*—and for two reasons—first, because it disproves any treacherous intrigue on the part of the King as to the first letter; and also, because it bears testimony to the honest and constitutional dispositions of his Majesty.

Even while forced in all substantial cases to admit the King's personal sincerity, he takes the opportunity of every obscure or doubtful incident to insinuate a suspicion of perfidy—and sometimes draws this ingenious conclusion from facts that should have had a quite contrary effect. For instance—towards the close of 1789, he says that

‘the King would not recall his Gardes-du-corps, who had been removed on the 5th and 6th of October, and preferred to intrust himself to the National Guard, with whom he considered himself safe.’

What could be more prudent or more natural? If the King had been so rash and so unfeeling as to bring forward again those poor Gardes-du-corps, so lately the victims of popular fury, what charges of conspiracy and perfidy would not the revolutionists of the time have raised, and M. Thiers reiterated?—A new massacre must have been the inevitable result. But ‘the King confided himself to the National Guards’—the soldiers of the people. Has M. Thiers no expression of approbation for that conciliatory sacrifice of the royal feeling? Quite the contrary: he proceeds to throw over the King's humane reluctance to expose the Gardes-du-corps to fresh danger and his confidence in the National Guard, the most odious discolour:—

‘*His design was to appear a prisoner.* The Municipality of Paris defeated this miserable trick (*trop petite ruse*) by begging the King to recall his Gardes-du-corps—which he still refused, under *idle pretexts*, and *through the medium of the Queen.*’

*To appear a prisoner?* Alas! who but M. Thiers ever doubted that ever since the 5th of October he was one? The fear of a new massacre of the Gardes-du-corps is called a ‘*miserable trick*’ and an ‘*idle pretext*,’ on no other author  
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believe) a single person venturing to wear an old uniform proved that the whole body-guard would have been allowed to resume the custody of the King, and deprive the National Guards of the posts which they had usurped amidst the butchery of the 6th of October! But cannot M. Thiers imagine that, besides these cogent reasons, the King might have a constitutional reluctance to acknowledge the humiliating authority that M. Lafayette and the Municipality of Paris thus assumed to exercise over his household? And then, that the Queen might, as usual, be implicated in this perfidy, it is said that the King employed her—*à laquelle ON* [we suppose the *Court*] *confiait les commissions difficiles*—as the medium of his communications; when in truth it appears, even by M. Thiers' own explanatory note, that *M. de la Fayette* had made the proposition to the Queen, and of course received the answer through the medium that *he*, and not the King, had chosen. And, finally, after thus making this a direct and personal charge against the King and Queen, he falls back upon his old device of secret and anonymous advisers, and tells us that the King and Queen would have accepted the proposition, but that '*ON leur fit refuser*,' &c. There assuredly needed no adviser to enable any person of the most ordinary understanding to see that such a proposition could have had no other prospect than that of a new and general massacre, and an earlier and more complete overthrow of the monarchy. M. Thiers, in thus attempting to calumniate the King and Queen, has in truth produced against his friend and patron Lafayette one of the heaviest charges, either of deplorable folly or detestable treachery, that ever yet had been made against him.

Another case bearing on nearly the same points affords an instance of still more flagitious falsehood:—

'On the 18th of April [1791],' says M. Thiers, 'the King attempted to pay a visit to St. Cloud. It was immediately reported that, being unwilling to employ a priest who had taken the oath [to the new constitution of the clergy], he had determined to absent himself during Easter week. Others declared that he designed to make his escape. The people assembled in crowds and stopped his horses. Lafayette hastened to his rescue, entreated the King *to remain in his carriage*, and assured him that he was about to open a passage for his departure. The King, however, *according to his old policy of not appearing free*, got out of the carriage, and would not permit him to make the attempt.'

Now the fact is, that Lafayette did make the attempt, and totally failed. 'The very soldiers he had brought to protect the King's passage,' says Bertrand de Moleville, 'turned against him. He did in fact all that he could do, but his efforts only proved his own want of power: the feeble voice of the popular (

was drowned in the vociferations of the mob; and although M. de Lafayette offered, if the King should persist in going, to endeavour to force a passage at *the risk of his life*, the King declined a conflict of which he and his wife and children—*whose presence M. Thiers fraudulently conceals*—would no doubt have been the first victims, and—after having been *an hour and a half* in the carriage, exposed to the grossest insults, ribaldry, and menaces of the populace—was at length forced to alight. And instead of this being a dishonest trick of the King's—as M. Thiers insinuates—he went next day in state to the National Assembly and complained of the outrage in these words:—

'Gentlemen—You are informed of the opposition given yesterday to my departure from St. Cloud. I was unwilling to overcome it by force, because I feared to occasion acts of severity against a misguided multitude—but it is of importance to the nation to prove that I am free. Nothing is so essential to the authority of the sanction I have given to your decrees.—Governed by this powerful motive I persist in my plan of going to St. Cloud, and the National Assembly must perceive the necessity of it.'

This appeal was as fruitless as the '*forcible feeble*' efforts of Lafayette had been. The Municipality of Paris decreed that the King should not go to St. Cloud—the cowardly Assembly declined to interfere, and the humiliated monarch was as it were remanded back to his prison. The conduct of all the authorities of the day was execrable—but what can be said of M. Thiers?—what? but that his narrative is false and calumnious.

In the critical interval between the outrages of the 20th of June and the 10th of August M. Thiers says—

'It was rumoured (*on répandait*) in fact that the Château\* was endeavouring to *provoke* the people to a second rising, in order that it might have an opportunity of slaughtering them. So that the Château supposed that there was an intention of assassinating the King, and the Faubourgs one of massacring the people.'

Thus again endeavouring to place some imaginary conspiracy of the Court in the same category with the real atrocities of the 20th of June and 10th of August, and hinting, with his usual insidious inconsistency, that the aggressions of the people were prompted by an impulse of self-defence, although he in antecedent and subsequent passages (i. 306—372) admits that both these deplorable riots were the work not even of the people, but of a dozen leaders of the Jacobin and Gironde parties, who even found some difficulty in rousing the Parisian mob into the necessary state of frenzy, and were obliged to adjourn the decisive insurrec-

\*now, the term *Château*, meaning the Royal residence, was often used in an invidious sense for

<sup>1</sup> the Court. 'La Cour désignée tour-à-tour  
et du Veto.'—Thiers, ii. 177.

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tion, at first intended for the 26th of July, to the 10th of August, that they might have the co-operation of the Marseillais.—i. 372.

Here is another specimen of the same masquerade of candour. When the unhappy Queen deplored the undeserved animosity of the people—M. Thiers sympathises with her in the following strain:—

‘Thus, by a kind of fatality, the *supposed* ill intention of the *Château* excited the suspicions and fury of the people, and the vociferations of the people increased the sorrows and imprudences of the *Château*. Why did not the *Château* understand the fears of the people—why did not the people understand the sorrows of the *Château*—Why? but because men are men.’—ii. 77.

To this disgusting affectation of a humane impartiality we answer No—it was because the Revolutionists were *not* men, but monsters! Sorrows there were, and fear there was—but not divided as in M. Thiers’ invidious partition; the fear, as well as the sorrow, was the bitter portion of the *Château*—the people had nothing to fear, and feared nothing. Their leaders were the only conspirators, and in every case the aggressors and assailants; while the humbled and defenceless *Château* was doomed to suffer at first all the humiliation of insult, and ultimately the last excesses of outrage. We have no doubt that there may have been, must have been, about the Court, as there was in every other class of French—as well as of European—society, a diversity of opinion about the Revolution—that the Anti-revolutionists must have predominated in the Court circle—that, as the authority and person of the King were progressively assailed, insulted, and endangered, the hostile opinions of the courtiers became more unanimous—that they may have talked what M. Thiers calls ‘imprudently,’ and even sometimes acted imprudently. All this is true, and every such incident (surprisingly few, all things considered) was exaggerated and promulgated by every nefarious art to inflame and ulcerate the public mind. But that anything like a conspiracy or combination against the people, or even the new order of things, was ever formed—but above all formed under any approbation or connivance of either the King or the Queen—may be most confidently denied. And what ratifies our argument is, that M. Thiers, who makes these insinuations as to secret anti-national councils on every page, never once attempts to establish them by facts; and whenever he happens to produce a fact at all approaching the subject, it is invariably found to contradict the insinuation.

In short, it seems to us that in all this portion of his work—and a most important portion it is—M. Thiers is as utterly regardless of truth or even of *vraisemblance* as if he were writing the

the *Château de Nesle* or the *Mystères de Paris*—and we have little doubt that, if taxed in the private society of his early days with this elaborate *suggestio falsi*, the gay and *insouciant* manufacturer of M. Le Cointe's octavos would have laughed and shrugged his shoulders with a '*Mais, que voulez vous?*'—without this phantom of a *Court*, I could not have carried *my theory* of the Revolution through a single page.'

His management of the case of *Egalité* takes the other of the two modes of deception, on which his whole scheme proceeds—the *suppressio veri*; and as he invents, even beyond the libellists of the day, machinations for an imaginary *Court*, so *en revanche* as it were, he attenuates and envelops in ambiguity and doubt every indication of the real conspiracy of the Duke of Orleans. The detailed plan of his work did not allow him to get rid of the Duke of Orleans in the summary style of Mignet; but we have not been able to find a single passage in which the most serious, the most notorious, the most undeniable charges against *Egalité* are not either passed over altogether, or treated as the mere *on dits* of the town, or as the suggestions of enemies, or as accidents which, even if true, were of no substantial influence. Here are a few instances, not selected, but taken as they occur in the first pages.

The Abbé Sièyes is introduced—his 'pamphlet' which accelerated, his 'motion' which constituted, *the National Assembly*—but not a hint is given that he had, or was supposed to have, any connexion with the Duke of Orleans—nor is any mention made of the celebrated *cahiers* of the Orleans *bailliages*, attributed to Sièyes. And why this concealment? Because it is M. Thiers', as it was M. Mignet's, and no doubt M. Lafitte's, object to represent the Duke as a giddy, dissipated, mere man of pleasure, with no plan, no party, no influence—a fly on the wheel of the Revolution;—and this hypothesis would be defeated by a confession that he was acting in close and intimate concert with 'the comprehensive, philosophical, and systematic mind of one of the greatest geniuses of the age.' (Thiers, vol. i. pp. 28, 60.) So when he first mentions the Duke of Orleans as connected with party, it is thus:—

'When parties began to form themselves, *he had suffered* his name to be employed, and even, *it is said*, his wealth also. Flattered with the *vague prospect* before him, he was active enough to draw accusations on himself, but not to ensure success; and he must have sadly distressed his partisans, *if they really had any projects*, by his inconstant ambition.'—i. 44.

'Vague prospect'—'inconstant ambition'—of *u* does not say; and even doubts whether 'any projects'! By and by M. Thiers becomes a little

\* The garden of the Palais Royal, forming an appurtenance to the palace of the Duke of Orleans, was the rendezvous of the most vehement agitators; there the boldest harangues were delivered; there might be seen an orator mounted on a table collecting a crowd around him, and exciting them by the most ferocious language—language always unpunished—for there the mob reigned sovereign. Here men, *supposed* to be devoted to the Duke of Orleans, were the most forward. The wealth of that prince—his well-known prodigality—the enormous sums he borrowed—his residence on the spot—his ambition, *though vague*, all served to point accusation against him.—i. 88.

Here, in spite of the qualifying and ambiguous phraseology, we have something that looks like a presumption against the Duke of Orleans; but M. Thiers makes a sharp turn, and being unable either to conceal or deny the fact that the mobs of the Palais Royal were bribed, he hastens to throw a veil over the name of Duke of Orleans, and to rescue the immaculate Revolution from the reproach of having been in any degree influenced by these hireling agitators.

The mode in which he executes this is very remarkable and admirably characteristic. We stated at the outset that M. Thiers had, in his subsequent editions, altered certain passages of his original text, and that these alterations seemed chiefly designed to remove some slight traces of truth or candour into which he had inadvertently fallen. We have already given one example of it; but this revision is peculiarly observable in several passages relating to the delicate subject of the Duke of Orleans; and from many instances of this dishonest manipulation we submit to our readers the specimen of the case before us.

## FIRST EDITION.

' *The Historian, without mentioning any name*, can at least assert that money was profusely distributed. For if the sound part of the nation was ardently desirous of liberty; if the restless and suffering multitude resorted to agitation for the sake of bettering its condition; there were instigators who excited this multitude, and who *often* directed its blows and *its pillage*. It is, certainly, not with money and secret manoeuvres that one can set in movement an entire nation, *but once excited, it is often by this means that it is directed and led astray (égarée)*.—i. 88.

## SUBSEQUENT EDITIONS.

' *History, without mentioning any name*, can at least assert that money was profusely distributed. For if the sound part of the nation was ardently desirous of liberty; if the restless and suffering multitude resorted to agitation for the sake of bettering its condition; there were instigators who *sometimes* excited that multitude, and directed *perhaps* some of its blows. *In other respects this influence is not to be reckoned among the causes of the Revolution*; for it is *not* with a *little* money and with secret manoeuvres that you can *con* nation of *twenty-five* men.—i. 55.

Our readers see the art with which these changes are made and the object to which they are directed. In the first version the *Historian* admits the fact that money was instrumental in those tumults; in the second he endeavours to discredit it. In the first version he says the *Historian* himself *can assert* the fact—as if from personal investigation and conviction—in the second version he slips out of this responsibility, and turns it over to the Muse of 'History'—'tis *Clio* and not *Thiers* that suspects the integrity of the Duke of Orleans. In the first version he confesses 'blows and pillage'—but 'pillage' would have reminded his reader of an affair which M. Thiers had, as we shall more fully see by and by, a strong desire to suppress—the pillage of the house of M. Reveillon; and so the word 'pillage' disappears from the second version. In the first version it is said *positively* that 'there were instigators who excited and *often* directed these blows and pillage.' In the second version the positive assertion is lowered to a '*perhaps*,' '*peut-être*'—the '*often*' to '*sometimes*'—and '*the blows and pillage*' attenuated to '*some (quelques uns) of its blows*.' And finally, the last admission, that when a nation is once in a state of excitement, money can influence and misguide it, is totally merged in an assertion of a directly opposite tendency—that '*it is not by "a little" money that a nation of twenty-five millions of people can be convulsed.*'

We have gone into these verbal details on this point that it may serve as a specimen of the low and dishonest arts with which M. Thiers falsifies not merely the historical facts, but when he has happened in the hurry of early composition to deviate into any thing like truth—his own recorded evidence and opinion.

All this patching and plastering does little towards defending the Duke of Orleans; but it proves all we want to show—M. Thiers' reluctance to tell what he knows to be the truth, and the miserable shifts with which he endeavours to evade it. But then come the 5th and 6th October, 1789, when the guilt of the Duke of Orleans became so audacious and flagrant, that even M. Thiers was forced—on pain of a complete literary discredit and commercial failure—to notice it distinctly; but he does so in a way that exhibits, most strikingly, his affected candour, mingling with his inveterate partiality and untruth. Our readers need not be reminded of the frightful yet romantic horrors of those dreadful days—the most extraordinary, and exciting, and touching scenes, we think, of the whole revolutionary tragedy.\* They ended—after a series of  
brutalities

in Mr. Mac Farlane's 'History of the Revolution,'  
in four small but comprehensive volumes;—  
disparity in its style, and some minor inaccuracies  
the best book we have seen on the subject.  
but weighed and compared all preceding  
writers,

brutalities and massacres, paid for and directed by the Duke of Orleans *in person*—in the mob, led by women, and *men in women's clothes*, carrying off the Royal Family, in bloody triumph, prisoners to Paris; the heads of the faithful Gardes-du-corps massacred in protecting them, being carried in the van of the procession of murderers and furies. Yet of these fatal horrors the King and Queen themselves were, in M. Thiers' narrative, joint projectors and accomplices.

'Public excitement was at its height; and the most sinister events were to be apprehended. A *movement* was equally desired by the People and the Court!—By the people, that they might seize the King's person; the Court, that terror might induce him to retire to Metz.'—i. 184.

We pause with disgust and wonder at such audacious nonsense. The Court having a premeditated share in the siege and sack of Versailles—the Court! Of the poor and scanty remains of what could be called a Court, some on that day sacrificed, with deliberate heroism, their own lives in order that, while the mob were butchering them, the Queen might have time to escape half-naked from her bed. Others were massacred in various acts of duty. Every soul within the palace had reason to believe their last hour was come. This was the Court which invited the mob to 'frighten the King!' Next follows one of those admissions on which M. Thiers builds his reputation for candour and impartiality:—

'A movement was also desired by the Duke of Orleans, who hoped to obtain the Lieutenant-Generalship [Regency] of the kingdom, if the King should go off.' 'It *has even been said* that the Duke of Orleans went so far as to hope for the Crown; but this is hardly credible, for—'

we think no reader would have ever guessed the reason,

'for—he had not sufficient audacity of spirit for so high an ambition.'

Though M. Thiers had admitted in the preceding line that the movement was desired by the Duke to drive the King away, and to obtain for himself the Regency of the kingdom: surely the audacity and ambition that sufficed for the scheme that M. Thiers confesses, would have been equally adequate to the scheme he discredits. What follows is still more astounding. M. Thiers all of a sudden discovers that the Duke is totally innocent of the whole affair—of what he had planned, as well as of what he had not!

'The advantages which the Duke might expect from this new insurrection have occasioned his being accused of having *participated in it*;

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writers, and of course has arrived at the same conclusions as we have, as to the '*equivocating*,' '*mystifying*,' '*falsifying*,' '*Jesuitism*' of M. Thiers—though he does not seem to have suspected the peculiar influences under which he wrote. He is not quite so well on his guard against the deeper deception of Mignet, whom, even while refuting him, he treats with more respect than his shallow philosophy and solemn insincerity deserve.

but

but it *was no such thing*. He could not have given this impulsion—for—

another reason which no one would ever have guessed,

‘for it arose out of the *nature of things*.’—*Ib.*

So, all M. Thiers has been propounding for the last five minutes turns out to be mere lies or reveries. It was neither the *People*, nor the *Court*, nor the *Duke of Orleans*, that made this insurrection—not at all; it was impossible that they—and particularly *he*—could have had anything to do with it; it resulted from an altogether different and higher power—the *nature of things*!—*Fudge*!—But M. Thiers suspects that this solution might not be quite satisfactory; and then he produces another scrap of candour:—

‘The utmost the Duke of Orleans could have had to do with it was to forward (*seconder*) it; and even in that view, the *immense judicial inquiry which afterwards ensued*, and time, which reveals all things, *afford no trace of any concerted plan*.’

What! though he himself had just told us that the *People* had a plan of seizing the King, and the *Court* another, of frightening, and the *Duke* a third, of dethroning him?

But the assertion that the Duke of Orleans did not ‘*participate*’ in this movement, and that ‘the *immense judicial inquiry afforded no trace of any concerted plan*’—is assuredly the most monstrous falsehood that we have ever seen in print. All the arts, the powers, and the audacity of the Revolutionary party were employed to protract, embarrass, and stifle that inquiry—but in spite of their efforts the main facts were put beyond doubt. Upwards of three hundred witnesses spoke to a vast variety of the incidents connected with these long and mysterious machinations, and established by a thousand concurrent facts that there was a conspiracy against the King—that the Duke of Orleans paid for and countenanced, and even personally directed it—and that the object was the Regency or even the Throne for him, according as events might turn out. We shall produce half a dozen of this cloud of witnesses—whose evidence is beyond all question, and who state in general terms what all the rest support by innumerable details.

First, M. Mounier—who was President of the National Assembly during those eventful days, and, as M. Thiers admits, one of the most respectable of the popular party:—

‘I know that long before the 5th of October there was a design to force the King to Paris—that M. La Fayette apprised the Ministers of this intention, and advised them to bring the regiment of Flanders to Versailles to prevent it. M. de Lusignan, colonel of this regiment, acquainted me soon after its arrival that every means of seduction—even money and women—were employed to debauch his soldiers. About four o’clock in the evening of the 5th the women arrived, led by two men

men [one of them Maillard, one of the heroes of the Bastille], and endeavoured to force their way into the Palace, but failing there, came into and filled the hall of the National Assembly. About midnight, M. de la Fayette arrived with the Parisian army. He told me,—*This is a fresh trick of the faction. Never before was so much money distributed to the people—the dearness of bread and the banquet given by the Gardes-du-Corps [to the regiment of Flanders] are mere pretexts.*—*Procédure du Châtelet*, i. 73.

M. Bergasse, the celebrated advocate and deputy to the National Assembly, deposed—

‘Several days before the 5th and 6th of October, it was publicly announced at Versailles, that there was to be an insurrection against the Royal Family;—that on the morning of the day on which the mob came, there was a great fermentation in Versailles itself;—that it was said that the time was come for cutting the Queen’s throat, and getting rid of the Cabal of which she was the leader;—that for a long time previous to this, many persons seemed occupied with the project of making the Duke of Orleans regent of the kingdom;—that deponent does not permit himself, without further proof, to assert that this was with the consent of that Prince . . . but truth obliges him to declare that he had heard [early in July] the Comte de Mirabeau declare that no effectual step towards liberty would be made until they had made a *Revolution at Court*, and that the revolution must be the *elevation of the Duke of Orleans to the Regency*;—that one of those present asking whether the Duke of Orleans would consent, M. de Mirabeau answered that the Duke of Orleans had said every thing that was satisfactory on that point.’—*Ib.* i. 19.

M. de Massé, captain-commandant of the regiment of Flanders, declares—

‘That he was at the head of the regiment when the women arrived—that he and the other officers used every exertion to prevent these women getting amongst the men, but in vain—and that amongst these women there were several that from their voices, air, and manner, he supposed were *men in disguise*.’—*ib.* 139.

He and other officers of the regiment deposed that money was distributed to debauch the soldiers from their duty, and adduced several instances.

Joseph Bernard, one of the Cent Suisses of the Royal Guard, attests that—

‘The iron gate of the Château was opened at four o’clock in the morning of the 6th, though the custom is that it is never opened till the King rises; that it was by this gate that most of the populace entered—some entered by other gates—but *all directed themselves towards the Queen’s apartments, and seemed to be led by some one acquainted with the interior of the palace.*’—i. 65.

M. Groux, one of the King’s Guard, declares—

‘That between six and seven o’clock in the morning of the 6th he saw the Duke of Orleans in a grey frock-coat unbuttoned, so as to show his

his *star*, followed by a great mob crying "*Vive le Roi d'Orléans !*" and that HE pointed out to the people the great stairs of the Château, and made a motion with his head to indicate that they should turn to the right."—i. 140.

—The Queen's apartments being on the right of the great stairs, whither, in pursuance of this indication, the mob directed itself, and massacred the Gardes-du-corps that attempted to defend her apartment.

Le Vicomte de la Châtre, deputy to the National Assembly, deposes—

'I had been up all night in the tumultuous sitting of the Assembly, where the women and mob of Paris had taken their places amongst us. At half-past three in the morning we adjourned, exhausted with fatigue. I attempted to get into the Château, but found it closed and guarded all round. I then went to my own lodging, and lay down on my bed. I had hardly got to sleep when I was roused by the Comte de la Châtre, who lodged in a room of the same house, which overlooked the front court of the Palace and the Place d'Armes, calling me to see that the mob had seized two of the Gardes-du-corps, and were beheading them under our windows. While at the window I heard loud cries of "*Vive le Roi d'Orléans !*" and looking out, I saw that prince coming along towards the spot where the Gardes-du-corps had been murdered. He passed close under the window—followed by a great crowd—with a large cockade in his hat, and a switch in his hand which he flourished about, laughing heartily. Shortly after the appearance of the Duke of Orleans, the man with the great beard who had cut off the heads of the Gardes-du-corps—[the celebrated *Coupetête*—passed our door with his hatchet on his shoulder, and with his bloody hands took a pinch of snuff from the porter, who was afraid to refuse him."—*Ib.*, i. 195.

It was also proved (and this M. Thiers could not venture to deny, because Mirabeau repeated it in the Assembly), that when Mirabeau quarrelled with the Duke of Orleans for his pusillanimity in running away from this inquiry, he exclaimed—'*The cowardly varlet does not deserve the trouble that we have taken for him*' (*ib.*, i. 91). But M. Thiers, with his usual bad faith, conceals the equally proved fact that Mirabeau had said to Mounier, in reply to an expression he had used in some arguments about the Constitution in favour of a king, '*Eh, my God, good man that you are, who said that we were not to have a King? But what can it matter whether it be a Louis or a Philippe? Would you have that brat of a child [the Dauphin]?*'—(*ib.*, i. 19.)

It is in the face of these and hundreds of other concurring witnesses that M. Thiers has the effrontery to assert that this inquiry afforded '*no trace of any concerted plan*,' nor of any '*participation*' on the part of the Duke of Orleans, and that there was not any concert on this occasion between that prince and Mirabeau! Mignet, without mentioning the Duke of

into the same scheme of general misrepresentations; but he falls short of M. Thiers' bolder falsifications.

We have been thus minute in our exposure of M. Thiers' dealing with the character of the Duke of Orleans, for it is the pivot on which the whole of this very important portion of his History turns; and our readers will judge whether they ever before read, even in the lowest party pamphlet, a more contemptible affectation of candour—more shameless partiality—more gross inconsistency—more thorough want of principle, and a more audacious defiance of common sense.

We must make room for his further endeavours to attenuate these horrors, and at the same time flatter old Lafayette, one of his patrons, whose conduct during this whole affair was *at best* contemptibly pusillanimous and blundering. The first movement on the morning of the 6th he thus describes:

'A quarrel (*un rixe*) took place with one of the Gardes-du-corps, who fired from the windows.'—vol. i. p. 195.

This is an utter falsehood, invented, as far as our recollection serves us, by M. Thiers himself, to make the Gardes-du-corps appear the aggressors. There was no *rix*e—no shot was fired from the windows—no shot was fired by a Garde-du-corps any where. This our readers see is the old *suggestio falsi*; then comes the concomitant *suppressio veri*. The *Historian* does not relate the horrid butchery of the *Gardes-du-corps*; on the contrary, he says in general terms that 'Lafayette saved the Gardes-du-corps from massacre,' and it is only by an allusion in a subsequent page, introduced to do Lafayette an honour he did not deserve, that we discover that any of the Gardes-du-corps had been murdered:—

'Lafayette gave orders to disarm [*strange phrase!*] the two ruffians who carried at the tops of their pikes the heads of the *Gardes-du-corps*. This horrible trophy was forced from them; and *it is not true* that it preceded the King's coach.'—vol. i. p. 199.

This is a mixture of falsehood and equivocation. The ruffians were *not disarmed* of their horrid trophies; on the contrary, they carried them to Paris—not immediately indeed in front of the King's carriage, but in the van of the procession, which of course had marched before the King set out. The first detachment stopped half way at Sèvres, where they forced the village hair-dresser to dress the hair of the two bloody heads (*Bertrand de Moleville*, vol. i. p. 144). And finally, the impartial historian suppresses one of the noblest and most striking traits of the Queen's character. When the officers of the Châtelet wished to obtain her evidence on these transactions, she replied that 'she would not appear as a witness against any of the King's subjects,' adding nobly, '*J'ai tout vu—tout su—et tout oublié!*'

All his other characters are treated in the same style: every Royalist is depreciated and libelled directly and indirectly, by misrepresentation, by sneer, by calumny; and not a crime or horror is mentioned without, sometimes, an insidious suggestion, but generally a downright assertion, that the King, the Court, or the Royalists were themselves the cause of it; while, on the other hand, every Revolutionist is a patriot, a sage, or a hero; and from the equivocating imbecility of Lafayette up to the bloody audacity of Danton, every shade of worthlessness and crime finds in M. Thiers an admirer and apologist.\* Marat, we think, and, in some degree, Robespierre, are the only exceptions. Doomed as they already were to the part of scapegoats of all the sins of the early Revolution, M. Thiers finds it convenient to continue them in that character. As his narrative approaches later times, it is curious to observe with what evident, and sometimes gross personal flattery or personal injustice, he treats the objects of (as the case may be) his own political bias or antipathy. But it would take a Biographical Dictionary to follow him into all the details of his personal misrepresentations. We must content ourselves with having indicated them, and must revert to the more important duty of examining his narrative of events;—and in fulfilment of the principle which we professed at the outset, we will not make what might be thought a selection to suit our own purpose;—we

\* There is another species of partiality which he constantly employs, and which, petty and paltry as it is, produces a certain general effect. The young historian, addressing himself to the passions of *La Jeune France*, exaggerates on every occasion the youth and beauty of his revolutionary heroes and heroines. For instance—'About this time there was at Paris a young Marseillais, full of ardour, courage, and republican illusions, who was surnamed *Antinous* for his beauty—*qu'on nomma ANTINOUS, tant il était beau*' (vol. i. p. 303). A mere fiction: he never was so named. The assertion is a misrepresentation of a phrase of Madame Roland's; who, however, says no more than that a 'painter would not have disdained to have copied his features for a head of Antinous.' A natural remark from an artist's daughter, and who was herself supposed to have a *penchant* for Barbaroux; but it is far from the assertion that he was '*nommé Antinous tant il était beau!*'—for even Madame Roland does not so call him. The truth is, that, whatever his face may have been, Barbaroux's figure was so clumsy, that when the Girondins were endeavouring to escape after their luckless insurrection in Normandy, his size was a serious embarrassment. 'Buzot,' says Louvet, one of the party, '*débarrassé de ses armes, était encore trop pesant: non moins lourd, mais plus courageux, Barbaroux, à vingt-huit ans, était gros et gras comme un homme de quarante*'—as bulky, fat, and heavy as a man of forty! What an Antinous! Of Madame Roland herself, M. Thiers says, '*Elle était jeune et belle.*' She was neither: her countenance, though very agreeable, never had been, as she herself tells us, what is called *belle*; and she was now *thirty-eight years old*. We even read at this same epoch that it was a matter of surprise that Dulaure should have '*quitté les charmes de la citoyenne Lejay* [the handsome wife of a bookseller] *pour s'attacher à ceux de la vieille Roland.*' (Mém. de Dulaure.—Rev. Ret. iii. 3, 11.) And she herself, with more good humour than is usual with her, owns that '*Camille Desmoulins a eu raison de s'étonner qu'à son âge, et avec si peu de beauté, elle avait ce qu'il appelle des adorateurs*' (*Appel à la Postérité*, iii. 61.)

These are trifles in themselves, but they serve to illustrate the general system of deception—*retail* as well as *wholesale*—on which M. Thiers proceeds.

shall accept the first marked *events* which the work presents—by them, we presume, M. Thiers would not himself object to be judged.

We begin with the first *bloodshed* of the Revolution, the *émeute* of the 27th of April, 1789, in which, without any visible cause or conjectured object, and while Paris, as well as the rest of France, was still in the tranquillity and legal order of the old *régime*—when nothing like a Revolution was thought of—a ferocious mob of persons, unknown in the neighbourhood and evidently directed by some unseen agency, attacked and destroyed the residence and manufactories of M. Reveillon, an extensive paper-maker in the Faubourg St. Antoine; one of the most blameless and respectable citizens of Paris, esteemed by all his neighbours, and particularly popular with the working classes, of whom he employed a great number, and in the famine of the preceding year had been a large benefactor. The affair grew so obstinate and serious, that the troops were at length called out, but too late to prevent the destruction of M. Reveillon's establishment, or that of M. Henriot, an extensive manufacturer of saltpetre in the same neighbourhood. M. Thiers, like the other Jacobin historians, takes no notice of *M. Henriot*—and *pour cause*, as we shall see. The mob were so intoxicated with the plunder of the cellars, and so inflamed by their first successes and continued impunity, that they made a desperate resistance, and the riot was not eventually quelled but with a loss to the troops of nearly 100 killed and wounded, and between 400 and 500 of the mob. For this lamentable, and apparently unaccountable affair, M. Thiers assigns no motive and affords no explanation, except by repeating one of the many absurd rumours by which the Revolutionary writers of the day attempted to account for it—that Reveillon was accused of proposing to reduce the wages of his workmen—for which there was not the slightest foundation, nor even colour; for we have evidence of all kinds, and, if it were worth anything, M. Thiers' own, that the mob were not workmen, but altogether strangers to that neighbourhood; and besides, how should Reveillon's unpopularity, even if it were true, have extended to *Henriot*? This embarrassing question is one reason why *Henriot's* name is not mentioned. Now, that M. Thiers was well aware of the truth of the case, we are convinced by the art with which he contrives to evade it. He relates the facts chronologically *after* his account of the *elections* of the deputies of Paris to the States-General, though it happened *before* them; and his narrative is thus constructed: he says that

'the elections were tumultuous in some provinces—active everywhere—and very quiet in Paris, where great unanimity prevailed. Lists were distributed,

*distributed*, and people strove to promote concord and good understanding.'—i. 41.

Now, M. Thiers must have known that the facts were the very reverse of everything here stated. The elections of Paris were by no means that smooth and unanimous proceeding which he represents. The lists that he says were distributed were *adverse* lists—a strange form of unanimity. 'All parties,' he says, 'concurred:'—in fact, all parties differed, and so widely, that all the other elections of the kingdom were terminated, and the Assembly had actually met, before the Paris electors could agree on their members. The elective body, which was a kind of committee of the whole constituency, was very much divided, and the moderate party, consisting of the most respectable citizens—amongst whom were *Reveillon* and *Henriot*—were anxious to prevent the election of the Orleans faction; and, with this view, they put forward a list of candidates, at the head of which stood the popular and respectable name of REVEILLON. Our readers have now the key of the whole enigma. Reveillon was to be got rid of—*Henriot* was to be enveloped in the same ruin—the electors were to be intimidated—and the Orleanist candidates returned; and so it was: and then, to be sure, 'the elections for Paris' became 'quiet' enough, and exhibited the same general unanimity and good understanding that the *mas-sacres of September*, 1792, afterwards produced on the elections for the Convention. And who conducted this atrocious plot, which cost hundreds of lives at the moment, and hundreds of thousands in its consequences? M. Thiers' candour can go no further than to admit that

'the money found in the pockets of some of the rioters who were killed, and some expressions which dropped from others, led to the conjecture that they had been urged on by a secret hand. The enemies of the popular party *accused* the Duke of Orleans of a wish to try the efficacy of the Revolutionary mob.'—i. 43.

And there the historian closes the subject—leaving us in doubt whether the accusation was not a mere party calumny, resting on such very slight circumstances as those mentioned. He does not choose to state that this riot took place on a day when the Duke of Orleans had collected the populace of Paris at a horse-race (then a great novelty) at Vincennes, on the high road to which stood Reveillon's house;—that he passed through the mob before the violence began, and addressed to them some familiar and flattering phrases; and so passed through the crowd amidst shouts of '*Vive le Duc d'Orléans!*' Later in the day, when the troops had been called out, and were just about to act against the mob, the

*Duchess*

*Duchess of Orleans* drove in her coach into the street in which the parties were hostilely arrayed; and, while the troops endeavoured to persuade her to take another and less perilous route, her servants persisted in passing through, and the mob, affecting to make way for her carriage, broke with impunity the line of the troops, who of course could not offer violence to a lady—and that lady the *Duchess of Orleans*. This incident gave the mob additional confidence: they attacked the troops, and the result was as we have stated. This exhibition of the *Duchess of Orleans* in such critical circumstances has been adduced by other writers as a proof of the Duke's innocence of the riot—M. Thiers, more prudent, does not notice any of the circumstances, well aware that it is just the reverse; for the Duke, having himself seen and harangued the mob in the morning, knew the danger, and therefore, had he been innocent, would have prevented the *Duchess* taking that route. There can be no doubt that the whole affair was concerted, and that the amiable and universally respected *Duchess* was thus brought forward by her profligate husband to encourage and protect his hired mob, just as in the subsequent attack of *Versailles* the first line of assailants were women, and men dressed in women's clothes, that the courage and fidelity of the troops might be embarrassed and neutralised by their reluctance to use violence towards anything in the semblance of a woman.

But even while M. Thiers admits that the Duke was *accused* by his enemies of having had a secret hand in this riot, he does not afford us the slightest indication that it could possibly have any relation to 'the *quiet and unanimous elections*' recorded in the preceding pages. All this complicated management is clearly employed on the part of M. Thiers to forward the double object of his whole 'History'—to throw as much doubt as he could venture to raise over the infamy of the Duke of Orleans, and to conceal—and where it could not be concealed, to excuse—the system of violence and terror which, from the first moment to the last, was the *primum mobile* of his darling Revolution.

Of the same kind, and for the same purpose, is one of, we suppose, the most audacious suppressions of an historical fact that any writer has ever ventured to make, which, from its resemblance to the fraud just exposed, we shall notice here, though out of its chronological order. In M. Thiers' long and laboured account of the *massacres of September 1792*—in his details of the state of parties and persons, and in his description of the aspect and feelings of the capital during those awful days—days of such mysterious and unaccountable slaughter as the world never before saw, and probably never will again—M. Thiers does not notice nor even seem to

to know that they too were simultaneous with and accessory to the struggle of the *Elections to the Convention*. On the contrary, he attributes the massacres to the old hackneyed excuse of the terror occasioned by the advance of the Prussians, and endeavours, by what no doubt he thinks a philosophical reflection, to palliate those atrocities as the result of an accidental and not wholly irrational panic:—

‘Sad lesson for nations! People believe in *dangers*; they persuade themselves that they ought to repel them; they repeat this; they work themselves up into a *frenzy*, and while some proclaim with *levity* that a blow must be struck, others strike with *sanguinary audacity*.’—iii. 62.

What ‘lesson’ nations are to learn from this *galimatias* about ‘terror,’ ‘frenzy,’ ‘levity,’ and ‘sanguinary audacity’—as if they were all the same thing, and all good excuses for massacre—we know not; and the whole phrase, like many other of those exclamatory apophthegms with which M. Thiers gems his pages, appears to us no better than detestable principles swaddled up in contemptible verbiage. He closes the chapter with the execrable, or, as he calls it, ‘monumental’ letter of the murderous *Commune* of Paris, inviting the rest of France to imitate the massacres—and concludes by observing:—

‘From this document the reader may form some conception of the degree of *fanaticism* which the approach of *public danger* had excited in men’s minds.’—iii. 91.

As if that ‘monumental’ atrocity had even the paltry excuse of being the product of real fanaticism, or any sincere apprehension of public danger!

We must here pause a moment to observe that this is an instance of one of M. Thiers’ most frequent tricks—he relates with an affectation of candour, and some vague and dubious epithet (such as ‘monumental’), an atrocity which he could not conceal, and then he subjoins some explanation or reflection calculated to attenuate the horror. This *Jesuitism* is one of the most prominent and remarkable features of the whole work.

Having thus finally disposed of the massacres by the plea of fanaticism and fatality, he dedicates a long and very elaborate chapter to military affairs; after which he reverts to Paris, and then first mentions the *Elections*, to tell us that they were severely contested throughout France between the Girondins and the Mountain, and that in Paris the latter were predominant, and elected ‘that celebrated deputation,’ in the enumeration of which he slurs over the despicable cowardice and apostacy of the Duke of Orleans, which he could not, like Mignet, wholly omit, by including in his list

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'the Duke of Orleans, who had abdicated his titles and called himself *Philippe Egalité*'—iii. 144.

but in these details concerning the *Elections* he does not make the slightest retrospect to the *Massacres*; and by placing those events at such a distance from each other in his narrative, and by carefully omitting the *date* of the elections, he contrives to conceal that they were coincident *even in time*, and thus relieves his admired Convention from the opprobrium of having been the child of the *Massacres*. To be sure the resemblance of the child to the parent deprives M. Thiers' treachery of any serious effect.

The similarity of the cases has induced us to produce the latter out of its chronological order; and we now return to see how M. Thiers treats the *second great émeute* of the Revolution—which was still more important than the *affaire-Reveillon*, as it produced immediately the attack and capture of the Bastille, whence may be dated the lawless portion of the Revolution. We mean the insurrection of the 12th July, of which the dismissal of M. Necker was—not, as M. Thiers with all the Jacobin historians would have us believe, the cause, but—the opportunity:—

'On Sunday, July 12, a report was spread that M. Necker had been dismissed, as well as the other ministers, and that the gentlemen mentioned as their successors were almost all known for their opposition to the popular cause. The alarm spread throughout Paris—the people hurried to the Palais Royal. A young man, since celebrated for his republican enthusiasm, *endowed with a tender heart*, but an impetuous spirit, Camille Desmoulins, mounted a table, held up a pair of pistols, and shouting *To arms!* plucked a leaf from a tree, of which he made a cockade, and exhorted the crowd to follow his example: the trees were instantly stripped. The people then repaired to a museum containing busts in wax. They seized those of Necker and the Duke of Orleans, who was threatened, it was said, with exile, and they spread themselves in the various quarters of Paris. This mob was passing through the Rue St. Honoré when it was met near the Place Vendôme by a detachment of the Royal German regiment, which *rushed upon it*, and wounded several persons, among whom was a soldier of the French guards. The latter, predisposed in favour of the people and against the Royal Germans, with whom they but a few days before had a quarrel, were in barracks *near the Place Louis XV.* They fired upon the Royal Germans. The Prince de Lambesc, who commanded this regiment, instantly fell back on the Garden of the Tuileries, charged the people who *were quietly walking there*, *killed an old man amidst the confusion*, and *cleared the garden*. Terror now becomes unbounded, and changes into fury.'—i. 97.

Now it is hardly possible to imagine a grosser series of misrepresentations than is contained in the passage we have quoted, which is compiled without discrimination or consistency from the  
herd

herd of Jacobin libellers. Who would not think that all this movement on the part of the people was a sudden impulse excited by the dismissal of M. Necker, and confined to the parading two busts? But we have direct and positive evidence that these commotions were announced, and indeed had actually commenced, as early as the 7th or 8th—and even sooner—that the attack of the Bastille had been for some days a topic of public discussion, and that the dismissal of M. Necker only accelerated by two days the insurrection which was already in preparation. (*Procédure du Châtelet*, i. 182—191.)

But why the bust of the Duke of Orleans? Why was he coupled with M. Necker on this occasion? Because '*it was said* he was threatened with *exile*.' A ridiculous pretence!—the truth is, the mob was *his*, and the exhibition of his bust was the signal of the intended change of dynasty. But we are further told that 'this procession, peaceably carrying the busts from the Palais Royal along the Rue St. Honoré towards the Place Louis XV., was *rushed upon* by the Royal Allemand.' M. Thiers knows or might have known that this procession was not this accidental and unarmed movement that he chooses to describe it: we have abundant evidence that this pretended procession was a preconcerted insurrection, organized and launched from that *officina motuum*, the Faubourg St. Antoine. Beffroy de Rigny, for instance, a patriotic writer of considerable note in his day, and who was an enthusiastic admirer if not an associate of the insurrectionary proceedings, gives us this account (published at the moment) of what he himself saw of the affair:—

'I heard that there was some commotion. I directed my steps to the *Boulevard du Temple* [on the opposite side of the town from the Place Louis XV.]; there I saw about *five or six thousand* men marching rather quick and in no very regular order—but all armed—some with guns, some with sabres, some with pikes, some with forks, carrying wax busts of the Duke of Orleans and M. Necker, which they had *borrowed* from M. Curtius [a sculptor, who had an exhibition of wax figures on the *Boulevard du Temple*]. This *little army*, as it passed along the Boulevard, ordered all the theatres to be closed that evening, on pain of being burned. This armed troop received reinforcements at every street that it passed [towards the Place Louis XV.]—*Histoire de France pendant Trois Mois de 1789*.

It was not, therefore, the Royal Allemand that wantonly charged an unarmed crowd, which in a sudden effervescence had seized and paraded two busts—it was an 'army' of five or six thousand armed men (increasing in numbers as they proceeded), which had premeditatedly *borrowed* the two busts (which were returned to the owner 'safe and sound'), and 'marched' from the Faubourg St. Antoine to brave, if not to attack, the troops posted in

in the neighbourhood of the Place Louis XV. for the protection of the public peace.

M. Thiers in his first edition described the young man 'with the tender heart,' Camille Desmoulins, who made the motion in the Palais Royal, as known for his '*exaltation démagogique*'—which in his second edition he softens into '*republican enthusiasm*,' and he omits to state that he was the bloodthirsty ruffian who assumed the title of *Procureur Général de la Lanterne*, and the *âme damnée* of Danton—both, as Desmoulins himself boasted, belonging to that *Orleanist* party which MM. Mignet and Thiers affect to believe never existed.\* But we pass over these and several other gross mistakes and grosser misrepresentations in M. Thiers' account, to direct particular attention to the alleged 'attack on the people quietly walking in the Tuileries Gardens by the Prince de Lambesc.' This utter falsehood was the main incentive of the more extended insurrection which ensued, and in fact overturned the ancient monarchy of France: and an historian of common honesty ought to have made himself master of the facts of so important a case—which indeed happen to be better and more authentically established than almost any other event of the Revolution. As this matter is of great importance to the history of the Revolution, and, above all, to M. Thiers' veracity, we recall the particular attention of our readers to his assertion:—

'The Prince of Lambesc, at the head of his regiment, *falls back* (*se replie*) on the Garden of the Tuileries—*charged* the people who were quietly walking there—*killed an old man* in the midst of the confusion, and *clears* the Garden.'—i. 97.

In the whole of this statement there is not one word of truth—and there can be no doubt or question about the facts, for the matter was the subject of a long, full, and anxious judicial proceeding—in the *procès* instituted by the rebellious Commune of Paris against the Prince de Lambesc—the report of which was officially published at the time, and is now before us. We here find from the original evidence of a host of witnesses, that the regiment of Royal Allemand being drawn up, with several other bodies of troops, in the Place Louis XV., was pressed upon by a crowd of assailants, whose near approach and violence rendered the position of the troops very perilous. The Prince was therefore ordered by Baron de Bezenval, who commanded the whole, to clear away the mob that was closing round them—not, as M.

\* Here we have to notice another of M. Thiers' variances. He had stated in his first edition that this faction of Desmoulins and Danton 'were said to have been subjected (*soumis*) to the Duke of Orleans;' but that would seem to attribute to the Duke of Orleans the direction of the Dantonist party, and therefore the *historian*, in his revised copy, changes *soumis* into *unis*.

Thiers says, by falling back on the Garden, but by coming forward—and not by charging, but by slowly advancing, and obliging the crowd to retire from the *Place* over the drawbridge into the Garden; where he followed them no farther than to occupy the interior entrance to prevent the return of the rioters. So far was the Prince from clearing or attempting to clear the Garden, or charging the peaceable promenaders, that the detachment made no attempt whatsoever to advance beyond the entrance, which is confined between two terraces; but the mob in front, and on the terraces high on both sides, soon became so numerous and violent as to force him, by an attack of stones, broken bottles, billets of wood, and other missiles, to retreat back again from the Garden into the *Place*. When the people saw the troops about to execute this retreat, they made a rush at the drawbridge to endeavour to turn it, and so have the small detachment at their mercy. The Prince, seeing this attempt, spurred his horse to the bridge, and just as he reached it, a man who had been endeavouring to turn it, laid hold of his bridle and endeavoured to unhorse him. The Prince thus assailed struck the man with his sabre, and, cutting through his hat, wounded him in the head, and thus intimidating the mob secured the retreat of the troops. The man, after being wounded, walked to one of the garden-seats, whence the mob took him, and laying him out *for dead* on a kind of bier, paraded him through the streets to the Palais Royal as a victim wantonly *murdered* by the Prince de Lambesc. This was the man whom M. Thiers states to have been *killed*—but lo! on the trial of the Prince de Lambesc, one of the first witnesses examined was the *murdered man* himself—a school-master, Jean Louis Chauvel by name—who, though he denied having seized the Prince's bridle, or taken any part in the riot, admitted that he was at the edge of the bridge as the Prince was endeavouring to pass; and he related, with a naïveté and candour which, after M. Thiers' tragic version, is almost amusing, that

'after receiving the blow through his hat, he went and sat down on one of the garden-seats, whence he was removed by a troop of persons who gathered round him, and carried him to the Palais Royal and afterwards home, when he sent for his surgeon to dress the wound, and was in about a fortnight quite well again.'—*Procès du Pr. de Lambesc*, p. 19.

As this trial did not take place for six months after the event, we can excuse some writers who in the interval adopted a not improbable rumour of the day; but that M. Thiers should have repeated it in 1823, and in all his subsequent editions, is indisputable evidence of either the most unpardonable negligence or the most reprehensible bad faith, and in either case would—even

if it stood alone, instead of being surrounded by crowds of similar cases—irretrievably destroy the character of the historian and the credit of his History.

But we must proceed with the narrative of events. The Monday and the morning of Tuesday were employed by the insurgents in seizing arms from the gunsmiths, the barracks of the troops and the Invalides, and in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 14th, the Bastille was taken.

'The share,' says M. Thiers, 'that *secret means* had in producing the insurrection of the 14th of July is unknown, and will probably remain so for ever—but 'tis little matter—[*peu importe*]. *L'aristocratie* was conspiring—the popular party might well conspire in its turn—the means employed were the same on both sides. The question is, on which side was justice?'—i. p. 58.

We really fear that the repetition of such outrageous instances of bad faith will become as nauseous to our readers, as we have found them in perusing the pages of M. Thiers—but as they form in fact the staple of his whole work, we are obliged, with whatever contempt and disgust, to reproduce them.

Our readers will observe that the assertion that 'the *secret means* employed to bring about the insurrection of the 14th of July are, and will always be unknown,' is made to save M. Thiers the trouble of finding further excuses for the Duke of Orleans' notorious share in those riots;—and for this purpose, as well as for that of bringing a new and surprising accusation against the Royalist party, he makes the following extraordinary statement:—

'It appears that a grand plan had been devised for the night between the 14th and 15th:—that Paris was to be attacked on seven points—the Palais Royal surrounded—the Assembly dissolved, and the Declaration of the 23rd of June submitted to the Parliament of Paris—and finally that the wants of the Exchequer should be supplied by a bankruptcy and paper money [*billets d'état*]. So much is *certain*—that the Commandants of the troops had received orders to advance from the 14th to the 15th—that the paper money had been prepared—that the barracks of the Swiss Guards were full of *ammunition* [*munitions*—military stores in general]—and that the Governor of the Bastille had disfurnished the fortress [*déménagé*], with the exception of some indispensable articles of furniture.'—*Shoberl's Trans.*, i. p. 65.

On this heterogeneous mass of notorious falsehood and arrant nonsense we must first observe, that the statement, as above quoted, is a fraudulent variation from M. Thiers' own first edition. In that edition the attack of Paris—the dissolution of the Assembly, &c.—had been stated only as '*on a dit*,'—*it was said*—which was, as we shall see, true enough; but M. Thiers in his subsequent editions expunged the *on a dit* and left the naked assertion, which

which was utterly false. But that is a trifle. The essential fact is, not only that no such things had any existence—and, what more immediately concerns M. Thiers' credit and character, that there is not the smallest colour or pretence for any part of the statement—that every detail of it has been fully and judicially disproved—that in its present shape and combination it is altogether a most wilful and audacious fraud. While the events were still fresh in memory and hot in popular feeling, there was a regular legal inquiry into all the circumstances, by the trial—before the lately re-organized tribunal of the *Châtelet*, for the new crime of *Lèse-Nation*,\* or High Treason against the People—of MM. de Barentin and Puysegur, ministers at the time, of Marshal Broglie, commander-in-chief, and of the Baron de Bezenval, the General of the Swiss Guards (already mentioned), who then, as he had for the eight preceding years, commanded all the troops in and around Paris, and who was peculiarly obnoxious to the Revolutionists for the confidence which the King, and particularly—as it was said *ad invidiam*—the Queen placed in him. The charges drawn up by a committee of the rebellious Commune of Paris comprised most of the absurd allegations which M. Thiers has revived—absurd, says Bezenval himself, 'to the degree of a pitiable insanity,—projects of the siege of Paris—massacre—red-hot shot, and so forth.'—(*Mém. de Bez.* ii. p. 380.) But there was not even a shadow of proof; and this officer, who had three times, with great difficulty, escaped being hanged *à la lanterne*, was, with all his co-accused, even in those days, acquitted from the 'insane' charges which M. Thiers has again raked up in this calumnious romance which he calls a History.

The reproduction of these charges after, and *without any mention* of, this judicial and contemporaneous disproof, is a fair test of the historian's veracity; but it is also a specimen either of his own want of thought and judgment, or, which is more probable, his utter contempt for the understanding of his readers. There are two points, however, of this strange statement that deserve particular notice.

'The barracks of the Swiss were full of *munitions*.' Undoubtedly the Swiss Guards should have been supplied with the necessary stores and provisions, whether they were to be moved or not; and indeed any unusual accumulation of 'munitions' in the barracks would prove that they rather apprehended than intended an attack; but in truth there is the clearest evidence, and amongst others that of M. de Bezenval himself, that

\* 'Ce mot dont s'enrichissait la langue révolutionnaire indiqua un délit qu'on ne garda bien de définir afin d'en rendre l'application plus commode.'—*Mém. de Bezenval*.

not only were no provident measures of any kind taken—but that, on the contrary, the most obvious precautions had been inconceivably neglected—and this M. Thiers himself blindly intimates in the last and most wonderful member of this wonderful paragraph:—‘The Governor of the Bastille had *unfurnished the fortress*, with the exception of some indispensable articles.’ One translation says *disfurnished*—the other, *removed all his furniture*—the original, ‘*le Gouverneur de la Bastille avait déménagé*,’ which, in the ordinary use of the words, would mean *removed both himself and furniture*. We know not whether M. Thiers, whose acquaintance with Paris dates only from 1821, and who, as it appears from other passages, was in 1823 by no means *au fait* of the ancient topography of the city, was aware that the Governor’s residence made no part of the fortress—but was an exterior and separate building; it seems not—as he applies the term *déménagé* to *la place*—the fortress. But whatever be the exact meaning of the ambiguous term, the result to which M. Thiers comes is this—that the royal fortress of the Bastille was unfurnished, *because* it was about to become the head-quarters of the royal army, with which it was to co-operate. Now if the Governor had *furnished* the place, it might have been said that he was apprehensive of being attacked; but to *déménager*, whatever may be M. Thiers’ meaning of that term, at the moment, and with the view, of making the place a *point d’appui* of an attack on Paris, would be the grossest absurdity. But we must add a far more important fact, which M. Thiers does not mention—the fortress had been, in fact, left ‘heinously unprovided’ of men, ammunition, and provisions. With this formidable army, which surrounded Paris in such force as to be sufficient to attack the city on seven separate points, ‘and which,’ says M. Thiers, ‘struck horror into the minds of men’—the Bastille was left with a garrison of *eighty-two Invalides, and thirty-two of the Swiss Guards*, who had been sent there on the 7th—after which day, in spite of the growing agitation in the city, not one man was added; and to complete the incredible apathy and negligence of the Government, they had no ‘munitions’ for either attack or defence, and *not one day’s provisions*; and in this state of things M. Thiers does not blush to assert, and to repeat, that the Government had meditated a general attack on Paris on the very day when the Bastille was found without bread for the next. It would have been an infinitely more reasonable inference from all the known and certain facts, that treachery in some high quarter must have occasioned so strange a neglect of the most obvious and most necessary precautions on the part of the Government.

His

His details of the actual capture of the Bastille—though of comparatively less importance—still deserve a short notice as striking instances of his premeditated misrepresentations.

‘No succours arriving, the Governor *seized a match with the intention of blowing up the fortress*, but the garrison opposed it and obliged him to surrender.’—i. p. 61.

This is an entire perversion of the fact. The Governor was one of the first, if not the very first, to think of surrendering, and exhibited no romantic point of honour as to defending—much less ‘*blowing up the fortress*’—on the contrary, what gave rise to M. Thiers’ foolish story tells just the other way. The Governor wanted to capitulate, but the blood-thirsty mob refused quarter; upon which the Governor wrote and threw across the ditch a message to say ‘We are willing to surrender provided we are assured that the garrison shall not be massacred; but if you do not accept our capitulation we shall blow up the fortress and the neighbourhood.’ (*Bert. de Mol.* i. 237; ‘*Journal de la Prise de la Bastille, par un de ses Défenseurs*,’ *Rev. Ret.* 3, p. 290.) The Governor employed this menace of blowing up both the fortress and the *assailants* only to save the lives of the garrison—for as to blowing up the Bastille rather than surrender, it never came into any one’s head—how should it? What worse could the mob do than destroy the royal fortress?

‘The besiegers approached, promising not to do any mischief; the Invalides, attacked by the populace, *were only saved from their fury* by the zealous interference of the French Guards. *The Swiss found means to escape.*’

Who would not imagine from this statement that the Invalides and Swiss were all saved, as the capitulation guaranteed?—now hear the fact:—

‘Most of the Invalides remaining in the courts of the fortress were put to death in the most merciless manner; two of them were hanged at the Hôtel de Ville—the French Guards saved others who were fortunate enough to have escaped from their assassins.’—*Bert. de Moleville*, vol. i. p. 24.

As to the Swiss—their own officer relates—

‘We experienced every sort of outrage. We were threatened with massacre in all possible shapes—at length I and *some* of my men were taken to the Hôtel de Ville. On the way I was assailed with all kinds of weapons, and saved only by the zeal of one of the Guards, who protected me. Two of my men were massacred close behind me.’—1 *Rev. Ret. ib.*

The rest—the ‘*débris*’—the *broken remains*—as he emphatically terms it—of those who had accompanied him, escaped by  
a concurrence

a concurrence of fortunate accidents which deceived the ferocity of the mob: but what became of the others he does not seem to have known; and the total number of either Swiss or Invalides massacred in the Bastille, or afterwards in the streets, was never, we believe, ascertained. M. Thiers, in a subsequent passage, dispatches the whole of this butchery in *three* words—'other victims fell'—but who these victims were—whether of the garrison or the besiegers—or whether they did not *fall* in the fair conflict, or what was the number of victims, M. Thiers does not afford us a hint. And yet there was a circumstance in these latter massacres which M. Thiers' silence will not obliterate from the history of France. In them was first employed that new instrument of death, '*la lanterne*;' but, wonderful to say, that watchword of murder, which had so large a share in the early Revolution—from which one of M. Thiers' pet patriots, Camille Desmoulins, '*né avec un cœur tendre*,' took his bloody title—which has been adopted into modern editions of the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*—('LANTERNE—LANTERNER—*sorte de supplice que le peuple au commencement de la Révolution faisaient subir*, &c.)—this remarkable word, we say, is not permitted to sully the purity of M. Thiers' page; and as one may read M. Mignet's '*History*' without knowing that there was such an implement as the *Guillotine*, so we must read M. Thiers' without any light from the *Lanterne*.

We cannot refrain from adding two minute circumstances with which M. Thiers concludes his account of the capture of the Bastille. In describing the triumphal procession of its conquerors, he states—

'The keys of the Bastille were carried at the end of a bayonet. A bloody hand, raised above the crowd, exhibited a *stock-buckle*—it was that of the Governor De Launay.'—i. 110.

His *stock-buckle*?—it was his HEAD!—This, the first of those frightful exhibitions that became so rapidly the standards and trophies of Parisian valour, was surely not undeserving the notice of the impartial historian, even though it did not excite his indignation and horror. M. Thiers indeed adds, that M. de Launay was '*beheaded*;' yet even that dry and tardy statement is a miserable equivocation—he was *not* '*beheaded*'—he was *massacred*, after a long and miserable agony, and his *head* was *hacked off* after death, placed on a pike, and paraded through all Paris—though M. Thiers' historic eye could see only a *stock-buckle*!

Immediately after these horrors another victim was added—  
M. de Flesselles,

M. de Flesselles, the *Prévôt des Marchands*—chief magistrate of Paris. For this murder M. Thiers has also several palliatives, with which we will not disgust our readers. We will notice only one common to the *Prévôt's* case, and that of M. de Launay:—

'*On prétend* that a letter had been found on De Launay from Flesselles, in which he said, "Hold out while I amuse the Parisians with cockades."—vol. i. p. 69.

We must beg our English readers not to connect the word '*prétend*' with the idea conveyed by the English word *pretend*—their meanings being sometimes nearly opposite. '*PRÉTENDRE*,' says the '*Dictionnaire de l'Académie*,' '*signifie, soutenir affirmativement—être persuadé.*'—*PRÉTENDRE* signifies *to assert—to be persuaded of the truth of a fact*. We beg them also to observe that M. Thiers uses '*prétend*' in the present tense, and not *prétendait*. If he had said '*on prétendait*,' we should have referred it to the calumnies of the time; but M. Thiers says *prétend*,—it is asserted,—as if it were *now* a received opinion. But M. Thiers knows very well that no one now believes—nor, indeed, ever did—this most incredible story: he knows that, *fifty years ago*, M. Bertrand de Moleville—a gentleman of the highest station and character, upon whose '*Annals of the Revolution*' M. Thiers frequently relies, though, with his usual inconsistency, he as frequently garbles and depreciates the authority to which he is so largely indebted—M. Bertrand de Moleville, we say, condescended to expose this absurd calumny; and had, we should have supposed, extinguished it for ever. But no! Calumny is never too dead nor too rotten to withstand the galvanic process of M. Thiers' revolutionary enthusiasm.

The real character of all this series of events—their causes and concatenation—which M. Thiers so elaborately obscures, will be explained, we think, to the surprise and horror of our readers, by a document which any French historian—and above all those of the Revolutionary school—might be reluctant to quote, and which the English writers have probably not known, but which was judicially published in Paris in January, 1790, and which we find in a supplement to the *Journal de Paris* of the 26th of that month.

We have just alluded to the trials before the *Châtelet*, in which the Prince de Lambesc and M. de Bezenval were acquitted. As those trials were drawing to a conclusion, it was attempted to intimidate the judges, or, if that should fail, to massacre the prisoners, by collecting round the *Châtelet* the same sanguinary mobs that had committed all the former enormities. At this moment, however, Lafayette and his friends were in power; he, with the National Guard, protected the tribunal; some of the mob

were

were arrested ; and of one of them\* we have before us the following extraordinary examination and confession :—

‘ CHATELET DE PARIS.

‘ 16th January, 1790.

‘ *Interrogatory of Francis Felix Denot, now a prisoner in the Châtelet, aged thirty-three years, by profession a cook, out of place, and residing in the Rue St. Denis.*

‘ *Asked*—How long he has been out of place, and how he has lived ?

‘ *Answers*—That he has been six months out of place ; and that he has lived with his wife, who embroiders, and is very well able to support him.

‘ *Asked*—What he did on the 12th of July last, and the subsequent days ?

‘ *Answers*—That on the 12th of July last, in the afternoon, as soon as he saw the procession of the busts of M. Necker and M. d’Orléans, he joined the party that were carrying them, and crying “ *Vive M. Necker !* ” “ *Vive M. d’Orléans !* ”—that he proceeded thus as far as the Palais Royal ; that there four persons proposed that they should go to the Place Louis XV. to prevent the troops from massacring the people, whom they were pursuing ; that he, deponent, went with all the rest ; that the troops—amongst whom was, as he heard said, the Prince de Lambesc—dispersed and sabred them ; that he, deponent, was over-set, and was struck by several stones, and heard *one* gunshot ; that to avoid the stones that were flying about, he lay down flat on a heap of building-stones on the Place ; that on rising he picked up a dragoon’s helmet, which he kept, and carried away ; that in returning he cried out, as he went along, “ Citizens ! be on your guard to-night ! ”—that he then went home, and did not go out again that day.

‘ That on the next morning, Monday—hearing that the *citizens* had taken arms—he joined them about nine o’clock on the Place de Grève with his helmet on his head. That he, deponent, went with the people to get the arms from the Popincourt barracks ; that he, having already a gun, marched *at the head* and prevented the people stopping by the way to take the wine of two shops—that when they reached the barracks they armed themselves with guns, and he, deponent, took care that those only who were steady and able to use arms should have any : that thus armed, the crowd went different ways ; that he, deponent, with one body came to the Hôtel de Ville ;—that these were told “ to go home ; that they were about to organise *districts* in order to take prudent measures ; ”—that he, deponent, went home, and thence to his district (St. Opportune), and with other citizens formed *patroles* that day and *others*—so that in fact he, deponent, was *eight days and nights* continually on foot to *maintain good order*. (!)

\* M. Bertrand de Moleville—transcendently the best historian, as far as his work extends, of the Revolution, both from his information, his accuracy and candour—mentions the circumstance as slightly noticed in the *Moniteur* of the 15th of January, 1790, but he does not appear to have seen the original deposition. The fellow was well dressed, and seemed very much surprised that so useful a patriot should be arrested. No doubt can exist that he was one of those *employed* to conduct these atrocities.

‘ That

' That the morning of the Tuesday was employed in going to seize the arms at the Invalides; that, being informed in the afternoon that there was a movement towards the Bastille, he went also to get, like the rest, a gun—and some powder and ball, according to a message from the Governor of that fortress to the rector (curé) of St. Paul's. Soon after he had entered the Bastille he heard that the people were conducting M. de Launay to the Hôtel de Ville. That he, deponent, hastened after him and overtook him near the Arcade of St. John [one of the entrances to the Place de Grève], and never quitted him till they came to the barrier in front of the Hôtel de Ville:—that then the people cried out, "*Hang him, hang him!*" That M. de Launay, seeing that the people were attacking without hearing him, called out—opening his eyes and grinding his teeth—"Put me to death at once;" that at that moment several persons unknown to this deponent fell on M. de Launay with bayonets, guns, pistols, and other weapons; that he, deponent, who was standing near M. de Launay, received a violent kick, which forced him to fall back a little; but afterwards, the people seeing his helmet, said, "Come, dragoon, he struck you—*cut off his head;*" that although M. de Launay had been dead a quarter of an hour, and in spite of his own repugnance, he began with a sabre that they gave him to endeavour to separate the head from the body; but finding the sabre too blunt, he took out his pocket-knife\* and *finished the operation*. That the head, being thus separated, was placed on the end of a pike; and that he, deponent, still pressed and solicited by the people, carried that head about the streets until the close of day; that the person who carried the head of M. de Flesselles having joined him, they both came and deposited the heads at the lower jail, for which they gave him a crown; that he had promised the people to carry about the head next day, but on getting home he reflected seriously on this event. That he so little thought that he was compromising himself in this affair, that he prepared several addresses [claiming, as it would seem, some additional reward]; that he even presented them to the deputies who came next day to Paris; to some of whom he even said that he had rid society of a monster, and hoped he might receive a medal as a reward for having gone to take the arms from the barracks and the Invalides, and particularly from the prison of La Force, where the jailer consented to deliver them, he, deponent, having politely invited him so to do. He adds, that about an hour before he cut off M. de Launay's head he had taken a small glass of brandy, into which he had poured some gunpowder, which had turned his head. He knows that several persons came to his residence next morning to get from him the receipt for the two heads which he had received from the turnkey at the jail, and that not having found him at home, they forged a receipt, by means of which he has heard that they obtained the heads, giving the receipt to the jailers.'

We must here pause a moment in this astonishing narrative to

\* On the production of the knife it was observed to him that it was rather small for such an operation. He replied that he was a cook, and had been bred a butcher, and therefore knew how to dissect.—*Moniteur*, 15th January, 1790.

remind our readers that a week after the capture of the Bastille, Messrs. Foulon and Berthier—the first, one of the ministry named to succeed that which was dissolved by the dismissal of M. Necker, and the latter his son-in-law—were massacred in the Place de Grève on the most absurd pretexts, and in the most cruel manner, and their heads, and the heart of M. Berthier, were paraded through the town. M. Thiers on this occasion says that M. Foulon was hanged ‘à un réverbère’—a reflector—an inoffensive synonyme which he employs to avoid using the true and technical description of *à la lanterne*—he even admits that M. Foulon’s head was promenaded through Paris—but he does not condescend to mention the head and heart of M. Berthier; and he sums up this new tragedy by observing, that

‘These murders must have been planned (*conduits*) either by the personal enemies of M. Foulon or by those of the public welfare; for though the fury of the people had been spontaneous at the sight of the victims, as most popular movements are, their original arrest must have been the result of concert.’—vol. i. p. 127.

Here again M. Thiers misrepresents, and endeavours to separate this case from the other events; the fury of the people was not spontaneous—and the concert and combination, which no doubt existed, were no other than the concert and combination which had been at work for the preceding ten days—for here again we find Francis Felix Denot acting the same part that he had done on the 12th, 13th, and 14th, and as he boasted that he did ‘for eight days after,’—and it was on the eighth day that these gentlemen were massacred. Thus proceeds this wretch’s deposition:—

‘This deponent further declares, that on the day that M. Berthier was brought to the Hôtel de Ville, he, deponent, was on the Place de Grève, but he participated in no way in that assassination—but he was so close to that terrible execution, that he heard the said Berthier say to the people, “Spare me, my friends, I am innocent; I will give you a million,” or several millions; that the said Berthier was not hanged at the gallows of *la lanterne*, but massacred by the sabres of the soldiers; that amongst others a soldier of the regiment of *Royale Cravatte* cut open his belly with his sabre; that the crowd was so great that he, deponent, fell upon the body—that an individual to him unknown tore out the heart of M. Berthier, and placed it in his, deponent’s, hand—and that the soldier took him by the collar and said, “Come, dragoon, carry this heart to the Hôtel de Ville”—that he did so carry it, and obtained an audience of M. de la Fayette,\* and on leaving M. de la Fayette and

\* Ill as we think of most parts of Lafayette’s conduct, we do not infer from this statement that he gave any countenance to this hideous visitor. It is clear that at that moment both he and Bailly were in almost as much danger as the actual victims, and were forced to submit to the odious exigencies of the mobs.

coming down the stairs of the Hôtel de Ville, the same soldier stuck the heart on the end of his sabre, and forced him, deponent, to carry it about—that they went through several streets of Paris, and to the Palais Royal, and that at last, while he and the soldier were getting their supper in a public-house in one of the streets that lead into the Rue St. Honoré, the people came and demanded the heart from them, and that deponent threw it out of the window to them, and does not know what became of the heart afterwards; and deponent further says, that he has nothing more to reproach himself with, in all the unlucky events that have since happened:—that he accompanied, indeed, M. Lafayette to Versailles on the 5th of October last, but took no part in the murder of the Royal Guards, but only possessed himself of a shoe belonging to one of those that were killed, to show it in Paris.

'Asked if he was not excited to cut off M. de Launay's head, to carry M. Berthier's heart at the point of a sabre, and to attend all the mobs that have collected, and if he has not received sums of money for doing so?

'Answers, that he has not been excited by any one in particular, but by the people in general, as he before stated; that he has received nothing for these actions—that he has ten or a dozen times played the bassoon in certain processions of women to St. Geneviève, and that he received three or four livres for each turn.'—*Supplément au Journal de Paris*, 26 Jan. 1790.

Such is the real picture of the Revolution!—the portrait *ad vivum*—not as outlined by Mignet or varnished by Thiers, but the living image—which to get rid of and obliterate, and to throw a veil over its authors, and clouds of suspicion over its victims, is the sole object of these pretended Histories. We need enter into no detailed observations on Denot's deposition, a strange and frightful mixture of confession and concealment—but which—as it is always the case when the criminal is allowed to talk—involuntarily reveals what it attempts to conceal. Can any one believe that it was 'fatality,' or 'accident,' or 'spontaneous excitement,' as M. Thiers indulgently phrases it, that occasioned this cook out of place to be an active leader in all these successive scenes—in the insurrection of the 12th of July—in the plunder of arms on the 13th—the attack of the Bastille on the 14th—in the *patroles* that filled Paris with terror for the ensuing week—in the murderous riot of the 22nd—to be the person who sawed off and paraded M. de Launay's head on the 14th—who tore out and paraded the heart of M. Berthier on the 22nd—who for ten days was distinguished in the streets of the capital by the helmet, the trophy and the proof of the popular aggression—and who on the evening of the 22nd went to sup with his brother murderer, having on their table the heart of their victim, which, on the requisitions of the mob outside, they threw out of the window?—Can it be doubted that this was a chain of preconcerted

preconcerted *émeutes*; and how can M. Thiers hope to persuade any man of common sense that '*l'or répandu*' by *Égalité* in preparing such scenes and in hiring such actors was 'without any influence on the Revolution?' Of this wonderful deposition, or of him who made it, we find no subsequent notice. The mob soon after terrified the Châtelet into an iniquitous sentence of death against M. de Favras, of which M. Thiers, in his usual ambiguous way, affects to doubt whether it was pronounced 'from fear or from conviction.' Certain it is that the tribunal was never again in a condition to give any further trouble to Denot or his employers. Everything about him seems to have been buried and forgotten in the universal terror that ensued, and we do not know that the proceedings of the Châtelet have ever been reprinted; but an historian ought to have examined such ordinary publications as the *Moniteur* and the *Journal de Paris*; and although the deposition of Denot shows more distinctly the general connexion and detailed atrocity of the facts, it only affords an additional and stronger proof of what was already sufficiently notorious; and its chief value, for our present purpose, is, the singular precision with which it is found to belie every portion of M. Thiers' narrative of the events, and to contradict his apologetical theory of their causes.

We must add that this case of Denot, though the most curious and best detailed that we possess, is by no means a singular indication that all these enormities were prepared by the same heads and executed by the same hands. M. Thiers is forced to admit that a fellow of the name of *Maillard*, formerly a tipstaff or bailiff in one of the courts of law, played a great part on all these occasions—that he was at the head of an *organised* band of assassins—that he was the most prominent leader of the attack on the Bastille—that it was the same Maillard who led the army of Paris to Versailles on the 5th of October—and again the same Maillard—still more decidedly damned to everlasting horror for having presided over and directed the *Massacre at the Abbaye*. These things, at least, M. Thiers cannot pretend to have been 'accident' and 'spontaneous excitement?' Who then were the employers and paymasters of Denot and Maillard—who but the two main objects of M. Thiers' special protection and apology, *Danton* and *Égalité*?

Here, for the present, we must suspend our examination. We have got through little more than the first livraison of M. Thiers' first work, and have already exceeded our usual limits; but this portion affords the most decisive and irrefragable tests of the historian's credit. We have not *selected* our instances; we have, as we before said, taken what M. Thiers presented to us as his first and greatest objects; we have exhibited his mode of dealing  
with

with the two *first* and most important *personages* of each party—the King and Queen, and the Duke of Orleans and Lafayette; the two most remarkable *elections*—those of 1789 and 1792; the two *first émeutes*—of the 27th of April and 12th of July; the two *first massacres*—of the 14th and 22nd of July; the eventful and decisive days of the 5th and 6th of October, and of the 2nd and 3rd of September;—all, in short, that was most striking, most important, and most influential in the early Revolution; all that required, in the highest degree, diligent research, careful investigation, and an impartial spirit; and in all these great cases we have proved against him what we think we cannot—on the soberest reconsideration—call by any gentler name than a deliberate system of falsehood and fraud.

On the strength of that axiom of common sense and general law, *falsus in uno*—or which might be, in this case, still more strongly stated, *falsus in pluribus*—*falsus in omnibus*, we believe we might here close our case against M. Thiers as an *historian*; but as the work proceeds, the deceptive principle on which it was originally planned exhibits itself in other and larger forms, and demands a further and more general examination, which we shall take an early opportunity of pursuing and bringing down to the latest issue of the 'History of the Consulate and the Empire,'—a work which, though written with a somewhat different, but, as we believe, a more personal object than the History of the Revolution, is conducted with the same habitual, if it be not natural and instinctive, bad faith, matured by political experience, and still further developed by the closer study and imitation of that most stupendous of all cheats, upon whose panegyric M. Thiers' congenial pen is now employed.

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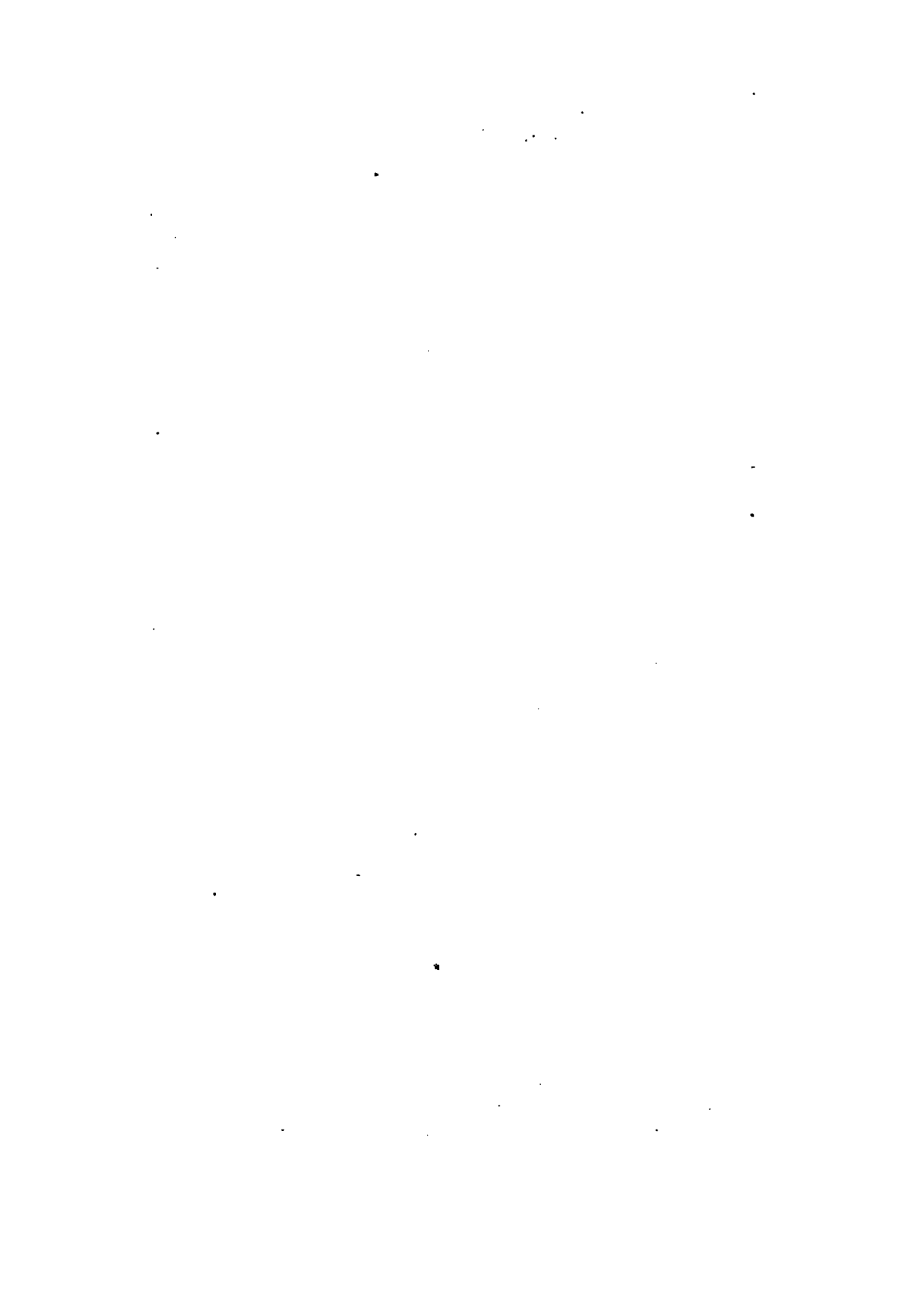
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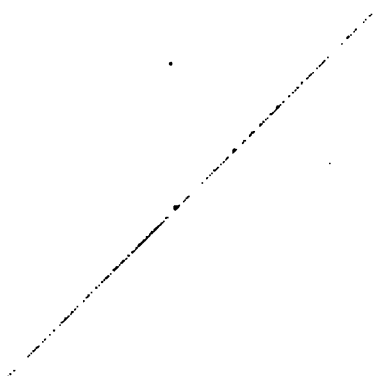
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